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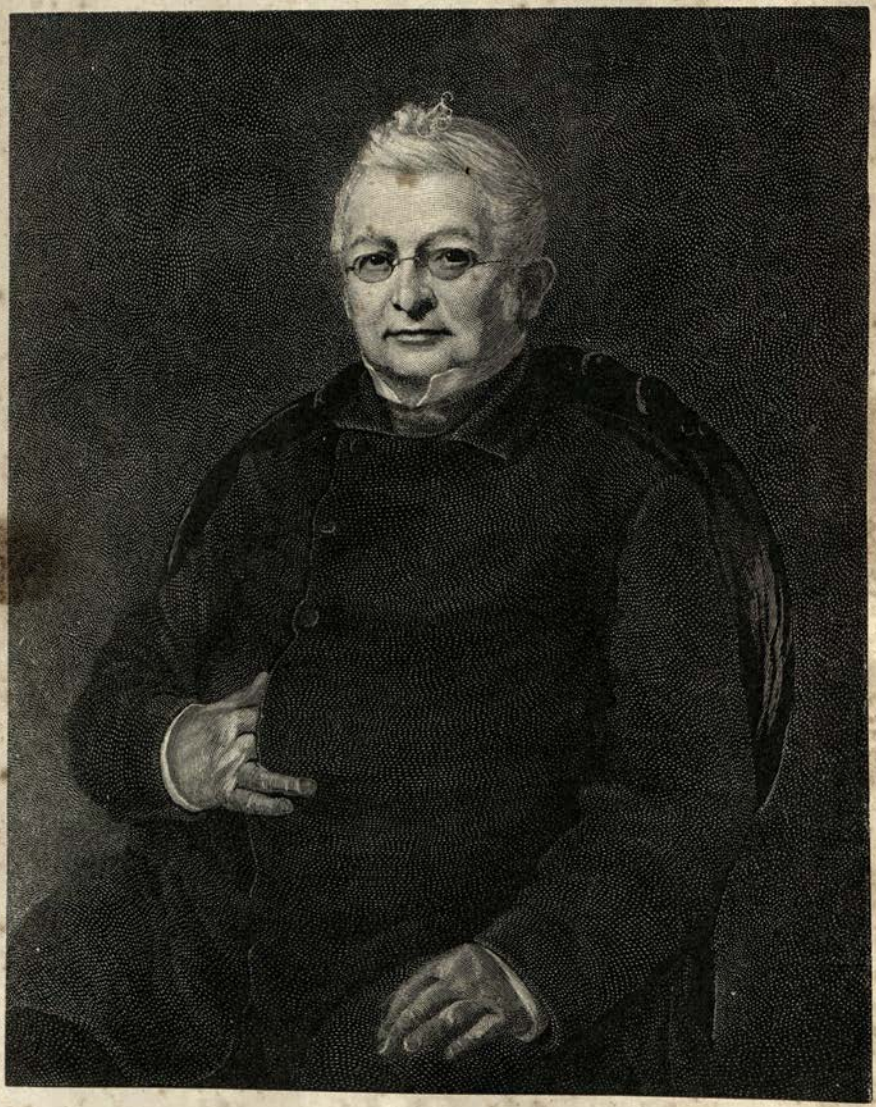
# RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

# MINISTER TO FRANCE

VOL. II.



LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.
(Engraved from the Painting by Healy in the possession of Ex-Minister Washburne.)

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

# MINISTER TO FRANCE

1869—1877

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BY

E. B. WASHBURNE, LL.D.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

VOL. II.

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, AND RIVINGTON,
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### THE ARMISTICE AND THE EVACUATION.

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I RETURN to the days of the armistice. The siege of Paris, which had wrought such untold sufferings to hundreds of thousands of people, had awakened emotions of sympathy in many countries. No sooner was the armistice made than London sent ship-load after ship-load of provisions and supplies for the famishing and starving people of Paris, as well as two eminent and responsible citizens to look after the distribution of the supplies when they should arrive. It was a matter of great satisfaction to me at this moment to know that the sympathies of the people of New York had been awakened in this respect, and ten thousand dollars had been immediately raised by the benevolent people of that city and placed to my credit with the banking house of J. S. Morgan & Co., of London,

"as a first instalment of a subscription in New York city for the poor in France." I lost no time in calling on M. Jules Favre to consult with him as to the best manner of distributing that fund. He suggested that a portion of it go to Paris and the surrounding villages, and be placed in the hands of M. Ernest Picard, the Minister of Finance, who would associate himself with a commission, to include one American, who would attend to its distribution. I named Joseph Karrick Riggs, long a resident of Paris, and a gentleman of honor and intelligence and respectability, as the American commissioner. I immediately sent thirty-five thousand francs to M. Jules Favre to go into the hands of M. Picard. I also sent twelve thousand five hundred francs to Stephen S. Lee, Esq., a responsible and highly respectable American gentleman residing at Tours, to be distributed among the poor in the valley of the Loire. Mr. Lee was a gentleman well known to me and a man who could make a just and satisfactory distribution. I retained two thousand five hundred francs in my own hands for future distribution. The sufferings of the poor in all parts of France where the hostile armies had been were so terrible that it was very hard to discriminate as to the localities where aid should be sent. As I had no knowledge of the benevolent parties who had made the generous subscription in the city of New York, and thus was unable to communicate with them as to what I had so far done, I requested that a communication in respect to the matter, which I had made to the State Department, might be in some way conveyed to them.

M. Jules Favre very promptly and gracefully acknowledged the receipt of the check for thirty-five thousand francs, and desired that I should inform the citizens of New York, who had united in that subscription, of the profound gratitude of the government of the National

Defence for their generous assistance in the present calamities. In another note he said that he was infinitely touched by the striking mark of sympathy which France had received from free America, and he begged me to convey the expression of his gratitude to my countrymen of New York who had been kind enough to take the initiative in that generous offering addressed to France, so cruelly tried; and that in accordance with my recommendation Mr. Riggs would be associated in the commission for the distribution, and would take my instructions.

The news of the convention of the 28th of January, 1871, providing for the armistice, was very badly received by the great mass of the lower class of the people of Paris, and particularly by the National Guard, which had done no fighting during the siege, but had been fed and housed in the best manner possible, under the circumstances, by the government of the National Defence. Those who had fought least made the greatest noise and were more furious than anybody else to continue the war "*à outrance.*"

Gambetta, at Tours, who had been at the head of the government outside of Paris, could not be consulted in reference to the armistice. On the 31st of January he issued a fiery proclamation which added fuel to the flame of excitement which was then prevailing in Paris. On the 6th of February, he wrote to the government at Paris that his conscience would not permit him to remain a member of a government with which he no longer agreed in principle, and he therefore resigned his place.

It was on January 29th, as I have stated, that the Journal Officiel announced the armistice and said that it was with a heart bowed with grief that France laid aside its

arms. Neither sufferings nor death in battle could have constrained Paris to such a cruel sacrifice. It yielded only to hunger. It had become a necessity when there was no more bread. In that cruel situation the government had made every effort to ameliorate the bitterness of the sacrifice imposed by necessity. But after some days of negotiation, on that evening had been signed a treaty which guaranteed the National Guard its organization and its arms. The army, declared prisoners of war, would not quit Paris, and a National Assembly would be convoked. France was unfortunate, but it was not destroyed. It had done its duty and would remain mistress of itself.

The armistice provided that the government of the National Defence could convoke an assembly, freely elected, which would pronounce upon the question of whether war should be continued or not, and what conditions of peace should be made. The assembly should meet in the city of Bordeaux, and all facilities would be given by the commandants of the German army for the election and reunion of the deputies who should compose the convention. But I cannot refer further to the articles of this convention which were signed by Bismarck and Jules Favre on the evening of the 28th of January. The elections were ordered for the 8th of February, and the assembly was to meet at Bordeaux on the 12th of that month. Among the forty-three deputies who were elected from Paris were many who had been engaged in the revolutionary proceedings, who had made themselves particularly violent against the armistice, who had been inciting the people to anarchy and disorder, and who, after taking their seats at Bordeaux, resigned to join the Communists at Paris.

The assembly met at Bordeaux on the 12th, under cir-

cumstances that never before attended the convening of a representative body. But it is not within the scope of this narrative to make a full history of its proceedings. After the organization of the assembly, which was in the nature of a constituent or constitutional convention, almost its first act was to name M. Thiers Chief of the Executive Power and President of the Council of Ministers. M. Thiers constituted his cabinet, assigning M. Dufaure to the Ministry of Justice, M. Jules Favre to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, M. Ernest Picard to the Ministry of the Interior, M. Jules Simon to the Ministry of Public Instruction and M. Pothuau to the Ministry of Marine; and the other ministries were filled by persons not so well known. A Minister of Finance was not then named. After appointing fifteen commissioners to assist the government in the peace negotiations at Versailles, the convention took a recess until negotiations should be concluded. No time was lost by the members of the government and the commissioners in repairing to Versailles to enter upon those negotiations for peace.

Matters having somewhat quieted down in Paris, a good deal worn out by the labors and responsibilities imposed upon me during the siége, I left on the 9th of February for a short visit to my family, who had been for some months at Brussels. No through train had then been put on the railroad from Paris direct to Brussels, but there was a train from Paris to Calais. It was crowded, and there being many delays, I did not reach Calais until night. I had, however, a most pleasant and agreeable companion, Mr. Henry Labouchere, at present a member of the British Parliament, who had been in Paris during the siege as correspondent of the London Daily News. His letters were afterward published in book form under the title of "Diary of a Besieged Resi-

dent in Paris," which is, indeed, one of the most readable and interesting histories of that remarkable epoch. I find that subsequently, on April 4, 1871, I wrote a letter to Mr. Labouchere, thanking him for sending me a copy of his book, and said, "I read a good many of your letters as they came along in the News in the days of the siege. I have read more of them since the book has come to hand. They are yet so fresh and so entertaining, so interesting and even jolly. It leads me to smile, using that word 'jolly' as connected with anything touching the siege of Paris. But you went away too soon. As a Yankee peddler would say, 'Now is the time to get bargains.' We thought the siege a great affair; but this present entertainment puts it quite into the shade. The 31st of October, a part of which we saw, was the flash in the pan, while we now have the full discharge all along the line, with the killed, wounded and missing."

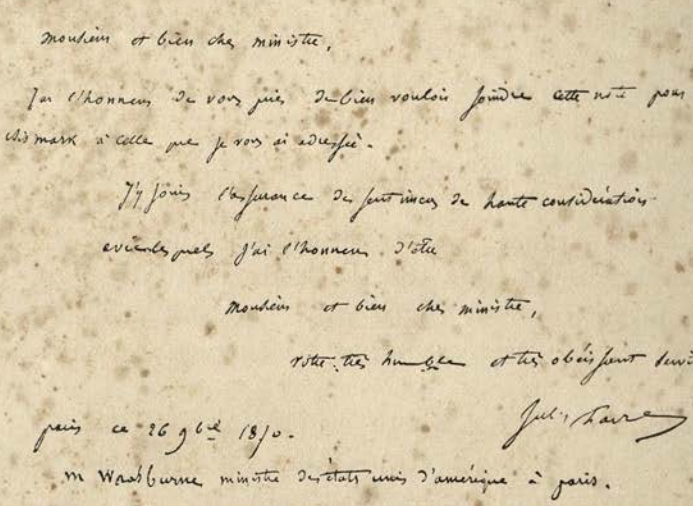
After getting a warm and excellent supper at Calais, I took the night train for Brussels, and I do not recollect ever having had a more uncomfortable night journey in my life, sitting up all the night in a cold, cheerless car. After spending a few days at Brussels, I returned to Paris on the 15th of February. In the condition of things still existing there it was impossible for me to bring my family with me, but the demands upon me from my legation necessitated my immediate return to that city. It took us parts of two days to get from Brussels to Paris, and we were obliged to stay at St. Quentin over night. The exposure and fatigue of my trip was too much for me, and soon after reaching my apartment in Paris I was taken very suddenly and severely ill; but, thanks to the excellent care of Dr. Johnston and Dr. Swinburne, I was able to be out in two or three days attending as usual to my official duties.

On February 24th I received an official communication from the State department at Washington in respect to many matters touched upon by me in my official despatches during the siege, and particularly in respect to my correspondence with Count Bismarck in relation to my despatch bag, stating that my action had met the entire approval of my government, and that my letter to Count Bismarck was "dignified, forcible and just." The question of the undisputed right of uninterrupted correspondence between a neutral power and its representative, duly accredited and resident in the capital of a belligerent, which, while he is thus resident, becomes the object of attack and siege by another belligerent, having been fully acknowledged by Count Bismarck, was no longer a matter of immediate practical application. That was what I had claimed from the beginning, and Bismarck in the end admitted that there was "no doubt as to the right of your (my) government to correspond with you (me)."

On February 28th I wrote an official despatch to my government, in which I stated that the treaty of peace between France and the new German Empire, to be ratified thereafter by the National Assembly at Bordeaux, was signed at Versailles a day or two previous. The principal conditions were well understood at Paris, and the news of the signing of the treaty created there a very profound impression. The condition that a portion of Paris was to be occupied by thirty thousand German troops until the ratification of the treaty produced an intense feeling, but still I was in hopes that the city would pass through that trying ordeal without any scenes of violence. That provision of the treaty seemed to be intended as a pressure on the National Assembly to hasten its action. The government made a strong appeal to the

people of Paris, counselling forbearance and moderation, and the press with great unanimity seconded such appeal. Indeed, all the papers agreed to suspend their publications during the Prussian occupation.

The principal negotiators of the treaty on the French side were M. Thiers and M. Favre. A more cruel task was probably never before imposed on patriotic men, and it was only during the final hours of the armistice that



Fac-simile of a Note from M. Jules Favre.

the treaty was signed. It was said that there was a great "hitch" in regard to the cession of the fortress of Belfort. That was persistently demanded by the Germans and equally persistently refused by the French negotiators, and at last M. Thiers declared absolutely that he would sign no treaty which ceded Belfort, though the Germans were willing to agree that they would not enter Paris if they could retain that fortress. The Germans finally yielded that point, seeing how much M. Thiers had set his heart upon it, and how resolved he was never to sign a treaty which yielded it.

Many of the Americans who had been residents of Paris began to return during the last of February, although there was much detention of passengers and baggage. Provisions were then plenty and cheaper than before the siege. The great want in the city then was the means of locomotion, a great number of the horses having been killed for food during the siege. Paris had already become again quite Parisian, and the streets had been filled by the same light-hearted population, presenting that cheerful aspect which so peculiarly belongs to that historic city.

But when you went outside the walls, the destruction and devastation of war could hardly be described. The most fearful and complete change was at St. Cloud. That beautiful village, with its magnificent palace, rich in the associations of centuries, was literally one mass of ruins. The Bois de Boulogne, stripped of its trees, was a sad sight, and recalled to mind the fate which had befallen it under somewhat similar circumstances in 1815. The interior of Paris was not much changed. A great many large and beautiful trees on many of the avenues had been cut down, but the smaller trees had been left standing, so that the alteration was not so great as to be much remarked.

The treaty having provided for the entry of thirty thousand German troops into Paris, accordingly on March 1, 1871, the German soldiers entered the city. At nine o'clock in the forenoon three blue hussars entered the Porte Maillot, proceeded up the Avenue of the Grand Army and walked their horses slowly down the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysées, with carbines cocked and finger upon the trigger. These hussars looked carefully into the side streets and proceeded slowly down the

avenue. But few people were out at that early hour in the morning. Soon after this, six more hussars made their appearance by the same route, and every few minutes thereafter the number increased. Then came in the main body of the advanced guard, numbering about one thousand men, consisting of cavalry and infantry (Bavarian and Prussian), forming part of the Eleventh Corps, under the command of General Kanamichi. By this time the crowd on the Champs Elysées had increased and met the advancing Germans with hisses and insults. A portion of the German troops halted and with great deliberation loaded their pieces, whereat the crowd, composed mostly of boys and "roughs," incontinently took to their heels. According to a previous understanding among the French, all the shops and restaurants along the route had been closed; but notwithstanding their vigorous asseverations that no consideration whatever would induce them to look upon or speak to the Prussians, I found, on going to the Champs Elysées at half-past nine o'clock, a large number of them attracted thither by curiosity, which they were unable to resist. In walking down the avenue to the point where the main body of the force had halted, in front of the Palace of Industry, I counted a body of twenty-five French people, men, women and children, in the most cordial fraternization with the German soldiers. Stopping for a moment to listen to the agreeable conversation which appeared to be carried on, a German soldier advanced to salute me, and addressed me by name. He turned out to be the clerk at a hotel at Hombourg les Bains, where I had lodged during my visits to that place in 1867 and 1869. From what I could learn, the great body of the German troops were reviewed by the Emperor at Longchamps, before their entry into Paris. Instead, therefore, of the mass of the troops en-

THE THREE HUSSARS.

tering at ten o'clock, as had been previously announced, it was not until half-past one o'clock in the afternoon that the Royal Guard of Prussia, in four solid bodies, surrounded the Arc de Triomphe. Then a company of Uhlans, with their spears stuck in their saddles, and ornamented by the little flags of blue and white, headed the advancing column. They were followed by the Saxons, with their light blue coats, who were succeeded by the Bavarian riflemen, with their heavy uniform and martial tread. Afterward followed more of the Uhlans, and occasionally a squad of the Bismarck cuirassiers with their white jackets, black hats and waving plumes, recalling to mind, perhaps, among the more intelligent French observers the celebrated cuirassiers of Nansouty and Latour Maubourg, in the wars of the First Napoleon.

Now came the artillery, with its pieces of six, which must have extorted the admiration of all military men by its splendid appearance and wonderful precision of movement. Next fell into line the Royal Guard of Prussia, with their shining casques and glittering bayonets, which had been massed around the world-renowned Arc de Triomphe, erected (and with what bitter sarcasm it might be said) to the glory of the Grand Army! I witnessed this entry from the balcony of the apartment of a friend, Hon. Elliot C. Cowdin, of New York city, which was at the head of the Champs Elysées. A good many French people were on the sidewalks on either side of the avenue. At first the troops were met with hisses, cat-calls and all sorts of insulting cries, but as they poured in, thicker and faster—forming by companies, as they swept down the avenue to the strains of martial music—the crowd seemed to be awed into silence, and no other sound was heard but the tramp of the soldiery and the occasional word of command. The only disturbance which I saw was occasioned

by some individual advancing from the sidewalk and giving his hand to a German cavalryman, whereat the crowd "went for" him. But his backing seemed so powerful that the discontents soon dispersed without any further disturbance.

The entry of the main body of the troops occupied about two hours, and after that they began to disperse into the various quarters of the city to which they had been assigned, in search of their lodgings.

We were busily engaged at the legation almost the entire day endeavoring to secure protection for the American apartments and property. At five o'clock I went to see M. Jules Favre in relation to the sudden and indiscriminate billeting of the German soldiers upon the American residents, and learned from him of the probability of the ratification of the treaty of peace by the assembly at Bordeaux that evening, and of his hopes that everything would be settled before the next morning, when the German troops would be withdrawn from the city. He told me that there would be no doubt about the ratification of the treaty. He hoped it would have been ratified the night before, and thus have prevented the entry of the Germans into Paris at all. But M. Thiers unfortunately had been delayed in reaching Bordeaux, which had postponed the action on the treaty in the assembly until that day. M. Favre was kind enough to tell me in this interview that he would send me a notice of the ratification of the treaty the moment he received it; and he kept his word.

In returning from the Foreign Office, on the other side of the Seine, I found the bridge guarded by French soldiers who resolutely refused to let me pass. Soon a large crowd of ruffians appeared and attempted to force the guard, and it appeared for a short time as if a sharp little

battle was to be improvised. After standing around for about an hour, I was enabled by the courtesy of a French officer to slip through the guard and finally to reach my residence. My coachman was so thoroughly penetrated with fear of the Prussians that he utterly refused to harness his horses again during the day. I wrote an account of this entry of the Prussians into Paris at eleven o'clock the same night. The day had opened cloudy and sombre, with a raw and chilly atmosphere. A little after noon the sun had come out bright and warm, and the close of the day was magnificent. I sent two gentlemen out from the legation in the evening to go through the city and report to me the situation. From the Boulevard du Temple to the Arc de Triomphe not a store or a restaurant was open, with the exception of two of the latter on the Champs Elysées, which the Germans had ordered to be kept open. There were no excited crowds on the boulevards, which was very remarkable; not an omnibus was running in the whole city, and every omnibus office was closed. Neither was there a private nor a public carriage to be seen, unless a hearse could be deemed a "public carriage." Unfortunately, too many of these were then seen during every hour of the day. Paris seemed literally to have died out. There was neither song nor shout in all her streets. The whole population was marching about as if under a cloud of oppression. The gas was not yet lighted, and the streets presented a sinister and sombre aspect. All the butcher and barber shops in that part of the city occupied by the Germans were closed, and if the people had not provided themselves for the emergency, there would have been an increase of suffering. The Bourse was closed by the order of the syndics of 'Change. No newspapers appeared on that day except the Journal Officiel. No placards were posted

upon the walls of Paris, and I could hear of no act of violence of any significance. It is but just to say that the people of Paris bore themselves during all that cruel experience with a degree of dignity and forbearance which did them infinite credit.

To go back a little, it was on February 5th that I wrote an official despatch to my government in respect to the situation then existing in Paris. I said that the people were quietly awaiting the *ravitaillement* and small quantities of provisions had commenced coming in that day. (I do not recollect that I ever had the sense of a more agreeable surprise than on this day. About noon a friend of mine, Mr. Stephen S. Lee, of Baltimore, who had for some time been a resident of Tours, entered my legation with a basket on his arm, with some large loaves of beautiful bread, some balls of hard, excellent butter, and two chickens. Mr. Lee, at his home in Tours, where he had been devoting himself to assuaging the wants of the poor in the valley of the Loire, had realized the straits to which Paris was reduced for want of food, and he made his appearance at my legation in the manner that I have stated, by the very first train which came in from the Loire.) The first train which had come in from Calais on this day contained supplies which had been sent from London to the population of Paris. These proved only a drop in the bucket, and they had to be distributed among the people of the twenty arrondissements of Paris in proportion to their respective populations, and were given out only to the most needy. The lower classes in the city had, during the last month of the siege, suffered untold miseries of cold and hunger, and with a patience and fortitude which did them great credit. The suffering of all classes had been intense, and it could be said that they had sustained such privations

in a manner that could but excite the wonder and admiration of the world.

In this communication to my government I stated that I was gratified to think that I had remained through all the siege. I hoped I had been of some service to the interests with which I had been charged. I stated that I had succeeded in protecting all the American property in Paris, and that no harm had come to any of the Americans who had remained there, with the exception of Mr. Swager, who had lost his life by having his foot torn to pieces by a Prussian shell. Several attempts had been made to interfere with American property at different times, and I could give the government of the National Defence credit by saying that they had treated all matters which I had deemed it necessary to bring to their attention with the utmost fairness and consideration. In the first place it was proposed to quarter the Guard Mobile in the apartments of Americans, but upon application made by me to Gambetta, the Minister of the Interior, he gave an order that it should not be done. Afterward the city authorities proposed a special tax on the apartments of the absent, which bore very heavily upon our countrymen. I had had a correspondence with M. Jules Favre upon the subject, which showed that the city authorities had been overruled, and that the tax had not been enforced. Then it was proposed to put the refugees from the neighboring villages, who had come into Paris, into the apartments of some of the Americans. I resisted that, and the intention was not carried out. And when the bombardment took place, and the people from that part of the city exposed to the shells were driven out, it was proposed to shelter them in the vacant apartments in other parts of the city. Many of the apartments of the Americans were threatened in that way, but

I gave orders that in no case would I consent to have the furnished apartments of the Americans occupied in that manner, and no apartment was so occupied. After the armistice was entered into, another attempt was made to quarter the soldiers and officers in the vacant apartments of the Americans, but I protested against that, and no apartment was so occupied.

Very little damage had been done to the property of the people of other nationalities with whose protection I had been charged. At an early period of the siege, the home of a German who kept a large school for American and English boys was invaded by the Guard Mobile in search of Prussian spies, and some damage was done to the furniture. Upon my representation the affair was promptly taken in hand by the Prefect of Police, who brought the offending parties to punishment and permitted agents, selected by me, to assess the damages, which were promptly paid. Immediately after the breaking out of the war, I took under my protection the magnificent hôtel of the Prussian embassy in the Rue de Lille. All the persons who had charge of it, even down to the *concierge*, had been expelled from France, and as it seemed to be the objective point of the hostility of the Parisian population, I had great fears of its safety. I at once placed it in charge of a young American friend of mine in Paris, Mr. J. A. McKean, who was from my old congressional district in Illinois, and who exercised the most vigilant guardianship over it and protected it from all harm. While there had been a certain amount of hostility manifested toward me by a small number of the population of Paris during the siege, and while I had been sometimes assailed in the clubs and in the newspapers on account of my protection of the Germans, I had no cause whatever for complaint against the government

of the National Defence. I had been treated by it with the greatest kindness, and with all the consideration due to me as a diplomatic representative of the United States.

On March 2d, I was enabled to send my messenger off to London with a despatch bag. At an early hour in the morning I received a note from M. Jules Favre, in which he advised me, according to his promise, of the ratification of the Treaty at Bordeaux, saying that he should go to Versailles at once, and demand from Count Bismarck its immediate execution. I had previously understood from M. Favre that one of the provisions of the treaty was that the German troops should leave Paris immediately on its ratification by the National Assembly. That ratification was made on Wednesday evening, and the fact was telegraphed immediately to M. Jules Favre. At six o'clock the next morning he left Paris for Versailles to demand, in conformity with the provisions of the treaty, the immediate evacuation of the interior of Paris. The German headquarters, however, refused to receive the telegraphic intelligence as conclusive evidence of the fact of the ratification, and insisted upon a regularly certified copy of the proceedings of the National Assembly.

It was not until eleven o'clock on Thursday evening, March 2d, that the details for the evacuation were regulated by the French and German military authorities. It was agreed that the evacuation should commence the next (Friday) morning at eight o'clock, and terminate at eleven. There was much disappointment felt in Paris at the delay which had taken place in respect to the official notice of the ratification of the treaty. It had been supposed that the German troops would leave Paris in the course of the afternoon of March 2d. They didn't leave,

however, and there seemed to be a larger number of German troops in the city than at any time the day before. Everything, however, continued to be perfectly quiet. The Champs Elysées from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde had been guarded with German soldiers, and in the afternoon I saw great numbers of French people on the avenue mingling with them. The shops and restaurants in many parts of the city remained closed, but in other parts, more remote from the portion occupied by the Germans, everything was going on as usual. In driving out through the Boulevard du Temple to the Bastille, and returning by the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue de Rivoli, as far as the Hôtel de Ville, I found the stores all open, the omnibuses and carriages in the streets as usual, and the sidewalks filled with people. No one, in such a part of the city, would have supposed that the hated enemy of France held the town by military occupation. The day was remarkably pleasant. In all parts of the city where I went, in which circulation had not been interdicted by the military authorities, I found the streets crowded with people, but there was no unusual excitement anywhere. On the evening of March 2d, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, accompanied by a member of his staff, arrived at Paris from Bordeaux.

The German troops commenced moving out at the appointed time on Friday, marching up the Champs Elysées and passing under the Arc de Triomphe, with great cheering. At eleven o'clock precisely, the last German soldier passed through the Porte Maillot, and Paris breathed freely. During the occupation there was a good deal of excitement in that portion of the city occupied by the German troops, but there was no serious disturbance anywhere. Indeed, everything passed off much better than could have been anticipated. No

sooner were the troops fairly on their way out of the city than the closed stores, cafés, restaurants, and hôtels threw open their doors; the avenue of the Champs Elysées was swept and sprinkled, and the magnificent fountains in the Place de la Concorde began to play. At three o'clock in the afternoon (the day was splendid) all the invested parts of the city, which had for two days been under the guise of a funeral pall, presented a most gay and cheerful aspect, and the people looked far happier than I had seen them for many long months.

On March 3d I wrote a note to Count Bismarck advising him that I was giving assistance at that time to twenty-nine hundred Germans; that after so many months of famine, cold, and persecution, it was not to be wondered at that they were anxious to leave Paris, now that peace had been made. They were nearly all without any resources whatever. They owed their rent, and they could not move their household effects until such rent was paid. I, therefore, begged leave to call his attention to the condition of this unfortunate people, whose terrible sufferings for the last few months had challenged, I was certain, his warmest sympathy.

On March 7th, I took the necessary steps to have released from their imprisonment seventy-four German subjects, who, having entered Paris without leave, had been arrested by the National Guard and taken to the Préfecture depot for protection, some of them being bearers of large sums of money, obligations, etc. The French police, prison, and public authorities did all in their power to aid in the removal of these people. They were conveyed to the Gare St. Lazare from the Préfecture in cellular carriages, and thence went by rail to Versailles, where the German military authorities took charge of them and sent them back to Germany.

I addressed an official note on March 11th to Count Bismarck in regard to the release from prison of these Germans. I said that I was constrained to call his attention to the subject, for the reason that their position was becoming worse and worse every day; for since the peace, the hostility of the people of Paris to the Germans remaining in the city had greatly increased; and threats were freely made that no Germans should be permitted, under any circumstances, to remain in Paris, and I feared that acts of violence would be committed on those who were then in the city. An anti-Prussian league had been formed, and was sending around anonymous letters to the Germans, warning them to leave in twenty-four hours or take the consequences of remaining. One of the city newspapers of large circulation had published a notice which had been placed on the walls of the city, calling upon all persons who knew of Germans remaining in Paris to send in their names, the purpose of which was to have them denounced to the police. I told him that, while I saw no indisposition on the part of the French authorities to protect, so far as they could, the persons and property of the Germans, I was afraid it would be impossible to afford them any adequate protection, and my advice, therefore, was that the Germans would better remain away from Paris during the excited state of feeling then existing.

On the day of the entry of the German troops into Paris, the legation was filled by people who had charge of the American apartments, who had come to claim my protection for them, stating that the German soldiers had been billeted on them, by direction of the Mayor of Paris. I confess I was surprised that the Mayor had given such an order, as he had never en-

forced the billeting of French soldiers upon Americans. It appeared, however, that the Mayor or his subordinates had undertaken to quarter as many German troops as possible on the foreigners, particularly Americans, and to spare their own people. I immediately made appeals to the German officers in authority to spare the Americans' property, and not to quarter their soldiers in the apartments of my countrymen. They had, however, no order on the subject; but in many instances, upon the statement of the case, they did not insist upon going into American apartments, but quartered their troops elsewhere. In some instances, however, the troops went in under threats of using force unless the apartments of our compatriots were opened to them; but upon a full explanation of the ownership of the property, and upon the earnest request that it should not be damaged, I was enabled to state that scarcely any injury had been inflicted upon a single apartment. I made it a matter of complaint to M. Jules Favre that the Mayor of Paris had billeted so many of the German soldiers in the American apartments, while so large a number of the French apartments had been spared. He expressed great regret at such being the case, and said that this condition of things had come to them so suddenly that everything had been done in great confusion, and that if any damage whatever had happened to American property from German troops, all such damage would be scrupulously paid for. Nothing could be more liberal and just than this prompt action of M. Jules Favre. The damages had been so small, however, that no claim was ever put in; and I was greatly relieved at finding, at the end of the war, that, after all the danger and tribulation Paris had passed through, on American property estimated

worth from seven to ten millions of dollars, the damage by casualties resulting from war did not amount to five hundred dollars, excepting always the horses which were taken by requisition for food, at a stated price per pound.

An extraordinary state of things existed from the time the armistice was signed. There was great discontent among all the lower classes, and the immense force of the National Guard was insubordinate and lawless. Although the government of the National Defence had been indorsed by a *plébiscite* in Paris on November 1st, by a majority of nearly five hundred thousand votes, yet it seemed not to be very much strengthened thereby. There was hunger, cold and starvation everywhere; but the government tried to stem the tide, by always answering that they had bread enough and to spare. But when that bread gave out and the rationing had to be resorted to, the public became violently agitated. Trochu was everywhere denounced for his lamentable failures in accomplishing military success and for his general incapacity as the governor of Paris. He had sworn before the public that he would never capitulate. But that could not save him, and the government of the National Defence decided to remove him as commander of the army of Paris and suppress his title and functions as governor of Paris. As a little sop to him, they declared that he should retain the presidency of the government. All power and authority of the government of the National Defence seemed to be drifting away, and there was nothing to resist the current.

At this time there was naturally the most intense excitement in Paris among all classes. The proceedings of the National Assembly at Bordeaux attracted universal attention, and its election of M. Thiers as Chief of the

Executive Power was well received by all the better classes. At the earliest moment possible after the organization of the assembly the government of the National Defence transferred its power into the hands of the assembly, but agreed to exercise its functions until another government could be established. Though Bordeaux was one of the first cities of France, it afforded very inadequate accommodations for the National Assembly, and for the vast number of people who congregated there. It was not strange, therefore, that, as soon as the assembly got through with the work which required immediate attention, it resolved to remove its sitting to Versailles. The question of this removal excited a good deal of feeling and discussion. The committee of the assembly to which the question was referred made a unanimous report in favor of removing the assembly to Fontainebleau. Single-handed and alone M. Thiers attacked the conclusions of the committee, and induced the assembly to meet at Versailles about the middle of March, where it would sit, while the real seat of government would be at Paris. It was understood that M. Thiers would occupy the splendid hôtel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that he would hold his official receptions there. The Council of Ministers, however, was to hold its meetings at Versailles.

While everything at this time was in chaos and uncertainty, so far as the government of the country was concerned, it was quite evident that the tendency of the people was to continue the republic as the only form of government which could then be sustained in France. Yet it was very unsafe to make predictions as to what might happen later. After the siege was raised, about half a dozen very violent newspapers had been established, which were daily filled with the most revolution-

ary appeals, and teemed with incitations to bloodshed and civil war. In a few days General Vinoy, the military commander of Paris, issued an order suppressing the whole lot, and forbidding other papers of a like character to appear until the National Assembly should have acted. This order of General Vinoy was violently assailed by the press, but I thought it gave general satisfaction to a large majority of the people.

On March 17th I wrote to my government as to the situation in the city, and alluded to a matter which I considered of very serious import—it was the action of some regiments of the National Guard, in seizing upon large numbers of cannon and mitrailleuses, some two weeks previous, and fortifying themselves on the Butte Montmartre. I stated that those people had set up a sort of independent "side-show" in opposition to the government, and while I did not at that time regard any great degree of violence as probable, I thought that the condition of the lower and working classes of Paris was alarming. Each man fit to bear arms had been enlisted in the National Guard, receiving for himself a franc-and-a-half a day, and an additional sum for his wife, if married, and if he had children, a certain sum for every child. It having become necessary to disband the National Guard, it was a question of the greatest gravity what was to take place. Every branch of industry had been paralyzed; all building and improvement in the city had been stopped, and it was almost impossible for the laboring men to get work. I stated in this communication what was true in regard to the effort to be made to raise the money to pay off the German indemnity at the earliest possible moment, and get the German soldiers out of France.

On this day, Count Bismarck sent to me from Berlin, where he had arrived from Versailles, a despatch authorizing me to furnish to Germans desirous of leaving Paris the means necessary to reach the frontier; and on the same day he wrote to me that the excesses committed against the Germans in Paris were repeated in the provinces. The German officers and soldiers continued to be the victims of insults and attacks on the part of the inhabitants in the occupied departments. Those facts imposed upon him the duty of recurring to my intervention for the purpose of obtaining from the French government energetic measures to put an end to that state of things, which might threaten with serious peril the wounded and sick which the German armies had been forced to leave in the territories vacated by them. He begged me to call the attention of the French government to those dangers, and invite it, according to the treaty and the laws of nations, to give protection to the Germans who had need of it. I at once communicated this fact to M. Jules Favre. He gave it an immediate reply, saying that he would intervene in the matter as soon as possible, and that he might have occasion on his side to call attention to acts of abuse by German soldiers, whose proceedings were denounced to him every day by his fellow citizens. He promised, however, that the government would do all that was in its power to protect the German subjects who were found within their territory, and asked that the Prussian authorities should give orders to their troops to respect discipline.

I have stated previously that when matters were in a most uncertain condition at Paris, a short time before the termination of the siege and when it was impossible to foretell what results might happen, I wrote a despatch to my government in respect thereof. If no peace should

be made and the Germans should get control of Paris, of course it could no longer be the seat of the French government. The idea then was, that it would go to Bordeaux, under such circumstances, and if so, the Diplomatic Corps would have to follow it. Looking out for the possibilities so far as they might affect our own legation, and thinking it might be difficult, if not impossible, to reach Bordeaux from Paris, I wrote to my government that in view of such an emergency arising, it might be well to place at the disposition of the legation the use of the man of war "Shenandoah," Captain Wells, then lying at Havre. My suggestion was immediately acquiesced in at Washington, and orders were given to Captain Wells to hold the "Shenandoah" at my disposal. As matters shaped themselves, however, it was not necessary to have recourse to that device. I may state here that in the summer of 1871, when M. Thiers was passing some time at a country seat near Trouville, and when Captain Wells was passing with his war steamer by the residence of the Chief of the Executive Power, he gave him a naval salute, which proved to be exceedingly gratifying to M. Thiers. Finding out the name of Captain Wells, he sent him a decoration as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, which the captain was afterward permitted to accept by Congress.

## CHAPTER II.

### RISE OF THE COMMUNE.

The Insurrection of March 18th—Fraternization of the Troops of the Line and the National Guard—The Government Driven to Versailles—Formation of the Central Committee—Assassination of Generals Thomas and Lecomte—Seizure of the Journal Officiel—The Procession of "Friends of Order" Fired upon—A Reign of Terror in Paris—A Farcical Election.

WE now come to the insurrection of the 18th of March, 1871, which led up to the most horrible events and consequences ever recorded in history. It was the commencement of an orgie of crime, incendiarism, ruin, cruelty, desolation, blood, in the presence of which all the world stood appalled. I had narrowly watched the course of events, and had, to some extent, foreseen the storm which was so soon to break upon Paris. On the 17th of March I had written the long account to my government which I have mentioned, stating that the National Guard had seized arms and ammunition and fortified themselves on the Butte Montmartre; but I had no idea that such startling events were to be so soon precipitated upon us. I shall describe briefly how the knowledge of them first reached me, and then return to the events themselves in more detail.

My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, who had remained in Paris throughout the whole siege, and from whom I had received so much hospitality, had a country seat in the little village called Petit Val, some ten or fifteen

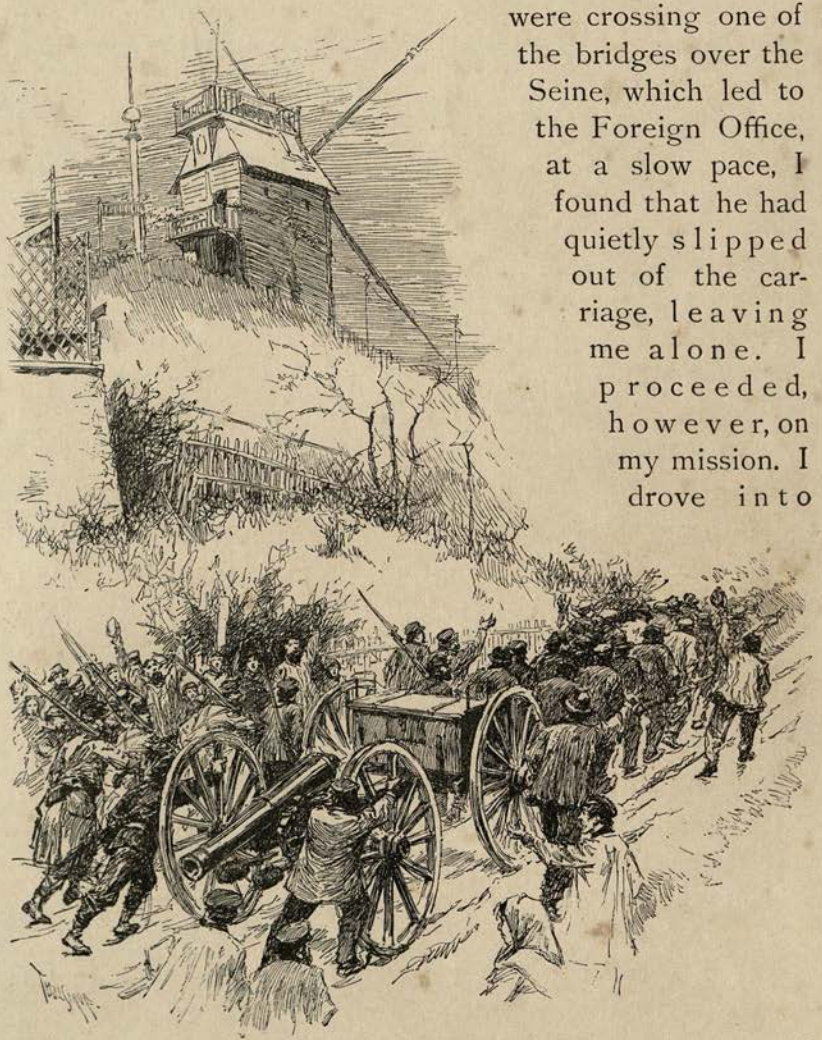
miles from Paris. The Germans had been in possession of their house during the siege. Mrs. Moulton and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles J. Moulton, invited me to go out there with them on the 18th. (Mrs. Charles J. Moulton was an American lady, who had lived many years in Paris, and who was distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments. She subsequently married Mr. J. H. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, the Danish Minister-Resident at Washington.) On that morning I received a despatch from Count Bismarck, to be immediately delivered to M. Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Going to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at nine o'clock to deliver my despatch, I found an unusual excitement. M. Thiers and all the members of his cabinet were there, and also a large number of military men. I was not apprised of the gravity of the situation which had brought all those people together at that comparatively early hour in the morning. Taking a carriage at Mr. Moulton's, we started a little before noon on our trip. Everything was then comparatively quiet in Paris. There was no excitement in the streets, and there appeared to be nothing unusual going on, except at the Foreign Office. Just as we were starting, Mr. Moulton said there were rumors flying about that there had been a collision between the regular troops and the insurrectionary forces at the Butte Montmartre, and that two generals had been killed, etc., etc. As the city was always full of rumors, frequently of the most absurd and ridiculous character, which almost invariably turned out to be false, I paid no particular attention to these. And so we started on our little journey.

We remained at Petit Val nearly all day, and left at quite a late hour on our return home. We came into Paris about six o'clock in the evening, by way of the

Bastille. To my surprise, I found the movement of carriages interdicted on the principal streets, and I was obliged to turn into the by-streets. I soon found my way impeded by the barricades which had been improvised everywhere by the insurrectionary National Guard. After showing my card to the various commandants, I was enabled to go through the obstructed quarters. While I saw so many evidences of great public commotion, I had no adequate conception of how serious matters were until the next morning, when an old friend, Mr. Joseph Karrick Riggs, came to my house to give me information of what had happened the day before. This was Sunday morning. I immediately started for my legation, and found the city full of the most fearful rumors. It seemed that the government had made an attempt on the morning of Saturday, the 18th, to dislodge the insurgents from the Butte Montmartre, and to get possession of the cannon there, which had been placed in position on Friday. The troops of the line fraternized with the National Guard, put their muskets *crosse en air*, and refused to fire upon them. All was lost from that moment, though the government did not appear to realize it. Various feeble demonstrations were made during the day to vindicate public authority, but they amounted to nothing. All day long, whenever the troops of the line and the National Guard came within reach of each other, they reversed their muskets, in token of peace.

Reaching my legation, I realized the serious character of the situation, and at once took a carriage and started for the Foreign Office, to find out what had really happened. There were a good many National Guards wandering about, and Paris had a sinister appearance. A gentleman who had got into my carriage to go to the

Foreign Office with me did not like very much the looks of things, and, as we were crossing one of the bridges over the Seine, which led to the Foreign Office, at a slow pace, I found that he had quietly slipped out of the carriage, leaving me alone. I proceeded, however, on my mission. I drove into



The National Guard Carrying Cannon to the Butte Montmartre.

the court, and went into the building by the usual entrance. Entering the ante-chamber, I found therein

the same old messenger whose business it was to receive people and to take in their cards to the Minister. On addressing him, how great was my surprise when he told me that M. Jules Favre and the whole government had left Paris for Versailles at half-past nine the night before. He said that matters had been hastened by a battalion of the National Guard which passed the Quai d'Orsay, in front of the Foreign Office, at four o'clock in the afternoon, uttering menacing cries. Leaving that magnificent palace, then utterly deserted, I went on to the boulevard and to the Washington Club, and I found that the news of the shooting of Generals Clément Thomas and Lecomte by the insurgent troops, the day before, was confirmed. Soon returning to my legation to write a despatch to my government, Count de Sartiges, who had formerly been the French Minister at Washington, came in to say that, besides Generals Clément Thomas and Lecomte, there was a rumor that General Vinoy had been shot early in the morning. That rumor, however, proved to be false. Before I reached my legation I had found out that the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of Justice, as well as the Préfecture of Police and the Hôtel de Ville, were all occupied by the insurgents. The Central Committee of the insurrectionary National Guard had issued a proclamation, which was placarded on the walls of the city on Sunday afternoon, stating that they had taken the power of government, and driven out the members thereof, who had betrayed it; that their mission was, so far, ended, and they called upon the people of Paris to elect a government on the next day.

The regular government of France, constituted by the will of the people as expressed through the National Assembly at Bordeaux, having been driven from Paris

by the insurrectionary movement, had established itself at Versailles. That being the case, there was no longer a government at Paris with which I could hold any diplomatic relations; and it was the same with all the diplomatic representatives. It therefore became necessary to follow the government to Versailles. I was obliged to

Hôtel de Ville.

leave, like the rest of my colleagues, and I immediately sent my secretary to Versailles to secure a place for the legation. But the city was full, and he was only able to hire a small room in a side street. For the first time since the foundation of our government was the Minister of the United States obliged to write his official despatches from any place in France other than the city of

Paris. But I informed my government that, while my official residence and the legation would be technically at Versailles, I should go into Paris every day and occupy my legation, in which there had been no change whatever.

Returning from Brussels to Paris, as I have stated, I had my house put in order to receive my family, who were to come in from Brussels on March 18th. They were expected to arrive in the evening, and as it was possible I might not return from Petit Val before the train should arrive, I requested the faithful messenger, Antoine, to meet them at the depot, and to escort them to the house, which would be in readiness to receive them. When I reached the house after my return that evening, what was my surprise to learn from Antoine that while going to the depot to meet the family he was arrested by the insurgents, and forced to carry stones to build a barricade. He was, therefore, unable to reach the depot when the train arrived. I was naturally very uneasy, but it was impossible to obtain any explanation. I was utterly in the dark in regard to their movements until the next afternoon, Sunday, when they reached home in safety. Most fortunately, they had met in the cars a Paris friend and acquaintance, Mr. Max Hellman, of the banking-house of Seligman Frères, of Paris. Arriving at the depot, and finding no one there to receive them, the gentleman most kindly invited them to go with him to his apartment, which was not far from the depot. It was impossible to get any means of conveying them to our home until the afternoon of the next day.

I shall now come to a fuller description of the insurrection which had brought about such extraordinary results.

When M. Thiers and his ministers came into Paris after the siege to take the reins of the government, there

were two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of the National Guard, fully armed and equipped, and drawing their regular pay and rations. This force showed itself hostile to the government, and was unwilling to come under its supreme will. Unfortunately, the authorities did not at once disarm this National Guard, at whatever cost. They did not even take resolute steps in that direction, and the spirit of insubordination grew by what it fed on. This weakness encouraged all the elements of discontent, and soon the National Guard defied all authority. The time coming when it was absolutely necessary that the government should try titles with the insurgents, it was found that the whole force had been tinctured with the revolutionary and insurrectionary spirit, and that no reliance could be placed upon it.

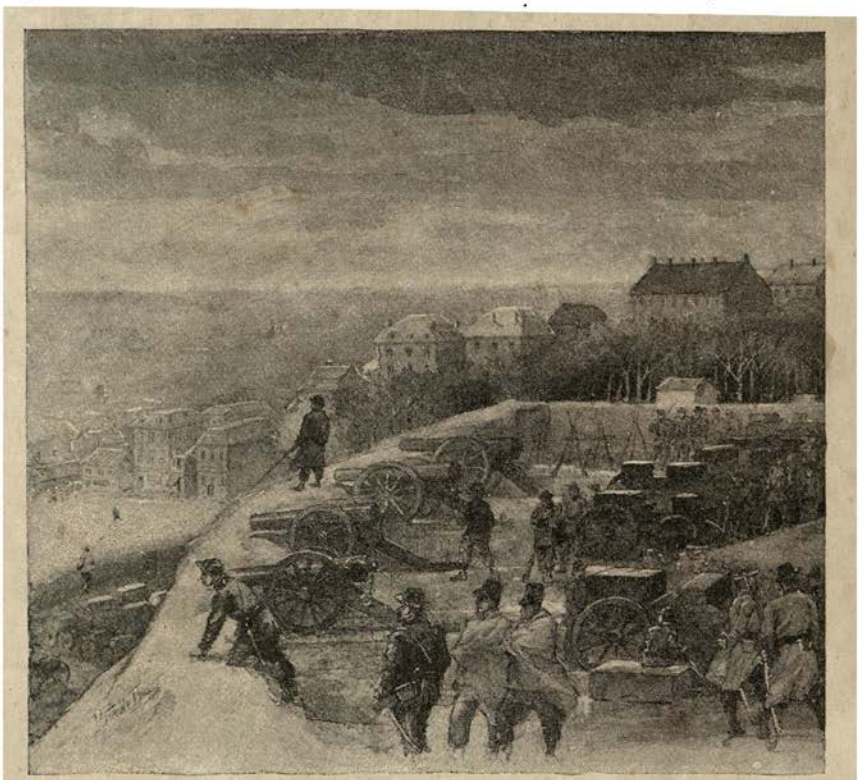
When the government left Paris the insurgents were far more astonished at their victory than the loyal people were. It was to them an absolute embarrassment of riches. They saw at their feet one of the largest, richest, most beautiful, and most attractive cities in the world, with its wealth, splendor, refinement, and intelligence, with all the departments of the government, the Treasury, the War, the Navy, the Interior, the Préfecture of Police, and the Hôtel de Ville—that city, with all its historical associations, its splendid public edifices, its palatial residences, that city of luxury, taste, and elegance, which had attracted the whole world for centuries gone by. All law and authority were trampled under foot. With no restraint and amenable to no power, the position of the insurgents was something never before seen or even dreamed of. Louis Blanc, in speaking of the frightful epoch of the French Revolution, says, "That terror, by its excesses, had made another revolution forever impossible, and its violence had assured to the

future of France a tranquil destiny." It was the breaking out of the Commune which illustrated to the distinguished historian how he had misjudged the capacity of his countrymen, under the influence of a supreme excitation, for the most monstrous excesses.

The new power, the "Central Committee of the National Guard," which was then formed, held its sittings in secret, and it was soon seen that its decisions became insurrectionary acts which overthrew all constituted authority. It was in vain that M. Ernest Picard, Minister of the Interior, issued his proclamation pointing out the lawless and insurrectionary acts of the Central Committee, and appealing to all good citizens to aid in stifling in the germ such culpable manifestations. But the insurrectionists laughed at all these proclamations and appeals, holding, as it were, possession of Paris, and backed up by a vast military force. The Butte Montmartre soon became a veritable camp of the insurrectionists. Guards were mounted regularly, day and night, and like old campaigners were relieved at regular intervals. There were drummers and trumpeters. The officers, with broad, red belts, high boots and long swords, paraded with cigars in their mouths, and seemed almost overpowered with the importance of the high mission which had so suddenly devolved upon them. The regular government was evidently afraid to confront the threatening state of things which had arrived. It was impossible to rely on the loyalty of any considerable portion of the National Guard, and that weakness being disclosed, it was natural that the insurrectionists should take more and more courage and commence massing more and more cannon from different parts of the city.

The commencement of the insurrection of March 18th was signalized by an act of brutality and madness to

which I have alluded. General Lecomte was charged with the command of a force destined to recapture the Butte Montmartre and take away the guns of the insurrectionary National Guard. This force, however, proved treacherous, insubordinate and disloyal, and



Fortified Camp of the Insurrectionary National Guard on the Butte Montmartre.

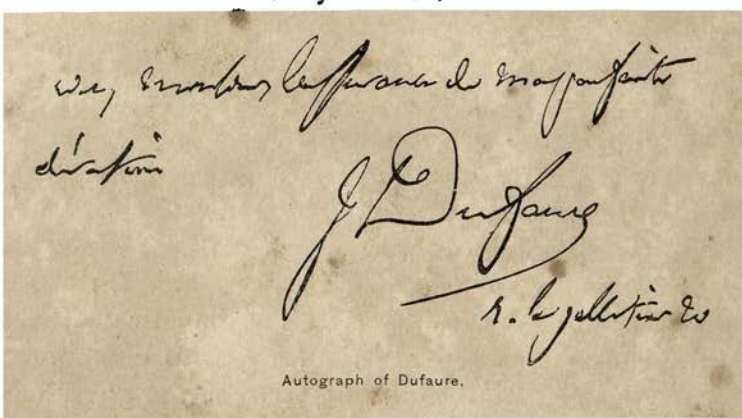
after seizing the guns, they gave them up, and fraternized with the other side. General Lecomte himself was made a prisoner. Another force was sent to release him, but without making any serious effort to that end, this second force quickly fraternized with the insurgents, and were soon found drinking with them in the,

wine shops. It was a strange sight to see the women and children all coming into the streets, taking part with the insurrectionary forces and howling like a pack of wolves. There was a report that General Vinoy had gone into the vicinity on horseback. He was surrounded by a mob of women, who pelted him with stones, and, as the deepest mark of insult, threw at him a cap. After Lecomte had been arrested he was taken to the Château Rouge and held as a prisoner.

Among the men who returned to France after the fall of the Empire was Clément Thomas, then a man over 60 years of age. After eighteen years of exile, he had come back to offer his sword to his country. He had been a life-long republican, a true patriot and a serious and able man. He was sent out of France after the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851, by the order of one of those terrible "mixed commissions" of the Bonapartists, which drove out so many of France's ablest, most distinguished and patriotic men. The memory of these mixed commissions will remain forever to dishonor the second empire. Almost the first act of the government after the *coup d'état* had been to constitute them. All authority, judicial, administrative and military then existing was annulled, and mixed commissions were instituted, consisting of the Prefect of the department, the Procurer-General, and the General commanding the department. They had full and complete authority; they had no rules of action, and they proceeded, without hearing witnesses and without interrogatories, without debate, without defence, without public judgment, without any charge preferred; on simple denunciation, on notes of the police, on vague suspicions, and almost always for crime of opinion, to pronounce in secret their judgments. Thousands of the best men in France were torn from their

homes and families, and, without notice, either sent before military tribunals or deported to Cayenne, or expelled from France, imprisoned and put under surveillance of the police. Never was the old advocate, Dufaure, more terrible than when at the tribune of the National Assembly he denounced the infamy of the mixed commissions in that language of which he was such a master.

Soon after Gen. Clément Thomas's return to Paris he was called to the military service, and became Comman-



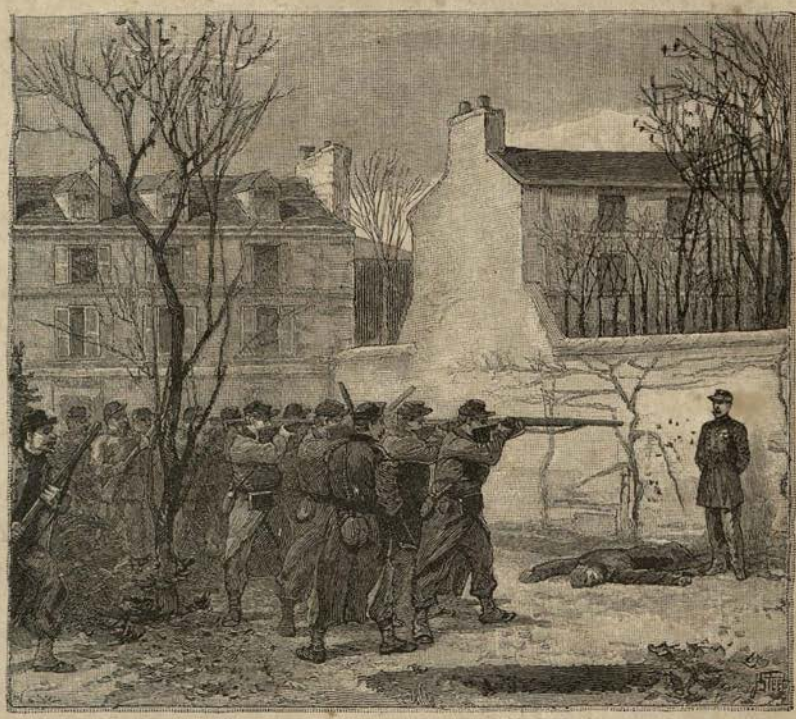
Autograph of Dufaure.

der-in-Chief of the first army of Paris, embracing more than two hundred battalions of the National Guard. In all his positions he displayed great zeal and energy. When the functions of the government of the National Defence had ceased, he sent in his resignation and retired to private life. At the breaking out of the insurrection of March 18th General Thomas, having learned that one of his old aides had been arrested by the insurgents, started off in citizen's clothes to go to Montmartre to look after him. Reaching the Place Pigalle, a National Guard recognized him by his long, white beard, and went up to him and said, "Are you not General Thomas?" The General answered, "Whatever be

my name, I have always done my duty." "You are a wretch and a traitor," cried the National Guard, and, seizing him by the collar, took him to the Château Rouge, where General Lecomte had previously been imprisoned. In the course of that day, a force of about one hundred National Guards went to the prison and escorted them to the top of Montmartre, where they stopped before an apartment house, No. 6 Rue des Rosiers. After the troubles were over, I had the curiosity to visit this place. It was a good-looking house for that part of the city, and there was a large garden in front. In a small room in this house, on the first floor, which I entered, a mock tribunal, or a burlesque court-martial, assembled, which, without form or ceremony and without a hearing, decided, *séance tenante*, that the two generals should be immediately executed. Accordingly a platoon of the assassin National Guard was at once called and the two men were taken into the garden, and Clément Thomas was ordered to take his place

General Clément Thomas. (From a Photograph.)

against the wall. The order was given, the report of muskets rent the air, and General Thomas fell with his face to the earth. "It is your turn now," said one of the assassins to General Lecomte, standing near by.



The Shooting of Thomas and Lecomte. (From Photographs of Sketches Made at the Time.)

The General advanced, and, stepping over the body of General Clément Thomas, took his place with his back to the wall. The order "fire" was given, and General Lecomte fell dead beside the body of General Thomas.*

* On the 26th of March, 1871, the National Assembly decreed that pensions should be awarded to the widows of the two generals, and that a monument should be erected to them at the expense of the State. This monument has been constructed at Père Lachaise, of granite from Flanders. The remains of the two generals were deposited there on the 26th of December, 1875.

The people of Paris looked with great interest for the appearance of the Journal Officiel on Sunday morning, the 19th. It was issued, as usual, by the government. It published a proclamation to the National Guard, and commented editorially on the insurrectionary and criminal proceedings of the day before, and denounced the assassination of General Lecomte and General Clément Thomas. "That frightful crime," said the editorial, "accomplished under the eyes of the Central Committee, gave the measure of the horrors with which Paris would be menaced if the savage agitators, who troubled the city and dishonored France, should triumph."

The appearance of the Journal Officiel on Sunday, with its proclamations and denunciations, suggested to the Central Committee how important it was that the insurrectionists should control this organ of the government. Accordingly, on the morning of that day, a squad of the National Guard broke into the printing office of the paper. As soon as the number of March 19th had been made up, printed and sent out, on Sunday morning, the employés and all connected with the office escaped to Versailles to join the government and the National Assembly. The invaders then took possession of the printing presses and the official and non-official articles which had been set up in type and remained in the composing rooms. From that time the office and the control of the Journal Officiel was in the hands of the insurrectionists, who issued the paper in regular form on the morning of Monday, March 20th. The name was not changed, and in typographical appearance it was precisely the same as it had previously been, but its proclamations and editorials were issued under the title of *Fédération Républicaine de la Garde Nationale*, and it was the organ of the Central Committee.

It was on the same day, March 19th, that the Central Committee of the National Guard issued this proclamation : "Citizens ! The people of Paris have taken off the yoke attempted to be imposed upon them ; the inhabitants of Montmartre and Belleville have taken their guns and intend to keep them. Tranquil in our force. we have waited without fear, as without provocation, the shameless madmen who menaced the republic. This time our brothers of the army will not raise their hands against the holy ark of liberty. Thanks for all ; let Paris and France unite to build a republic and accept with acclamation the only government that will close forever the flood-gates of invasion and civil war. The state of siege is raised, the people of Paris are convoked in its sections to elect the Commune. The safety of all citizens is assured by the body of the National Guard."

This proclamation was given at the Hôtel de Ville, which the insurrectionists had taken possession of. The Central Committee was composed of men who were utterly unknown. They had emerged from total obscurity, and people asked with astonishment and stupor how it was possible that such men could possess themselves of such powers. Assi, the chairman of the Committee, had been a prominent member of the International Society and had a deplorable notoriety, but he virtually became the first head of the Commune. He was overtaken by a fate which so often happens in times of revolution, insurrection and public disorders. He was a man of action and had some ability. According to my recollection, he had headed a great strike at the mines of Creuzot and thereby acquired a certain reputation. In his position as chairman of the Central Committee, he was one of the most violent and reckless. But in the end, he was not able to keep up with the pro-

cession, and being accused of a reaction, he was imprisoned by the Commune for lack of revolutionary energy, and finally, when placed at liberty, he was relegated to subordinate positions. I do not remember ever having seen but two of the members of this Central Committee—Jourde, who afterward became the Delegate of the Commune to the Ministry of Finance, and Charles Lullier.

I went out to Versailles on Monday, March 20th, to see what was the situation there. It was the day on which the National Assembly was to meet, and nearly all the deputies were present, but nothing was accomplished. I was very anxious to see M. Jules Favre on certain official matters, but, being unable to do so, I returned to Paris in the evening. I found that large numbers of the line (regular army), estimated at forty thousand, were in and about Versailles; but there had been so much insubordination, and such was the spirit of revolt in the troops of the line that were in Paris, that nobody could tell whether they would prove true to the government in the event of a collision with the insurrectionary National Guard. Notwithstanding the state of things in Paris, some fifty Americans gave a public dinner on Monday evening in honor of Lieutenant-General Sheridan (who had arrived in Paris two or three days previously), at the Hôtel Splen-

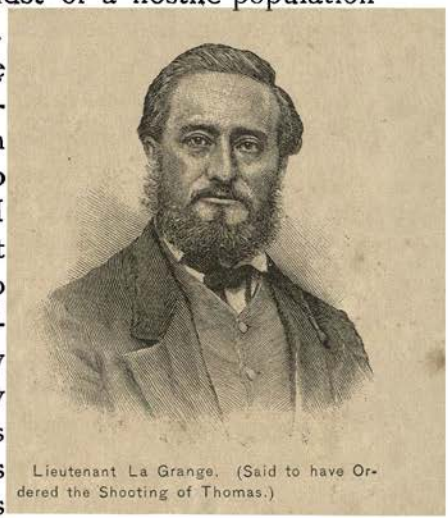
General Lecomte. (From a Photograph.)

dide; and one would hardly have supposed, from the good cheer and great enjoyment at the table, that we were in a city of insurrection; for everything in that central portion of the city was profoundly tranquil that night.

The next day, Tuesday, March 21st, there was a sort of a dead, fearful calm in the city, and a feeling of much uneasiness. Paris was in full revolt, and under the absolute control of a body of usurpers, upheld by a vast military force. The government of the country had fled. The Chief of the Executive power, M. Thiers, all the ministers and most of their attachés and employés had left. There was not a shadow of a legal and responsible city or national government, and it was a state of things that I can only look back upon now as being full of the greatest peril which ever impended over a people. And yet, how strange! The great mass of the Parisians sat quietly down under that condition of affairs. In the afternoon of that day I took a long drive through the most important quarters of Paris, and through many important business streets. The stores were all open, the omnibuses were all running, the streets were full of people, and no one would have imagined, from what was seen on all sides, that we were in a city of two millions of people practically without any government whatever. There was a considerable demonstration, in the afternoon, by persons calling themselves "friends of order." They were men of property and character, who paraded entirely unarmed. The effect of that demonstration was to inspire some confidence among the orderly people of the city, but at the same time it served to exasperate the insurgents. As its effect seemed, on the whole, to be good, it was determined to repeat it on the next day, Wednesday, March 22d.

The greatest and most immediate embarrassment which

came to me at this time was on account of the terror which the state of things then existing inspired among the Germans in Paris. They felt that they were utterly without any protection except from me. And on March 22d I wrote to Count Bismarck in respect to his *nationaux* then in the city. I told him that the proprietors were beginning to drive them out of their houses, under the orders of the National Guard. I explained to him what was their situation in the midst of a hostile population uncontrolled by any authority. I was sending them out of the city to Pantin as fast as possible, and I hoped that from there they would be able to reach the German lines. I stated to him further, that while I proposed to take up my official residence at Versailles, it would be necessary for me to go to Paris every day to look after the interests of my own countrymen, as well as to protect, as far as possible, the subjects of the North German Confederation. I assured him I would leave nothing undone to afford every possible protection, aid, and assistance to his countrymen.



Lieutenant La Grange. (Said to have Ordered the Shooting of Thomas.)

On the same day I went to Versailles to make final arrangements for changing my official residence to that place. The business of the legation in Paris was at that time very large, and kept us all constantly engaged, and my own presence in the city at that critical period seemed almost indispensable. When in Versailles on that afternoon news came that there had been a shocking occur-

rence in the Rue de la Paix. It was bad enough at the best, but when taken with the exaggerations which surrounded the intelligence, it seemed absolutely terrible. Returning to the city late in the afternoon, I found the excitement intense, and no one knew what was to take place, or what would come next. This demonstration of the "friends of order" was a much larger one than that of the day before, and was composed of thousands of the best citizens of Paris. They had rendezvoused at a certain point, and, without arms, formed themselves into squads and marched to the Rue de la Paix. In this procession there were many members of the National Guard, but the majority were civilians, many of them carrying ordinary walking sticks and in some cases umbrellas. The insurrectionary National Guard had possession of the Place Vendôme, at the foot of the Rue de la Paix. This demonstration was purely one of peace, by unarmed and patriotic men without any idea of violence, and made for the purpose of demonstrating that there was a law-and-order sentiment still existing in Paris. Proceeding down the Rue de la Paix in an orderly manner toward the Place Vendôme, they were fired upon by the National Guard, and many were killed outright and a still larger number seriously wounded. Many prominent citizens of Paris were killed, and among them Otto Hottinguer, regent of the Bank of France, and a member of the great banking house of Hottinguer & Co. One American was killed, who, it turned out, was a young man from St. Louis, who had come over to fight for the French in the war with Germany, and who had been in the United States service during the war; after all it was his sad fate to be shot down by the National Guard.

It turned out, by the way, that many Americans had been first and last, in the French service during the war.

They were mostly of French extraction and had become naturalized citizens in our country. There was one particular case to which my attention had been called. A man by the name of Schenowsky, who had been a brevet captain in the Fifth United States Cavalry, called at my legation. It seemed that he had resigned his position in our army to come to fight for France, and he had become the chief of a squadron attached to the cavalry division of the 21st army corps and was placed on the staff of General Chanzy. Chanzy had arrived in Paris on the train from Orléans a few nights before, and was arrested by the National Guard and taken to prison. Captain Schenowsky arrived by the next train, on Sunday morning, the 19th. On his arrival, he with several others, all Frenchmen, was arrested and taken off by the same guard. He was kept a close prisoner until one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when, showing his commission, which bore upon its face that he had formerly been an officer in the United States Army, he was released. Feeling very anxious about his old commander, General Chanzy, whom he esteemed as a brave soldier, he attempted to visit him on the following day. Though he had authority for that purpose, he was again arrested and taken to the Préfecture, where he was kept in "durance vile" for six or seven hours and then again released. Having received information of this second imprisonment of Captain Schenowsky, I immediately sent my private secretary, Mr. McKean, to look him up, and his description of his adventures in search of him brought vividly to my mind the scenes of the First Revolution. Mr. McKean said that in company with two French gentlemen he went first to the prison where Schenowsky had been incarcerated in the Avenue d'Italie. It was one of the most wretched quarters of Montrouge. The streets

in the neighborhood were all barricaded, filled with cannon, and full of drunken and furious-looking men. Having entered the prison and stated the object of his visit, bearing with him an official card that he was an attaché of my legation, two captains of the troops of the National Guard stationed there got into a most violent dispute as to which of them was in authority. The one who had actual possession of the key was "beastly drunk" and he finally surrendered it to the other, and Mr. McKean and his companions were admitted. He found there Mr. Edmond Turquet, a member of the National Assembly from the Department of the Seine, a young and gallant-looking man, who had fought with brilliant courage under Chanzy, and had received three wounds. He was on his way to the meeting of the Assembly at Versailles when he was arrested at the same time that Chanzy was. Mr. McKean found that Schenowsky had not been in this prison, but that Chanzy had been there, and had been removed to the Prison de la Santé. He learned that on his way to this prison Chanzy had been attacked by a mob, kicked, cuffed and beaten with canes and sticks, and threatened with instant death. He continued his search for Schenowsky and went to the Préfecture of Police between eight and nine o'clock at night. All the usual entrances were barred and access to the building was obtained by a small side door which led into the basement. Mr. McKean and his two companions were ushered into a little dark, dismal room, for the purpose of obtaining permission to see the Prefect, when a most extraordinary spectacle was presented. The room was densely packed with soldiers of the most sinister appearance. A court-martial was being held. Three desperate and savage-looking men in the uniform of officers of the National Guard were sitting at a table in one corner of

the room, which was lighted by a diminutive lamp upon the table. Before that terrible tribunal was arraigned a respectable appearing young man in citizen's dress. As they entered, the tribunal was on the point of pronouncing judgment, but in the confusion it was impossible to hear what it was. From the vehement protestations of the young man, and the intense agony in which he appeared to be, they had little doubt but his sentence was death. He was immediately taken in charge by four soldiers and hustled out of the room, probably to be shot. The next day Mr. McKean went again to the Préfecture in further search of Schenowsky, and while there three respectable men were brought in, charged with wearing a badge of blue ribbon. They were immediately sent down to this self-constituted revolutionary tribunal in the cellar to undergo a mock trial, and most likely to be condemned and shot. It was only by such visits as these that it was possible to get an inkling of the atrocities which were being committed under the new reign of terror.

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the condition of things as they were in Paris two or three days after the massacre in the Rue de la Paix. Some portions of the city were quiet and orderly, but in others nothing was seen but "grim-visaged war," barricades, regiments marching and counter-marching, the beating of the *rappel*, the mounting guard, the display of cannon and mitrailleuses, and the interdiction of circulation in the streets. Numerous arrests were being made, mock tribunals were instituted and executions were taking place. This condition of affairs was illustrated with sanguinary *naïveté* in a military report made on the 21st of March by the "general" commanding the National Guard of Montmartre, who had formerly been a dealer in cook-

ing utensils. He says, in the first place, that there is "nothing new; night calm and without incident." He then goes on to say that at five minutes after ten, two sergeants were brought in by the *franc-tireurs* and immediately shot. He continues: "At twenty minutes after midnight, a guardian of the peace, accused of having fired a revolver, is shot." He closes his report of that calm night "without incident" by saying that the gendarme brought in by the guards of the twenty-eighth battalion at seven o'clock was shot. Thus it appears that in one night, in only one of the arrondissements, four officers of the law were deliberately murdered.

It was during the first week of the reign of the Central Committee of the National Guard that the establishments of two Parisian journals of large circulation—the Gaulois and the Figaro—had been seized and held by the insurgents. The Journal Officiel contained an ominous notice, saying that the reactionary press had recourse to falsehood and calumny, and had discouraged the patriots who had achieved a triumph for the rights of the people. "We do not wish to interfere with the liberty of the press," it continued, "but the government of Versailles, having suspended the ordinary course of the tribunals, we warn the writers of bad faith, to whom the common law against outrage and calumny would in ordinary times be applied, that they will immediately be referred to the Central Committee of the National Guard." Of course every one knew what such a notice meant. It was a threat that all the editors of Paris who called in question the acts and usurpations of the insurgents would be sent to a mock tribunal to be judged.

It was only a short time before the insurrectionists at the Hôtel de Ville began making requisitions, and issued a proclamation saying, that in case a requisition was not

complied with, the "citizens" charged with the commission would have authority to call on the National Guard of the quarter for assistance. It was not a week after the 18th of March, the day of the breaking out of the insurrection, before the disorganization of Paris had become complete. There was no power to be applied to for the protection of life, liberty or property. Anarchy, assassination and massacre held high carnival, and whispers were heard everywhere of a "law of the suspect," of the drawing up of lists of proscriptions, and of domiciliary visits.

It was on Wednesday, March 22d, the day of the terrible affair of the Rue de la Paix, that the subject of the insurrection of the 18th came up in the National Assembly. M. Jules Favre made a speech of wonderful power and eloquence. He said that crime had soiled the republic with blood. He described the assassination of the generals, as committed by wretches who merited no kind of pity, for they had shown none either for civilization or for France. He read in the Journal Officiel an editorial practically justifying the assassination of the generals, a crime which revolted all consciences, and then paid a glowing tribute to the murdered generals who had been calumniated when dead. It is known that when negotiating the treaty with Bismarck he secured the insertion of the clause that the National Guard of Paris should be authorized to retain their arms; that was a grave fault and resulted in the most deplorable consequences. M. Jules Favre confessed to this assembly the great mistake he had committed. He said that he had combated for three days the demand of the conqueror, and God knew with what insistence he (the victor) had wished to enter Paris and to disarm the National Guard. He believed it was his duty to prevent that humiliation.

For after having shown a heroic spirit during the siege, the National Guard would comprehend that they had a second duty to fulfil, and that was to use their arms, which had been preserved to them, to secure the execution of the laws and the maintenance of public peace; but he had been deceived. He demanded pardon of God and man for the action he took in the negotiation, which brought such horrors to Paris and to France.

On March 24th, the Central Committee had delegated the military power of Paris to three men—Brunel, Eudes and Duval—to have the titles of "General," and to act in concert until the arrival of General Garibaldi, who had been proclaimed as General-in-Chief. The new generals issued their proclamation, and further proclamations were issued by the Central Committee, which appeared in the Journal Officiel on March 25th. One of these proclamations definitely fixed Saturday, the 26th of March, for the municipal election to elect members of what was called an Assemblée Communale.

This election was called, and without the least pretence of authority, by the Central Committee, in the hope of strengthening itself in its position by a pretended indorsement of the people of Paris. It had attempted to get the National Assembly to accede to the election. Many of the deputies of Paris in the Assembly united with many of the mayors of Paris to sustain this election, but the great mass of the serious people who justly appreciated what consequences would grow out of such a revolutionary action, were utterly opposed to having anything to do with such an election. The National Assembly repudiated it but it was held all the same, and the day was one of fête. Being without a shadow of legality, the whole thing was a perfect farce. The whole vote not being sufficient under the law of the land to

elect, the National Guard committee dispensed with that formality, and the result was that an Assemblée Communale was declared elected which in no manner represented the people of Paris. Such was the smallness of the vote at the election, that it carried no moral force with it. Out of five hundred and fifty thousand voters there were no more than a hundred and sixty-eight thousand votes cast. It was estimated that sixty thousand of such votes were given by men not in sympathy with the Communist movement, and, if this were so, the Central Committee at the Hôtel de Ville was only backed by a little more than one-fifth of the whole number. Notwithstanding that, the insurgents claimed that they had been indorsed by the people of Paris, and the members elected were not slow to organize and to assume every power to rule and control the city. Great efforts were made by the insurgents of Paris to associate with themselves the revolutionary elements in other parts of France. The cry was raised that the National Assembly should be dissolved and that its members should be placed in accusation where they should be "struck without pity." It was claimed that the Assembly was monarchical and reactionary, and that it intended to overthrow the republic.

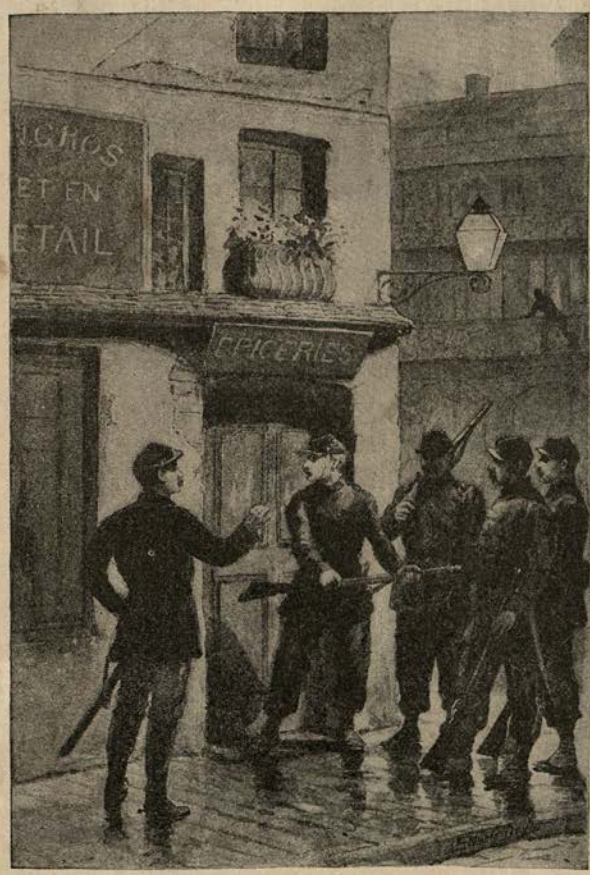
It is amusing as well as humiliating to read at this time all the high-sounding proclamations and all the appeals made to the worst elements of society. In the number of the Journal Officiel of March 25th the affair of the Rue de la Paix was treated of, and it was declared that the American General, Sheridan, who had from a window on the Rue de la Paix followed the events, had said that the firing came from the men who made the manifestation. General Sheridan never talked with me on that subject or suggested that such was the fact, but this statement in the Journal Officiel

aroused much prejudice against him at Versailles. A few days after, I was talking with a gentleman connected with the Foreign Office on the subject of the state of things in Paris, and I told him that I had no doubt that General Sheridan with a regiment of cavalry could clean out the whole insurrectionary force in Paris. He immediately answered, "General Sheridan is against us." I told him that General Sheridan was simply a citizen of the United States visiting Paris as a private individual, and that he took no part whatever in the troubles which were agitating either Paris or France.

In all this time the position of M. Thiers, the Chief of the Executive Power at Versailles, was most embarrassing. He did not propose to strike until he was prepared for it, and there was great impatience and he was subject to much denunciation; but he was calm under every provocation, and made most earnest appeals to the members of the National Assembly to be patient and to be silent. He denied in the most emphatic terms that the government intended to overthrow the republic. He said, "We have formed the republic and we will serve the republic;" and further declared that "our mission is to reorganize the country and bring back peace, activity, labor and prosperity, if it be possible, and then to leave France entire liberty as to the choice of its destinies."

And now it was in the last days of March that the hopes of so many of the best people of Paris almost died within them. The mail service had all been stopped, all the employés of the Post Office Department having been removed from Paris. Neither was there any telegraphic service, and it was very difficult either to get out of Paris or to get into it. Domiciliary visits had already begun and some of the worst of the Jacobin papers had demanded that the government of the Hôtel de Ville should inau-

gurate a "policy of suspicion" and that a committee of public safety should be created. The red flag had replaced the tri-color at the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of Justice and the Tribunal of Commerce. And the spirit of insurrection and revolution seemed to be spreading over all France.



A Domiciliary Visit.

On March 24th I had gone to Versailles, where I took up my informal official residence near the Government of France, and established the legation of the United States in an obscure side street, No. 7 Rue de Mademoiselle. I had quite an adventure in getting out there. The railroad was in operation from Paris to Versailles. The depot at Paris was held by the troops of order, but a little outside the insurrectionary National Guard held possession of the

depot at Batignolles, and arrested and detained every train for an hour or more to look for soldiers of the National Guard, who they imagined might be trying to escape, and for other suspected persons, and to examine all baggage. When buying our tickets as usual the passengers were requested to show their passes, and to give up any papers that they might have in their possession, particularly the bogus Journal Officiel.

Entry in my diary, Friday, March 24th:

"Came out to Versailles with Antoine and my valet. I established my legation in a good sized room on the ground floor in No. 7 Rue de Mademoiselle. Went into the Chamber, where they were discussing the subject of bills of exchange."

Saturday, March 25th.

"Remained in Versailles until 2 P.M. Went into the Assembly again to find that august body fiddling while Paris was burning. They were discussing the removal of some magistrates by Crémieux. Returned to Paris, and arrived at the legation about six o'clock P.M. All had been quiet."

Sunday, March 26th.

"The farce of an election took place to-day, under the auspices of the Central Committee and of the mayors, and some ten members of the Assembly, who joined the movement at the last moment. The city is very quiet on the surface, but the real state of things is terrible; requisitions on the rich, domiciliary visits, arrests, mock trials, etc."

Versailles, Monday, March 27th.

Left Paris and came to Versailles in my own carriage. The election in Paris yesterday was simply a burlesque. Of the persons elected, I have never heard, except a few, and those I have heard of are the worst men in the city.

The election complicates matters; the situation is more and more grave. Nothing done in the Assembly, except the declaration of M. Thiers that the government would stand by the republic, which declaration was well received. Weather magnificent."

Versailles, Tuesday morning, March 28th.

"Lord Lyons made an early call on me. He considers the situation as bad as possible. The truth is, the government has not sufficient force to undertake operations. Thiers told his lordship last night that it would be two weeks before they would have an army strong enough to attack the insurgents. Jules Favre thinks that when they get that force the insurgents in Paris will cave in. He is mistaken. Let them look out for the insurgent and revolutionary spirit which may be diffused all over France."

Paris, Wednesday, March 29th.

"Came in from Versailles yesterday afternoon sick with a cold and went right to bed. I am down at the legation this morning, but feeling very ill. The Commune and the red flag everywhere. The present extremity was never reached in the First Revolution. Although the Commune of Paris in the First Revolution overawed the National Convention, it never attempted directly to rule the city."

Paris, Friday, March 31st.

"Was at the legation all day yesterday and very busy. The Commune is looming up and 'means business.' Everything has a more sinister look. Before I left my house this morning I had heard that all the trains were stopped and the gates closed. I have sent out to see what the real situation is and to get a pass, for I must go to Versailles to-day. The Post Office is 'burst up.' The Commune seized the whole concern and all the employés

have left. Everything now will have to go to Versailles to be mailed. There never was such a 'hell upon earth' as this very Paris. I don't know how soon I shall be obliged to take my family away. The Americans begin to be alarmed, and if the gates continue closed that alarm will increase to a regular panic. How long, oh, how long!"

On March 29th I wrote to Count Bismarck that I had been enabled within a few days to get away one hundred and ninety-eight families out of the large number who found themselves in Paris at the raising of the siege, and that I was then sending off from fifty to seventy every day. But there were many who were unable to get away, as they were in debt, and not only their persons but their movables were detained, and the people who remained were without work and were entirely dependent upon me. All who could go were leaving and taking nothing but their hand-baggage, and most of them were glad to get off even with their lives. I sent them from Paris to a small station near Nancy, which was in the possession of the German troops. The fare which I paid for each person was twenty-five francs and twenty-five centimes. I gave them about five francs additional for expenses on the way. I stated that, at that time, the Germans remaining in Paris were subject to more or less violence from the National Guard and from the people. Many were arrested and thrust into prison, and God only knew what became of them. But whenever I could hear of the detention of any such I took immediate measures to have them liberated.

The quarters of the United States legation at Versailles, which had been engaged by my secretary, were thoroughly republican in simplicity. They consisted of one room well lighted, quite well furnished, with a good

bed in one corner, and presenting quite a cheerful appearance. At this time all eyes were turned on the National Assembly at Versailles, and I supposed that it was completely engrossed with the consideration of measures tending to vindicate the national authority in Paris and to rescue the city from the hands of the insurrectionists. But as I have related in my diary, on going into the Assembly on the evening of the 24th, instead of grappling with the vast concerns of the day, I found a dry, legal discussion going on in respect to certain commercial questions. No effective steps had been taken at Versailles to put down the insurrectionary movement in Paris which was gaining strength by every delay. All the members of the Diplomatic Corps were now at Versailles, and those with whom I talked took the most gloomy view of the situation. The republican members of the Assembly complained that it was ultra-reactionary and would yield nothing to liberal ideas, so that a common ground could be found in opposition to the insurrectionary movement upon which all could stand.

During this time many of the churches in Paris were open and service was held. There were funerals and weddings, but more of the former than of the latter. We would occasionally see a wedding party on its way to the Mairie to a marriage. If you would peep into the first carriage, you would see the prospective bride, young and pretty, as all brides are supposed to be; and generally, under these circumstances, in tears. In the second carriage you would find the prospective bridegroom looking distracted and anxious, for he was not certain as to what the condition of things might be at the Mairie. There was one case which came to my knowledge where the party on reaching the Mairie found it had been turned into a guard-house by the Communards and held

by soldiers. Of course the party had to return, greatly disappointed, and the ceremony was necessarily postponed.

It was at this time that a Franco-American appeared at my legation and showed his passport, as evidence that he was a naturalized citizen of the United States. He told me that he had come over to France to get married to a young lady in Paris, and he wanted to know how he could accomplish his object under the difficult circumstances. He said it would be a great disappointment for him to return to the United States without his bride. I told him that marriage was solemnized at the legation between Americans, and even when *one* of the parties was an American—the ceremony being performed in the legation, which was for that purpose considered American soil—by some clergyman, in the presence of witnesses. The next day the parties appeared at the legation accompanied by some friends, and with very little ceremony they were made man and wife. They departed in a very happy mood. I have often wished that I could hear of the couple whom I had seen united under the roof of my legation in the worst days of the convulsions of Paris.

## CHAPTER III.

### ANARCHY AND TERRORISM IN PARIS.

The Installation of the Commune—One Hundred Thousand Persons Present at the Ceremony—Secret Sessions and Infamous Decrees—Full Possession Taken of all Public Offices—The Insurgents Defeated in Several Battles with the Government Troops—Commotion in the Councils of the Commune—Burning of the Guillotine—Confiscation of Private Property Ordered.

I HAVE spoken of the election in Paris on the 26th of March. As I have said, it was without the pretence of legality, and it was nothing more or less than a "put-up job" by the Central Committee. This committee had made a great parade by the surrender of its mandate of authority (such as it was) till after the Communal Assembly should be elected. But this was in reality all pretence, and the controlling members of the Central Committee never intended that the power should so far go out of their hands that they would be unable to manage the Communal Assembly. This Central Committee was composed of thirty-seven members, and twenty out of that number managed to be elected members of the Commune. The Commune, thus elected, was, as I have said, almost entirely composed of unknown and utterly obscure men, with but few exceptions. Those exceptions were men who had made themselves notorious, such as Félix Pyat, Delescluze, Blanqui, Flourens and Gambon. This new and bogus city government was composed of one hundred and six members. This body sat in one

of the magnificent halls of the Hôtel de Ville, which had been occupied for municipal purposes previously by the city government of Paris. It is difficult to conceive what were the sensations of those wretched creatures, who found themselves the depository of an insurrectionary and lawless power which was to end in lighting up Paris in flames, and the commission of every crime of which the imagination could conceive. When the end came, they had all retired but fifty. Some went out in disgust with their associates; others from a feeling of horror aroused by the murders, the butcheries and the outrages constantly taking place, but the greater part of them were influenced by motives of prudence. They had sense enough to know that they were in an adventure which could but end in disaster and disgrace, and most likely in a merited punishment.

I recollect being only once in the Hôtel de Ville during the reign of the Commune. A benevolent gentleman of London, who had come over to Paris to see to the distribution of the relief fund which had been sent from London after the raising of the siege, had become very much interested in the state of things existing there. He was a man of much *bonhomie*, and on pleasant terms with everybody. He stood his ground after the Commune broke out, and went much to the Hôtel de Ville after its installation. As an Englishman who had been active in the good work of giving assistance to the Parisians, he was well received by the Communards at the Hôtel de Ville and on very friendly terms with the authorities about the place. He took particular pains to get himself into the good graces of those who could "do the most good." On one occasion I accompanied him to the Hôtel de Ville, and was much amused to see how cordially he was received and what attention was given him. He invited

me to go with him into an office of one of the principal officers of the Commune who held the seal which it was necessary to attach to every *laissez-passer* to enable a person to leave Paris at that time, and which was also very important for other uses, as an emblem of Communal authority. The seal was appended to some small slips of paper of which a very important use could be made in various ways. He engaged in an interesting conversation with the man in charge of the office and of the seal, and under the excuse of desiring the seal for his own use, he deliberately affixed it to quite a large number of slips of white paper which he knew might be used by his friends in Paris to save their property and perhaps their lives. The man in authority acquiesced in all this, and permitted him to put the slips in his pocket. We took leave of our Communist friend with a hearty shake of the hand and with an invitation from him to call in at any time, for he would always be glad to do for us everything that we desired. This was the last time that I was ever in that wonderful old palace, one of the most magnificent in Europe.

The members of the Commune were installed at the Hôtel de Ville on Tuesday afternoon, March 28th. It was an immense popular demonstration. All the vast military force of the National Guard was invited to be present. At about four o'clock the force began to arrive from every direction, drums beating and flags flying. Upon a platform in front of the Hôtel de Ville there was placed a large square table, which was surrounded by some members of the Comité Central, in citizens' dress, and many officers of the National Guard; all were distinguished by red scarfs. The proceedings were opened by a display of flags on every side and by repeated salvos of artillery, followed by great applause and cries of "*Vive*

*la Commune!*" "*Vive la République!*" etc. Continuing to arrive, the National Guard completely packed the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. At a designated moment the soldiers placed their caps upon the point of their bayonets and raised their muskets in the air. Gabriel Renvier, who had been President of the Comité Central, opened the proceedings, and read to the vast multitude a list of the names of the members elected to the Commune. Two other members of this committee then stepped forward and made brief speeches, which were received with loud cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" There were a great number of military bands which had been placed at the foot of the balcony, and whenever opportunity occurred they would strike up the "Marseillaise," the "Chant du Départ," and other revolutionary airs, when the entire assemblage would join in the chorus. Renvier, having made his proclamation of the Commune, all the battalions which had been massed upon the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville defiled before the balcony to the cry of "*Vive la Commune!*" Few scenes have ever been enacted which were more extraordinary and exciting. More than one hundred thousand persons were present at the ceremony. All the windows of the neighboring houses were filled with spectators, the barricades were covered with people, and the gamins perched themselves in all the trees of the Avenue Victoria.

The Commune, having been proclaimed in this manner, met for the first time on the evening of that day in the Hall of the Municipality of the Hôtel de Ville. It had always been preached in Paris by all people of liberal sentiments and by all the journals even, of every shade of opinion, which were opposed to the *régime* of the Empire, that the sittings of all representative bodies should be public, or, at least, that there should be a full publication

in the Journal of their proceedings. It was, therefore, with almost universal astonishment that the people of Paris, who had taken such great interest in the insurrection, learned that the Commune would meet in secret. Although there was talk outside of there having been great dissensions in the body, no one really knew what had actually taken place. A new journal had been established called La Nouvelle République, which was to become a semi-official organ of the Commune. In that journal it was intimated: First, that the sittings of the Commune would not be public; second, that there would not be a tribune; third, that there would not be a public report of its sittings, but only a daily publication of its decrees.

The government of the Commune seemed to be fairly installed. There was no Journal Officiel de la France, but it appeared as the Journal Officiel de la Commune de Paris. It made the official announcement that the Central Committee had remitted its powers to the Commune of Paris, and published an address to the inhabitants of the city. It claimed, as I had supposed it would, that the vote of March 26th sanctioned the insurrection of March 18th. It denounced the government at Versailles as criminal, and then proclaimed the work it was about to undertake. Already it had commenced issuing its decrees, the first of which abolished the conscription, and declared that no military force other than the National Guard should be created, or introduced into Paris; and further that all able-bodied citizens should be enrolled for service in the National Guard.

Impressment was soon resorted to. Here is a case of which I had personal knowledge. There was a reputable man, with a large family, who kept a little store near my legation. He in no manner mixed up in affairs, but

remained at home quietly attending to his business. One day he was seized by a squad of the brigand National Guard, forcibly taken to headquarters, soldiers' clothes put on him, placed in the front rank, and marched out to fight against the government troops. In a few hours his dead body was brought back to his family.

There was also a decree exempting tenants from the payment of rent for the previous nine months, and if, perchance, any rent had been paid during that period it was to be applied as a credit on future payments. All leases were cancelled, at the will of the tenant, for the period of six months from the date of the decree. Notices to quit were extended on demand of the tenant for the period of three months.

The Journal of the Commune of March 30th contained an announcement of the organization of the Committees of the Commune, ten in number, and one of them was on Foreign Affairs, of which the notorious Delescluze was the chairman. There was also an ominous Committee of "Public Safety," and then there were committees of Justice, of Military Affairs, of Finance, of Subsistence, and also one that was termed the "Commission Executive." The Paris Journal of that day stated that "General" Cluseret was a member of a committee that would have jurisdiction of all accusations of treason against the republic. The Journal Officiel, as the organ of the Commune, at a later date recommended all persons to murder the Duc d'Aumale and other princes, merely because they belonged to families connected with royalty. In the extraordinary state of things then existing this incitation to murder did not seem to cause any very great degree of horror, for the people were beginning to look upon all such provocations to violence and murder as matters simply incident to the times.

After the organization of the Commune and its installation at the Hôtel de Ville, that body might be said to be complete master of Paris, as there was no force to oppose it. There did not seem to be any further necessity for barricades, and they began slowly to disappear. The insurgents lost no time in taking possession of all the public places and public institutions. The General Post-office of Paris had fallen, and a member of the Commune had taken possession of the direction of that bureau. I did not entrust any more mail matter to the Paris Post-office, and all my letters were received and sent out at Versailles, or by the despatch bag. Matters grew worse from day to day. A placard was soon put up in the quarter of Montmartre informing the public that certain commissioners had been named to receive the denunciation of citizens suspected to be in complicity with the government at Versailles. That seemed to be a forerunner of a system of denunciations the effect of which would be to fill all the prisons of Paris. I sent my private secretary, Mr. McKean, to the Préfecture on the 30th, and he found an enormous crowd of well-dressed people there, all of whom were looking for friends who had been arrested and taken away.

I find that on March 30th I wrote a letter to an old constituent and friend at Dixon, Illinois, in which I told him I could give him no idea of the horror of the situation in Paris; that anarchy, robbery, murder, assassination reigned supreme. In that city of two millions of people there was no law, no protection, no authority except that of an organized mob. I stated that I had come to Paris hoping for repose and quiet, but instead of that I had found myself plunged into the most terrible events of the century.

On the 31st of March all the employés of the govern-

ment in Paris left Versailles and carried away all that was most necessary for them. On that day the bureaus of the government in the various parts of the city were closed. The Commune was furious at the action of the government in removing the Post-office to Versailles, and a "delegate" of the Commune for the administration of Posts published a communication in the Journal Officiel assailing M. Rampont, the Director of Posts, "actually in flight." The same number of the Journal Officiel contained a decree of the Commune suppressing the title and functions of the General-in-Chief, and said there was no President of the Commune, but simply a temporary President of the Bureau.

Extract from my diary, Versailles, March 31st.

"Have just returned from a reception of M. Thiers. His residence is at the Préfecture of the Department of the Seine et Oise, which is really a large and beautiful palace. It was the residence of the King of Prussia when he was in Versailles. There was quite a large number of people present, nearly all gentlemen; only about half a dozen ladies. Everybody seemed desirous of talking with M. Thiers and giving him advice. There is much complaint in respect to his policy. He answers that he did not seek his position and would be very glad to give it up; that while he holds it he will act according to his own judgment. He says he is doing his best in his own way and that he works twenty hours a day. Perhaps he may stretch that a little, but he has always been a great worker. For a man seventy-four years of age he is wonderfully bright and active, and tough as a pine-knot. He always gets up at four o'clock in the morning; but then he sleeps an hour before dinner and an hour after. He has his own theories and is impatient under any criticism. He asked me about Paris, and I

told him that things were growing worse and worse there all the time, a proposition which he warmly contested, and declared that they were getting better and better all the time. Differing so completely, I thought it useless to continue the conversation with him on that subject. There are seventy thousand troops in and about Versailles and the government persists that they cannot be depended upon, and they are waiting for other troops to come. If any man wants to be disgusted, let him come to Versailles. Washington, at the inauguration of a new administration, is nowhere ; in Washington they have great hotels, and the means and facilities for taking care of people ; but here—nothing. I was fortunate in getting a very good, large, pleasant room for my legation, where I sleep and take my coffee in the morning. The deputies sleep around in the committee rooms in squads ; but to get anything outside to eat, '*hic labor, hoc opus est.*" I tried to-night to get something to eat at the restaurant of the Hôtel du Petit Vatel, and it was worse than a Western steamboat in emigration times. After a brisk skirmish of an hour I succeeded in obtaining a plate of soup, a slice of cold veal and a piece of bread for my dinner. Count de Sartiges, who is here, tells me that he occupies one small room in the fourth story."

In my journal of April 1st, instead of recording the events which were then passing in Versailles and France, I find that my mind reverted to days gone by, as follows:

" It is thirty-one years ago this day since I arrived at Galena. I was a passenger in the little stern-wheel steamboat, ' Pike,' Captain Powers. We arrived at the levee before daylight, and when I got up in the morning it was bright and clear, and I shall never forget the impression when I first looked out upon the town. The mud in the streets knee-deep, the log and frame build-

ings all huddled together; the river full of steamboats discharging freight, busy men running to and fro, and the draymen yelling. Those were the golden days of Galena. Called to see Lord Lyons at 10.30 this A.M. He sees no daylight, and is greatly annoyed at the situation. Baron Gustave Rothschild has just called and wants me to take messages to Paris. He and his brother, Alphonse, have both left the city and do not propose to return. Cold, dull, rainy day. I hope my coachman will be out by 2 P.M., and I shall leave at 3.30 on my return to Paris."

Entry in my diary: Paris, Sunday, 1 P.M., April 2d.

"Came in from Versailles last night, entering the city by the gate at the Point du Jour, without any interruption. Leaving my home to come to the legation at 10.30 o'clock this morning, I had not proceeded far when I heard the discharge of cannon, mitrailleuses and musketry. Soon reports became more and more distinct, and it was quite evident that fighting was going on in the vicinity of the bridge of Neuilly, about one mile and a half from the legation. A gentleman who has just come in from that vicinity says it is undoubtedly an engagement with some insurgent troops, who went out of the city last night in the direction of Versailles, to meet the government forces. He was a good way to the front and several shells burst near him. Finding themselves opposed, the insurgents beat a hasty retreat, and came into town pell-mell by the Porte Maillot, and, to be entirely safe, they drew up the bridge and closed the gate after them. As I am writing this, Antoine, whom I had sent out in search of information, has returned, and he reports the affair much more serious than I had supposed; but in such times of excitement great allowance should be made, and one hardly knows what to believe. He says

he talked with many soldiers, who had run away from the fight, and they told him that several thousand men had left the city last night to march upon Versailles. All acknowledged that they had been badly handled, some attributing their disasters to one cause and some to another. Some said they were sent off without ammunition,

Skirmish with Government Troops at the Bridge of Neuilly.

and that they were, therefore, unable to return fire. Others declared that they were assured they would meet no opposition from the government troops, but, on the contrary, would be received with open arms. Instead thereof they were welcomed 'with bloody hands to hospitable graves.' One thing, however, is quite certain—the insurgents have met with a repulse which may possibly lead to important results. I went to the Champs Elysées

at half past twelve, and found that a regiment of the insurgent National Guard had advanced up the avenue and halted near the Arc de Triomphe. On the other side of the Arc there was an immense crowd of people and National Guards, all looking in the direction where the firing had been going on within half an hour. While standing there some excitement was created by a few artillery men dashing along with a piece of six, and although they were yelling and brandishing their swords they failed to obtain anything but a feeble acclamation as they passed by the crowd and a regiment of soldiers. The most distinct recognition that I heard was from an enthusiastic little Frenchman at my side, who cried out, '*Vive l'artillerie terrible!*'

"Four P.M.—I have just been to the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and found there a dense crowd of excited people, together with some three or four thousand insurgent soldiers and thirty pieces of artillery. They were undoubtedly expecting another attack from the Versailles troops. Twenty prisoners, troops of the line, were marched through the avenue when I was there. Many of the people cried out '*Vive la ligne!*' but the soldiers made no response nor evinced any disposition to fraternize."

It was impossible for some time to arrive at the truth in regard to the fight which took place on Sunday, the 2d, between the insurgents and the Versailles troops. It was a singular sight to my family on that Sunday morning to watch from the upper windows of my residence the progress of a regular battle under the walls of Paris, and to hear the roar of artillery, the rattling of musketry and the peculiar sound of the mitrailleuses. The result was undoubtedly very unfavorable to the insurgents, but did not discourage them, for they began immediately rallying their forces for another attack. Late in the afternoon

they began their movements, which continued far into the night, going out of the city in different directions.

On the morning of April 3d I sent my despatch bag over to London by the messenger of Lord Lyons, accompanied by a letter to Mr. Moran, the Secretary of the United States legation at London, who, I am glad to say, was ever vigilant and active in looking after and serving the interests of the Americans in Paris and out of Paris. I told him that the postal facilities at Paris had been broken up, and that he would, therefore, have to forward my mail matter to Versailles until further orders. I said, however, that I hoped the bag could be brought into Paris, as it was there that we did all our business; that there had been quite a battle on that day, and things were in a horrible condition; and I was getting very sick of the situation and all of the wretched business which it brought.

At half-past six o'clock on that morning (April 3d) I was awakened by the cannon of Mont Valérien, which had opened on the rear guard of a large column of insurgents that was on its way to Versailles. The firing caused the column to retreat to the city in indescribable confusion. What became of that part of the column which passed beyond Mont Valérien was not known, but some enthusiastic Communards claimed that it was marching victoriously on to Versailles. Two other columns of troops were also said to have passed out, and there was quite a serious fight in the vicinity of Châtillon, resulting in the retreat of the insurgents, in a state of complete disorganization. That day was one of great excitement in Paris. The National Guard were roaming around everywhere, singly, in squads, in companies and in regiments. In the afternoon a body of several hundred women formed at the Place de la Concorde and took up their line of march to Versailles, in poor imitation of those

who marched upon the same place in the time of Louis XVI. They paraded up the Champs Elysées and through the Avenue Montaigne. A portion of them passed over

Women Seizing Versailles Omnibuses.

the Pont de l'Alma, while the others took the route by the Point du Jour. Many of them wore the *bonnet rouge*, and all were singing the Marseillaise. Whenever they met an omnibus they stopped it, caused the passengers to

get out and took possession themselves. One old woman, sixty years of age, mounted on the top of an omnibus, displayed the red flag and gave the word of command. How far they got and what became of them I did not know.

It was very curious to read the different accounts which were given out of the fights on the 2d and 3d, by the various Communard journals. Their violence knew no bounds. The insurgent Journal Officiel published a decree of the Commune, impeaching Thiers, Favre, Picard, Simon and Pothuau, and also seizing and sequestrating their property. The insurrectionary journals were springing up like gourds in the night, and each tried to surpass the other in revolutionary fervor and violence. It became evident that, if that state of things continued, all the papers opposed to the Commune would have to go under. Indeed, the paper called L'Action openly demanded the suspensions, *sans phrase*, of all the journals in Paris hostile to the Commune. The insurrectionists, who had for one of their watchwords "a free press," had suppressed by force the Figaro and the Gaulois, destroyed the issues of the Constitutionnel, and shut up the Electeur Libre, the Bien Public, the Ami de France, and one or two other journals. A very significant note addressed by the Commune to the director of the Paris Journal, a paper of a very wide circulation, appeared on the morning of April 4th. To show how these revolutionary and insurrectionary journals sprang up, like gourds in the night, I will give the names of some of the new papers which made their appearance in two weeks after the insurrection of the 18th of March: Le Rappel, L'Action, Le Vengeur, Le Mot d'Ordre, L'Affranchi, Le Cri du Peuple, La Révolution, La Montagne, L'Avant Garde, La Commune.

There were reports of great commotion in the councils

of the Commune. Assi, who was the head man in the Comité Central of the National Guard, and who was elected a member of the Commune, was committed to the prison of the Préfecture of the Police. In the early days of April, Lullier, another member of the Comité Central, was arrested by his associates in the committee and also cast into prison. He afterward escaped and published a letter in which he said that the depot of the Prefecture was transformed into a prison of state where the most rigorous precautions were taken with all the prisoners. The Journal Officiel, of the insurrectionists of April 8, announced: "Citizen Cluseret is appointed Delegate to the Ministry of War, conjointly with Citizen Eudes. He will enter on his duties immediately."

Assi. (From a Photograph.)

On April 4th there was a great deal of firing in the direction of Meudon, and there was the greatest uneasiness among all classes of people in Paris. There was no doubt that the leaders of the insurrection, even as early as April 1st, were very much embarrassed, for any man of sense could well see that it was impossible for matters to remain for a very great length of time in the existing condition of things, and that it was impossible for Paris to hold out against all France. That became more and more evident. The Communist insurrection which had broken out in many parts of France had been already suppressed.

Entry in my diary, Paris, Tuesday evening, April 4th.

"The greatest quiet has prevailed in the city all day.

It is impossible to get at the truth in regard to anything, but the impression very generally prevails that the Reds have been thrashed out of their boots. The insurgent papers are perfectly furious; the Commune has impeached all the members of the government and confiscated their property."

Wednesday, April 5th.

"All last night the cannon thundered on the site of Vanves and Issy forts. It was a regular artillery duel between these forts and the Versailles batteries. 'Nobody hurt,' as far as heard from. An American physician went out in the neighborhood of Issy with an ambulance carriage and got right under the fire. The ambulance party saw no wounded. The papers of this morning gave no account of the fighting; indeed, we shall not be likely to get at the truth in regard to operations, as the Commune will suppress every paper that tells the truth. A sober, conservative and very able paper, Le Journal des Débats, the Constitutionnel and the Paris Journal were all seized by the National Guard this morning. The day has been beautiful. We have watched the artillery duel all day from a window in the legation. It brought back to memory the days of the siege."

I did not go out to Versailles for several days, but sent my secretary to take charge of the legation there. I intended to have relieved him in a day or two, but I was reluctant to leave Paris in these troublesome and somewhat perilous times. We had still a large number of Americans in Paris, and while I hoped that they would not be molested or their property injured, yet it was impossible to foretell what might happen from hour to hour. Under such circumstances, I deemed it my duty to remain in Paris as much as possible, going or sending

to Versailles to transact official business with the government there.

In these first days of April there was almost constant fighting going on outside the walls of the city and in the direction of Versailles. The results were uniformly unfavorable to the insurgents, who lost large numbers in killed and wounded, and a great many prisoners. It was understood that all the insurrectionary forces were to be brought into Paris under the pretext of reorganization. The greatest discouragement existed among the insurrectionary population of the city, and the most detestable outrages were not only proposed but perpetrated.

The Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Darboy, was arrested on the night of April 4th. I sent one of the employés of the legation immediately to see in relation to it, and he soon returned to tell me that the Archbishop had been dragged off to prison, and that his palace had been plundered, and that the insurrectionary guard were still holding possession of it. The Abbé Deguerry (the Curé of the Madeleine), was also arrested and sent to prison on Tuesday night, the 4th, and his effects were seized, and seals were put on his papers. Four priests were also arrested during the night and carried off to the Prison of Mazas. The greatest terror prevailed among all the Catholic priests, who were being hunted down like wolves. Their fate seemed to me to be very hard. They remained in Paris during the siege, suffered unheard of deprivations of cold and hunger, visited the sick and wounded and upheld the courage of the people of Paris.

At this time the greatest uneasiness prevailed in Paris. It surpassed anything I had before seen. The Journal Officiel of the insurrection published, on the morning of April 6th, a savage decree of six articles : the first article

decreed that every person accused of complicity with the government of Versailles should be imprisoned; the second provided for the institution of a jury to try the accused party; the third provided that the jury should act within forty-eight hours; the fourth provided that all those convicted should be held as hostages of the people of Paris; the fifth provided that the execution of any prisoner of war or partisan of the regular government of the Commune of Paris should be immediately followed by the execution of three of the hostages found guilty by the jury; the sixth provided that all prisoners of war should be brought before the jury instituted by the decree, which would decide whether to set them at liberty or to retain them as hostages. The address to the people of Paris by the Commune, which preceded this decree, was of the most extraordinary violence, utterly reckless in its charges; the sole object of it was to incite the mob of Paris still further against the legitimate government at Versailles. The closing paragraph of this address is a specimen by which the whole can be judged: "Generous and just, even in its wrath, the people abhors blood as it abhors civil war; but it is its duty to protect itself against the savage attacks of its enemies, and whatever it may cost it will exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

In the same number appeared what is described as a "note" addressed, the day before, to the representatives of foreign powers at Paris, by the "Citizen" Paschal Grousset, member of the Commune and Delegate to Foreign Relations. Here is an exact copy of the grotesque note which I received from Citizen Grousset, in my official capacity, which was carefully read and, as a curiosity of the times, directed to be placed in the archives of the legation:

The undersigned, member of the Commune of Paris, and Delegate to Foreign Relations, has the honor to notify you officially of the Government Communal of Paris. He prays you to bear the knowledge of this communication to your government, and seizes the occasion of expressing to you the desire of the Commune to preserve the fraternal relations which unite the people of Paris to the people of the United States. Accept, etc.,

PARIS, *April* 5, 1871. PASCHAL GROUSSET.

Grousset was already installed at the Foreign Office, which was really a "palace" on the Quai d'Orsay. It was magificently furnished throughout, and was particularly adapted for official dinner parties to be given to the Diplomatic Corps, and other official persons, as well as for grand receptions. These receptions at the Foreign Office were always considered the most *recherché* of any receptions given in Paris, except, of course, those given at the Tuileries. Holding the power and the authority which M. Grousset then did, without looking back to the base of it, I soon found it necessary in the interests of my countrymen and of the Germans to put myself in relations with him. This action, it must be admitted, was not entirely acceptable to the government at Versailles, and it was communicated to me, as coming unofficially from that government, that it would have been better for me to have joined all my diplomatic colleagues at Versailles and not to have kept up any legation whatever in Paris. My answer to all this was that, while I desired to be as agreeable as possible to the government at Versailles, and not to be wanting in my loyalty to it, as Minister of the United States, in any respect, yet there were vast interests with which I was charged at Paris, and, however disagreeable it might be to remain there, I owed a greater duty to the interests with which I was charged than I did to the mere etiquette which would have required me to have remained in Versailles. I shall never forget the first time

that I called upon this new Minister of Foreign Affairs delegated by the Commune, and what strange impressions came over me in finding myself in relations with a man holding the absurd and ridiculous title to consideration which M. Grousset held. I found the Foreign Office precisely as it had been previous to the breaking out of the Commune. I went into the building by the same entrance, and what was my astonishment to find the same old messenger there whom I have alluded to as having having been there on Sunday, March 19th, the day after the insurrection. I inquired for the "Minister." Unlike my previous visits to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, I did not have to await my turn, for no representative of any foreign power had ever called upon M. Grousset. I was ushered, in due form, into the splendidly furnished room which was always occupied by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I found M. Paschal Grousset sitting at the desk where I had last seen M. Jules Favre, and, indeed, in the same chair. I was most politely received. I found him a young man, I should think about thirty, dressed like a gentleman, and of frank and cordial manners. Grousset was born in Corsica, was highly educated and had been connected with the Radical press. After the breaking out of the insurrection he became the Editor-in-Chief of L'Affranchi, one of the most violent journals of the Commune. He was elected a member of the Commune on March 25th, from the 18th arrondissement, and, besides being a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, he was a member of the Executive Committee and voted for the organization of the Committee of "Public Safety." He had been the second of Victor Noir, when the latter challenged Pierre Bonaparte to fight a duel.

On the 3d of May M. Grousset, while presiding at the sitting of the Commune, declared, in his capacity as Dele-

gate to Foreign Relations, that he had received excellent news; that Europe had begun to comprehend what the Commune was, and he expected soon to receive favorable propositions from the government at Versailles. After the suppression of the Commune and when Grousset had been brought to trial, in recognition of the services which he had rendered in respect to the protection of the property of foreigners during the Commune, Lord Lyons and myself thought it but proper and just to intervene in his behalf with the French government. Our recommendations were not accepted, and he was sentenced, in 1872, to deportation to New Caledonia, whence he escaped in 1874, together with quite a number of others. After his escape he got on board an English ship which took him to Australia, and thence he reached San Francisco, thence across the continent to New York on his return to Europe. Of course he did not venture back to Paris, but settled in London, where he supported himself by teaching French. I shall speak further of Grousset in relation to the action he took when some members of the insurrectionary National Guard undertook to break into my house.

The object of my first visit was to get him to procure orders that no apartments of the Americans should be occupied, and also that the Germans should have due protection. He assured me, with *empressement*, that my wishes should be fully complied with; and it is but just to say that M. Grousset did all in his power to protect the persons and property of all the foreigners in Paris, and he seemed particularly desirous of making himself entirely agreeable to me. I may here state by the way, that, on the 18th and 19th of May, three or four days before the final collapse of the Commune, I secured through him the release of ten nuns from the Convent of Picpus.

After my first visit, I visited him in company with Mr.

Mallet (the British Secretary of Legation, now Sir Edward Mallet, the British Ambassador to Berlin), in respect to the protection of the Germans and the property of the Americans and English. We were received most cordially and kindly, and were assured by the "Minister" that our wishes should be carried out—and they were carried out. He recognized the immunity of diplomatic representatives, and declared that while he held his position he would defend them. I visited him again in company with Dr. Hosmer—a most accomplished and intelligent man, then a representative of the New York Herald in Paris—and very few men saw more of the Commune than he did or more clearly appreciated and more fully and justly described it. I recollect well that during this visit, the Doctor, who spoke French fluently, ventured to approach the "Minister" on the subject of the defence of Paris and of the possibility of its being entered by the Versailles troops. In his reply, the "Minister" said he had no doubt that Paris would be able to hold out indefinitely, and that the government troops could never enter the city. Then he went on to describe how the people of Paris had been educated up to the modes of defence, and that they were experts in building barricades and knew how to resist from house to house.

To return to the number of the Journal Officiel published on April 6th—it was very interesting, not only from the decrees of the Commune which it contained, but from the proclamations of persons holding high authority under the Commune. "General" Bergeret appears in a letter to the Commission Executif. He says that the fears of certain persons are exaggerated and that he knows that the National Guard require a new organization, but that "the situation of our dear Paris is good;

our forts are provided with ammunition and will proudly resist the senseless and criminal attacks of those, whom I am ashamed to call French, at Versailles." He says that he has fortified Neuilly, and he defies any army to assail him. This is Bergeret's first appearance. He afterward became quite distinguished in the insurrection. He first had a command in the insurrectionary National Guard, and on March 18th he acquired much reputation by contributing to the success of that day. He was in command of the National Guard on March 22d at the affair on the Rue de la Paix, and himself gave the command to fire on the people as they were marching down the street. He was elected a member of the Commune and was raised to a high military command with his headquarters at the Place Vendôme, and when Neuilly was attacked he went out there to meet the enemy. The Commune, in order to give confidence to the public of Paris in what would be the result, announced that Bergeret was there. But his star was not long in the ascendant. He commanded the famous expedition of April 5th against Versailles, and his force was all torn to pieces by the fire from Mont Valérien, which drove the insurrectionary National Guard back into Paris pell-mell like a lot of scared dogs. That affair lost Bergeret all the reputation he had had, and the Commune made short work of him, removing him immediately from command. "General" Cluseret was put in his place, and Bergeret refused to obey him. He was arrested for insubordination and sent to Mazas on April 8th. On April 22d he was released, and Cluseret, whom he had refused to obey, replaced him at Mazas. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, Bergeret succeeded in escaping to Belgium. He was afterward tried, *in contumaciam*, by a council of war and sentenced to death.

He was specially accused of having burned the Tuileries and the Bibliothèque of the Louvre. He was erroneously reported to have died a few years after the suppression of the Commune, on the island of Jersey.

On Friday, April 7th, the government troops attacked the insurgents at Neuilly and captured the barricades. They then opened a battery and commenced shelling the insurgents at Porte Maillot, and a large number of the shells fell in that part of the city in which the Arc de Triomphe is situated, and where there were a great many apartments occupied by Americans. One shell fell in the Avenue Joséphine half a square distant from my legation, and several burst in the Rue de Chaillot between the legation and the Champs Elysées. On going to my house at five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, I found that three shells had exploded in the immediate vicinity, one of them striking within fifty feet of my parlor window. Considering it no longer a safe place for my family, I lost no time in removing my wife and children to a less exposed situation. In walking down from my house to the legation on Sunday morning, April 9th, I saw two shells burst at the Arc de Triomphe. The Communists were evidently expecting an attack, for they had great numbers of soldiers in all the streets running out from the Champs Elysées. The losses of the insurgents in the week from April 2d to April 9th amounted to more than seven thousand. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction evinced in regard to the direction of the military affairs of the Commune. The Commune had then adopted a decree suppressing the grade of General, on the ground that such a grade was "incompatible with the democratic organization of the National Guard."

There was a curious proceeding on this day (April 7th). The Communards had conceived a great hatred

for the guillotine (and for a good reason). It was denominated "an infamous instrument of monarchical domination," and the Commune, therefore, in order to emphasize its hatred for it, decreed that one should be set up and burned before the statue of Voltaire in the 11th arrondissement, and this was made the occasion of a great ceremony. The guillotine was brought out and surrounded with huge pieces of wood and other combustible material. The order was given to burn this guillotine "for the purification of the arrondissement and for the preservation of the new liberty." This piece of foolery and absurdity attracted great attention. A vast crowd assembled to witness the spectacle, which was honored by the presence of a battalion of the National Guard. There was a large crowd of men, women and children who were very brave, and shook their fists at the instrument which inspired in them so much hatred. At the proper time the fire was communicated and huge flames broke forth. Soon there was nothing but a heap of glowing ashes which the crowd looked upon with joy, and sent up many huzzas.

On April 11th Marshal MacMahon, who had been made Commander-in-Chief of the French army, commenced to distribute his forces and to invest, *en règle*, Fort Issy. On that day I addressed a communication to Count Bismarck in relation to his *nationaux* in Paris. After giving him the number I had sent out since April 1st I told him that there were about eight hundred remaining, and that it seemed impossible for them to get away, as all of their effects, of whatever nature or description, were held for their rent, or were at the pawnbrokers; that even if they possessed anything which they could carry away with them, the railroad authorities of the Strasburg line had refused to take any baggage or freight whatever. I

THE BURNING OF THE GUILLOTINE BEFORE THE STATUE OF VOLTAIRE.

informed him that the authorities of the Commune refused to permit any person to leave Paris without a *laissez-passer;* that such regulation was made for the purpose of retaining all the Frenchmen in the city to fight against the government at Versailles. I advised him that all the passes which I had given were respected in every case by the National Guard, and that I could hear of no German who held one who had been refused permission to go out. I stated that the hostility toward the Germans had somewhat abated and I had heard of no recent instance of violence; that it was impossible for me to know of the detention of Germans in prison in every case, but every application I had made for the release of those whom I knew to be in prison had promptly been granted. I told him that while my official residence was at Versailles, I deemed it my duty to remain in Paris most of the time, as I did not know what might happen from day to day; that it was impossible for me to tell how much the interest of my countrymen and the subjects of the North German Confederation might be compromised by my absence; that I knew very little in regard to the operations of the government at Versailles or what it was intending to do; that every day's delay apparently rendered the suppression of the insurrection more difficult; that it looked at that time as though a desperate defence was to be made inside the walls, as new barricades were going up in various parts of the city. I informed him that the government troops were then bombarding the city in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe, and that shells had fallen so thickly around my residence that I had been obliged to move my family to another part of the city.

On April 14th Lullier, who had had a most checkered career since the breaking out of the Commune, took com-

mand of the flotilla on the Seine. That flotilla was simply ridiculous, and cut no figure whatever in the operations in Paris. At this time the city had more and more the appearance of a great camp. New barricades were being built and cannon being placed in new positions. The Versailles troops continued the bombardment of our quarter of the city, and, on the 12th, a shell exploded directly over my legation, and struck the lower portion of the building within twenty feet of where I was writing. The Americans were becoming more and more alarmed, and the legation was thronged with them from morning till night seeking passports and "protection papers" for their property. Nothing more clearly showed the power of our government and the respect which was paid to its legation than the consideration which was always given to American passports as well as what were called "protection papers," which were simply certificates put up on the door of an apartment wherein it was certified that the owner of the apartment or the furniture was an American or a German, and that the property was to be respected. Even in the worst days of the Commune I never knew an apartment which had this notice on it to be invaded.

The insurrection had broken out four weeks before and things had been going from bad to worse all the time. People were in a state of panic at the atrocities and robberies and burnings of the Commune, and were leaving Paris as fast as possible. In the first half of April it was estimated that the number who left was three hundred thousand. Everybody was concealing or carrying away capital. All the sources of labor were dried up. There was neither trade, commerce, traffic, nor manufacturing of any sort. All the gold and silver that had been found in the churches and all the plate belonging to the govern-

ment, found at the different ministries, had been seized by the Commune to be converted into coin. The Catholic clergy were hunted down. The priests were openly placarded as thieves, and the churches denounced as "haunts where they have morally assassinated the masses, in dragging France under the heels of the scoundrels, Bonaparte, Favre and Trochu."

A decree appeared about this time in the official organ of the Commune ordering the demolition of the world-renowned Column Vendôme in the Place Vendôme. It was denounced as a monument of barbarism, a symbol of brute force and false glory, a permanent insult cast by the victors on the vanquished, and a perpetual attack on the great principle of the republic: *fraternité.* Hence it was decreed that this splendid monument to the glory of France should be razed to the ground. It was on April 14th that the Arc de Triomphe was struck twenty-seven times by shells coming from Mont Valérien. The splendid hotel of the Turkish Embassy, in the Place de l'Etoile, was also very badly damaged, as was the apartment of Mr. Pell, of New York, at No. 12 Rue de Presbourg.

A decree of the Commune published in the Journal Officiel of April 17th ordered a confiscation of private property on a magnificent scale. It was a practical seizing of the work-shops of Paris, which were to be turned over to the various co-operative working societies. The farce was to be gone through with of having a jury of arbitration to fix upon the amount of indemnity to be paid to the owners of the property. Such owners were not, of course, represented on the jury, and had no voice whatever in the matter. The Commune also adopted another measure. It was fraught with very serious consequences to all property holders in Paris and involved the interests

of such Americans as were unfortunate enough to hold property in Paris at that time. It proposed to levy a new tax to go into the coffers of the Commune. Such tax had not the shadow of legality in any respect. I told all Americans who came to me for advice on the subject that the tax was utterly illegal, and advised them not to pay it.

The 18th day of April completed the month since the breaking out of the insurrection. At this date I was in Paris, which I considered my post of duty. The alarm among all classes had been daily increasing. Every one was leaving or preparing to leave as soon as possible. The insurgent authorities, refusing to recognize our passports unless issued or *viséed* on the very day on which they were presented, made us a great deal of trouble. And now came to me more embarrassment and more labor. By a decree of the Commune, all Frenchmen between the ages of nineteen and forty being liable to do military duty, the Commune decreed that no Frenchman should be permitted to go out of the gates of Paris. There were National Guards enough to watch all the gates and to prevent every man from leaving who had not authority to go. There were a great many people in Paris who were natives of Alsace and Lorraine and who were within the proscribed ages. Most of these men were exceedingly anxious to get out of the city, and were not in any manner in sympathy with the Commune. A treaty having been made providing that Alsace and a portion of Lorraine should be incorporated in the German Empire, these people considered themselves Germans, and applied to me for *laissez-passers*, as citizens of the Empire of Germany. I was not clear as to what it was proper for me to do in the premises. I fully appreciated the desire of these people to get out of Paris, where

they were liable, at any moment, to be seized and incorporated into the National Guard, and sent out to be shot at by the government troops. But, as they claimed to be Germans, I ventured to give each one of them a special *laissez-passer*, provided that satisfactory evidence was exhibited to me that he was a citizen of Alsace and Lorraine. From the 11th of April to the 14th of April four hundred and fifty of these Alsatians and Lorrainers applied to me for *laissez-passers*. I advised Count Bismarck of my actions in the premises and he acquiesced. On the night of April 18th it was brought to my attention that a German Catholic priest had been arrested and cast into Mazas, along with many of his order. On the next day I made an official application for his release as a German subject, which was immediately granted.

Domiciliary visits, arrests and "perquisitions" were becoming more and more numerous between the 15th and 20th of April. All refractory National Guards were seized and either cast into prison or put into the front ranks in the attack. The invasion of houses was no longer confined to those of official persons, or persons particularly obnoxious on account of their relations to the Empire. Many private residences were pillaged. A curious affair took place on Saturday night, the 15th of April. There was great noise and hilarity in the house adjoining my own residence in the Avenue de l'Impératrice. The sound of a piano was heard, and there was no doubt that they were tripping the "light fantastic toe." The next morning I heard that this house had been pillaged by the National Guard the night before, who had carried away everything, not even sparing the personal effects of the *concierge*. My own house would probably have shared the same fate had it not been for my personal occupation of it. The next day, Sunday, a bat-

talion of the National Guard invaded and violated the Belgian legation. The official organ of the Commune denounced that outrage, and said that an investigation would be immediately ordered and the accused parties should be sent before a council of war. All that, however, amounted to nothing, for the reason that the Commune wielded no sufficient authority to punish any outrage or to suppress any violence.

On this day I addressed an official despatch to my government, and said that I did not see anything that led me to believe that the insurrection would be speedily put down. There had been talk about an arrangement which was to be arrived at between M. Thiers and the Commune, but it amounted to nothing. All concessions which had been made to the insurgents had been disdained, and in fact, matters were going from bad to worse. Day after day was passing, and nothing was being done. Paris continued to be left at the mercy of the Commune and another siege was threatened. Violence, blackguardism, vulgarity, indecency were everywhere. They called it "fun." Caricatures and placards were all over the walls of Paris, and stuck with pins on shutters and house doors. The vilest and coarsest pictures were everywhere seen. The head of M. Jules Favre was represented by a radish, and the rotund figure of M. Picard was represented by a pumpkin. M. Thiers was represented, with his broad face and his spectacles, and armed with a hammer. There was a representation of two cats (M. Jules Favre and M. Thiers) outside of a garret window. The cats had their claws ready for scratching.

## CHAPTER IV.

### DESPERATION OF THE INSURGENTS.

Continued Fighting Outside the Walls—The Communists Defeated—The Career of Lullier—Shells Bursting in the Streets of Paris—Cluseret's Fall from Power—Destruction of the Home of Thiers—Overthrow of the Column Vendôme—Release of Imprisoned Nuns—The Terrible Plight of the Commune.

AFTER Paris had been in insurrection for five weeks, I wrote to my government that I had never believed that it would fall to my lot to live with my family in a city of two millions of people, in a state of insurrection, for such a length of time. Seeing no prospect of the termination of the terrible condition which then afflicted Paris, I must confess that I was in anything but a satisfied mood. We received nothing from Versailles, that could be relied upon, to show that effectual measures were soon to be taken to expel the insurgents from power and to re-establish the authority of the government in Paris. There were rumors of attack and assault in great and overpowering force, and then other rumors of a siege; but day after day passed away without particular result, further than heating still hotter the blood, and inflaming still further the existing hatreds and animosities. There was a great deal of fighting going on outside of the walls and the shelling of the city continued—the victory always wanting to the Communist attacking force.

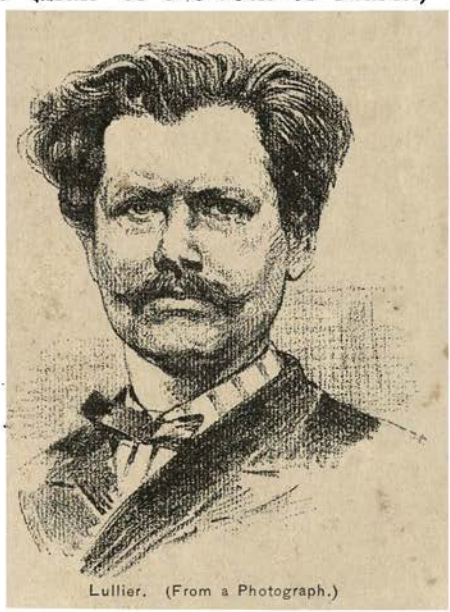
On the 16th of April the Commune had gone through the farce of another election to fill vacancies which had

occurred in the Communist Assembly. There was a very general and significant abstention from voting. The notorious Cluseret was a candidate in one of the arrondissements, and out of 21,360 votes inscribed on the registers he obtained only 1,968, and yet the Commune, in contempt of a law that had always been respected, which declared that no candidate could be elected without receiving one-eighth of all the votes inscribed, declared his election good.

Fortune, business, public and private credit, industry, labor, financial enterprise, were all buried in one common grave; and all was devastation, desolation and ruin. The physiognomy of the city became more and more sad. All the upper part of the Champs Elysées and all that portion of the city surrounding the Arc de Triomphe continued to be deserted, through fear of the shells. On the 20th, in going from my residence to the legation, it seemed as if I were passing through a city of the dead. There was not a carriage, and hardly a human being in the streets. Immense barricades were going up. The great manufactories and work-shops were closed. The vast stores, where were to be found the wonders and marvels of Parisian industry, were no longer open. The cafés were closed at ten o'clock in the evening. The gas was extinguished, and Paris, without its brilliantly lighted cafés and with its thronging multitudes on the sidewalks, was no longer Paris.

I have spoken of Charles Lullier. He was one of the most prominent and notorious men of the insurrection and cut a great figure in many ways. He had been an officer in the French navy at the breaking out of the insurrection, then a man about thirty-three years of age. He was violent and quarrelsome, and was finally expelled from the navy for bad conduct. He was in prison at

Sainte Pélagie for some offence, and was liberated from that prison at the same time that Rochefort was, on September 4th. He was just the man to be among the earliest who were launched upon the scene of insurrectionary violence. The Comité Central lost no time in making him a "General" of the National Guard, and he became prominent in the affair of the 18th of March, and afterward was made Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, and distinguished himself by his energy and general recklessness. It soon became obvious how impossible it was for him to get on peaceably with his superiors, and it was some time in April that, having attacked the Commune and the Comité Central, he was arrested and sent to Mazas. He soon managed to escape from that prison and he was now more furious than ever. What he wanted most was revenge on the Commune. It was charged that he put himself in communication with the government at Versailles to the end that he might organize a counter revolution in Paris.



Lullier. (From a Photograph.)

About the middle of May, a fine-looking Frenchman appeared at my legation. His appearance was somewhat distinguished, and he spoke English, though somewhat indifferently. He told me that he was "General" Lullier, and we then entered into quite a friendly conver-

sation. He said he had been travelling in the United States during the fall of the previous year, and had passed some time at Chicago, a fact which was calculated to interest me. He finally told me that he was a citizen of Lorraine, having been born at Metz, and that he was determined to get out of Paris, and wanted to procure from me such a *laissez-passer* as I was giving to natives of that part of France which had been transferred by treaty to Germany. I told him that the rule of the legation was that we must have evidence of that fact, and he informed me that he would soon bring a man who had a certain knowledge of the matter, and who could make an affidavit which would be satisfactory to me. On the 16th day of May, he returned, bringing with him his friend and witness, whom he introduced to me as M. Ganier. Ganier was an older man than Lullier, well dressed and of respectable appearance, and was disposed to be quite as talkative as he was agreeable. Little did I suspect at that time who this man was. What was my astonishment when I subsequently found that he was no other than Ganier d'Abain, a dealer in cooking utensils, who had made the report a few days after the insurrection that the night was calm and that he had ordered several men to be shot, as I have heretofore related. M. Maxime Du Camp, in his history of "*Les Convulsions de Paris*," represents him as having previously been an exact type of the adventurer and soldier of fortune, who fought for the fun of the thing, and without caring anything for the color of the flag which he either defended or attacked. Ganier said he had known Lullier all his life, and that it would afford him great pleasure to make an affidavit before me that Lullier was a citizen of Metz. I, therefore, sat down and wrote very hurriedly an informal affidavit as follows :

REPUBLIC OF FRANCE,
CITY OF PARIS.

I, D'Abain Ganier, do solemnly swear that I know Charles Lullier, who applies to the United States legation for a *laissez-passer* to leave France ;. and that I know him to be a citizen of Metz in German Lorraine.

I administered the oath, which was certainly extra-judicial, and D'Abain signed it with a great flourish. I told Lullier that he would better sign it too in support of D'Abain. Lullier signed his name in a very modest hand-writing.

I now present some memoranda referring to these April days of the insurrection, made at the time, and copied into my letter book.

Paris, Sunday morning, April 9th.

"Heavy cannonading all day yesterday between the Versailles batteries and the Pont de Neuilly and the Porte Maillot. A good many shells came into the city and a good many persons were killed and wounded. Big firing this morning and shells coming in fast. Two fell in the Rue de Chaillot. It is a week this morning since the fighting began and it has continued ever since."

Paris, Monday morning, April 10th.

"After writing the above yesterday morning, I started down to the legation. The shells were hissing through the air and exploding in the neighborhood of the Porte Maillot and the Arc de Triomphe. I got within about two hundred yards of the Arc when 'pop went the weasel.' A shell struck and burst against the Arc and a piece of it fell in the street, which a National Guard picked up, all warm and smoking. I purchased it from him for two francs. Up to 3 o'clock P.M. the shells were falling in all that part of the city. I took a ride yesterday afternoon on the Grand Boulevard and Rue

de Rivoli. A great many people were out. They had just commenced building barricades where the Rue de Rivoli enters the Place de la Concorde. Not much firing to-day, and things are more quiet than they have been for several days. My family are still down town, but I have to stay in my own house or the servants will clear out. I will not leave them where I will not stay myself. Down town this morning, and the streets were sombre enough. The day has been blue and cold."

Versailles, Tuesday, April 11th.

"Left Paris yesterday at 11.30 A.M. Came out by the Porte d'Orléans and Sceaux, and arrived here at a quarter before two in the afternoon. Made good time and had no difficulty. My secretary started back to Paris in my carriage at five o'clock in the afternoon. Nothing of the least interest going on here. Mr. Berand, an American, was arrested by the Versailles troops in coming out here yesterday this side of Sceaux, and treated very badly. He was searched and sent under a guard here and put in prison. It was one o'clock this morning before I got him out. He came to my rooms and slept on the floor. He was arrested on the old charge of being a spy. I had hoped that this spy business was played out, but it seems I was mistaken."

Paris, Thursday evening, April 13th.

"Came in from Versailles this afternoon, leaving at 4.30. Was sick yesterday at Versailles with a most violent cold, and I hardly went out of my room. To-day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I attended a great funeral ceremony for the Generals Clément Thomas and Lecomte. How strange in regard to General Clément Thomas! He was a splendid man and a life-long republican, and for a long time an exile on account of his republican principles, yet he was the first man murdered by these

savages, who are shouting "*Vive la République!*" As we come to the legation, Antoine tells us that the shells have been falling right in the neighborhood. A piece of shell struck the legation building and fell in a yard right opposite the house where my family is now stopping. I am more and more discouraged every time I go to Versailles, and, I confess, I see no immediate end of the trouble, and I fear the worst. The insurgents claim recent advantages. The Versailles people are making great preparations to attack, but they move slowly. It is possible that this thing may end suddenly and by chance, but the look now is that there will be bloody fighting and terrible times. I am afraid I shall have to send my family out of the city again. The stampede in the city is now tremendous. If my people have to go away, I shall probably have to send them to Heidelberg."

The following is another entry copied into my letter book :

Paris, Monday morning, April 17th.

"Confined to my house for several days with a violent cold. There are less shells bursting about the house in the Avenue Uhrich, and things seem very quiet up there. The folks came up from that part of the city where they have been staying for a few days ; but the firing is going on all the same, and nearly all the time ; both cannonading and musketry so near that it seems almost under our windows. Bang, bang, crack, crack. Now the whizzing of a shell, then the *éclat*, but we are getting used to it. For two weeks we may have been said to have been right in the midst of a grand battle, and for more than four weeks in anarchy and insurrection. Every day makes things worse. Domiciliary visits, arrests, incarcerations, requisitions, pillages. The houses of Thiers and

Favre have been sacked, all the ministries robbed, the churches despoiled; private houses, also, have been robbed. The house adjoining ours was entered and sacked night before last. The same fate would have attended ours had we not been occupying it. The insurgents boast of their success, but that is all bosh. It looks to me now that the city will be besieged by the Versailles people. I must send my family away somewhere, perhaps to Germany, perhaps to Fontainebleau. I hardly know what to do. There was never a more horrible condition than there is here at present, and I see now no immediate end to it. The legation of Belgium was entered by the National Guard. The Commune publishes a decree this evening confiscating all abandoned workshops."

Another entry copied into my letter book, dated Paris, Wednesday evening, April 19th.

"It is almost always the same thing that I have to write,—always worse and worse. All is one great shipwreck in Paris. Fortune, business, public and private credit, industry, labor, are all in the 'deep bosom of the ocean buried.' The physiognomy of the city becomes every day more sad. All the upper part of the Champs Elysées is completely deserted for fear of the shells. Immense barricades are going up at the Place de la Concorde. The great manufactories and workshops are closed; the vast magazines, where are to be found all the wonders and marvels of Parisian industry, are no longer open, the cafés close at ten o'clock, and Paris is not Paris when the cafes are shut up. Where I write (No. 75 Avenue Uhrich), always the roar of cannon, the whizzing of shells and the rattling of musketry. When I came home at 6.30 this evening the noise was terrific. Two shells burst not a great distance from me. It seemed that it must have been a regular battle, but perhaps nothing

more than a skirmish. G—— went to Fontainebleau to-day to find a place for my family, but was unsuccessful."

Paris, April 20th, P.M.

"I shall start for Versailles quite early to-morrow morning, and I must prepare everything for the bag to-night. Nothing to-day that I hear of. I am getting worn out by this miserable condition of things. I think I shall find a place for my family at Versailles."

Paris, April 23d.

"On Thursday, the 20th, I was busy in writing despatches to my government. No particular incident on that day. Friday, the 21st, went to Versailles by the Porte d'Orléans and Sceaux. Had no difficulty further than being stopped by the Versailles troops every ten minutes to examine my passes. We went out that night and stayed at Mr. Carrey's, Vieille Église; I shall send my family out there to-morrow, to occupy a cottage until things get more settled here. It is about three-quarters of an hour out there from Versailles by rail, and the old church is three miles from the depot. It was a very nice day for us yesterday, the 22d; came in from Versailles in a pouring rain. I saw Jules Favre for a few minutes. I wanted to hand my letter of credence to M. Thiers, but he was at breakfast. That was half-past two in the afternoon. I didn't see him."

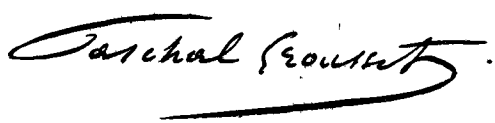
Paris, Monday evening, April 24th.

"At six o'clock Mont Valérien began to shell the Porte Dauphine, two squares from my house. These shells exploded very near the house. One went into the house directly opposite us on the other side of the avenue. The folks are now packing up, and will go down town again and remain there until to-morrow, when we shall all leave the town to go to Vieille Église. A-

pleasant little business, all this. Who would not be a diplomat in Paris!"

Paris, Tuesday evening, April 25th.

"My family left this morning for the country. The weather was bright and pleasant. Mr. McKean went out with them, as it was impossible for me to leave. All the Alsatians and Lorrainers are coming to me to claim my protection as Germans, and to get passes to leave Paris. At one time yesterday there were not less than five hundred of them waiting, and blocking up the street near the legation. Bismarck ought to have sent his minister here before this time to relieve me. He seems, however, satisfied and is not disposed to let me off just



Autograph of Paschal Grousset.

yet. To-day has been a very busy one for me. First, I had to go with Mr. Mallet of the British legation to see Paschal Grousset, the Minister Delegate of the Commune to Foreign Affairs, in order to ascertain what the decree in the Journal Officiel of the insurrection meant when it said the Commune would take all the vacant apartments in Paris for the refugees. That was a serious business to me when I considered that there were three or four hundred vacant apartments of Americans in the city. We went to the Foreign Office where Grousset had installed himself in state. After waiting a few minutes, 'His Excellency' came in, a young, genteel and intelligent looking man of about thirty. He is the man who challenged Pierre Bonaparte to fight a duel, which led to the murder of Victor Noir. He was very polite, and on

stating what our business was, he at once said it was not intended to molest the apartments of foreigners, but that the decree had not, unfortunately, so asserted; that he would have the matter corrected, and that immediate measures should be taken to protect all the apartments of foreigners.

"There are more Germans in jail whom I want to get out. As I have nobody to send, I take Antoine and go myself to the Préfecture. There were also two Sisters of Charity, both French, who had been grabbed up three weeks ago, and put in prison for no offence, except being nuns. An American nun, daughter of ex-Governor Roman of Louisiana, applied to me to intercede to get them out, and I promised that I would do so. On reaching the Préfecture, we found there a very polite young man in charge who at once gave orders to release the Germans and the nuns. We took the orders and then went to the depot of prisoners at the Préfecture for the nuns. After waiting an hour for formalities, the nuns were brought out, and we had the pleasure of seeing them outside of the prison walls. They were profuse in their thanks. We were told by one of the men in the prison that they would not have been released had it not been for my intercession. Strange and dreadful place that; strange and dreadful things did we hear. We saw the influence of terror on the people in charge. They seemed afraid to do anything, and one of the clerks told us that such was the situation that they hardly dared to act for fear they might give offence, and that they might become prisoners themselves instead of guardians of prisoners. Another clerk told us, confidentially, of the manner in which people are thrust into prison, remaining there indefinitely, and their very existence is forgotten. From the Conciergerie we went to Mazas to get

out the Germans, and also to see the Archbishop. At Mazas everything went smoothly. The Germans were promptly released and I was at once admitted to see the Archbishop. I took him a bottle of old Madeira and some newspapers, both interdicted by prison rules. But the director said he would let them pass in. Thus has run out the day, and I write this at the legation at 9.30 in the evening."

Paris, April 26th.

"The despatch bag goes out to London to-night, but I have not much to send by it. It is well that I did not determine to leave Paris altogether, for I find a vast amount to do. The Alsatians and Lorrainers in Paris are coming to claim my protection. It is getting to be somewhat as it was last summer after the Germans were expelled. I have given within the last ten days fifteen hundred passes to the Alsatians and Lorrainers, and they keep coming more and more. For many hours several hundred of them are in the street awaiting their turn. It is a good deal of work to verify the fact of their being entitled to my passes. My secretary being at Versailles, it throws more labor on the rest of us; I have had to employ two more men to help me, and it seems to me that this thing will never come to an end. I had supposed that Bismarck would have relieved me before this time, but he has never written me a word. On the other hand, M. von Thile, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Berlin, has sent me one hundred and eighty-nine thousand francs more, in order to help the Germans who are remaining here. My family went out yesterday. I had to abandon my house entirely, as Mont Valérien has begun shelling the Porte Dauphine, which is within two squares."

Paris, April 27th.

"Mont Valérien is still shelling the Porte Dauphine

which is so near my residence, I am literally driven from 'pillar to post.' It is no pleasant thing to remain in a city of two millions of people where there is no shadow of law except the law of force and terror."

The insurrectionary Journal Officiel of Monday morning, May 1, 1871 (in its official part), had the following: "The Citizen Cluseret is deprived of his function as Delegate to the War Department. His arrest, ordered by the Executive Commission, is approved by the Commune."

This was rather a startling announcement, and it produced a certain degree of excitement in the city. Cluseret had come to be considered one of the principal men of the Commune, and the fact that he had been arrested and sent to Mazas occasioned people to exclaim, "What next?" Nobody knew, at this time, what was the cause of the singular arrest of the "Minister of War," but on the next day (May 2d) the Journal Officiel said: "The carelessness and negligence of the Delegate to the War Department having compromised our position at Fort Issy, the Executive Committee had considered it its duty to propose the arrest of Citizen Cluseret by the Commune, which had decreed it." Cluseret having been overthrown and put in jail, other reasons were adduced as to what led to his downfall. He was a big man when he was Delegate to the War Department, and received great consideration; but as soon as he was arrested, if he had any friends, they did not make themselves known. A report was soon started in explanation of his arrest, that he was concerned in a plot to overthrow the Commune; another, that he had sold himself to the Versailles government; and yet another, that he was a mere agent of the Orléans faction. While Cluseret was a leading

factor in the insurrection for three or four weeks, and wielded immense power, I was surprised that, having control of the army as he had, he should have permitted himself to be taken off. I had not seen the minister since I went with him (as I shall hereafter relate) to see Raoul Rigault to get a permit to visit Archbishop Darboy. But I learned that some time after, on his return to the Ministry of War, after a visit he had made to a battery which he had established at the Trocadéro, and which he was silly enough to announce had proved quite formidable to Mont Valérien, he had stopped to see me at my legation, in the Rue de Chaillot. I was not in, however. In fact I have never seen him from that day to the present. It was a great change from the War Department to the prison of Mazas.

Though in prison, Cluseret had certain friends in the Commune who insisted that he should have a trial, which finally came off on the 22d of May before that august body. Before this time the Commune had been driven by the force of public opinion and by the clamors of the press to have its sessions public, and the trial of Cluseret was an open one. It was fully reported in the Journal Officiel. The discussions during this trial in the Commune were really amusing, considering the character of the body and the men who composed it. There were charges and specifications, and examinations of witnesses. Cluseret himself appeared and was examined in his own defence. He had posed as an American citizen, and one of the questions which was asked him on his trial was as to his relations with the Fenians in America. In answer, he said he had quitted them when he had found that it was impossible to defend them, and that, while he had been named General-in-Chief, he had never taken in his hands the command of the army of Fenians. He was also ques-

tioned as to his relations with Americans. His citizenship did not come from a five years' residence in the country with an intention of settling down and becoming a good citizen, but it was obtained under a special act of Congress which provided that when any foreigner had been in the military service of the United States for two years he should be entitled to naturalization papers.

Cluseret was appointed Brigadier General in the volunteer service by Mr. Lincoln, on the recommendation and strong insistence of Senator Sumner. I shall never forget one day just at the end of a session of Congress, that, when I was talking with Mr. Lincoln in the President's room, on the Senate side of the Capitol, Mr. Sumner entered and immediately commenced to talk in an earnest and eloquent strain of a "gallant Frenchman" who had come over from France to fight for the cause of the Union. It turned out to be Cluseret, who had been an under officer in the French army, and who had brought many letters from "our friends" speaking of him in the highest terms. Mr. Sumner urged very warmly to Mr. Lincoln that Cluseret should be made a Brigadier-General. I could see very well from the quaint and quizzing remarks of the President that he did not take much stock in the "gallant Frenchman," and was very much disinclined to give him a commission. In fact, when I left I did not believe he would do so, but Mr. Sumner undoubtedly followed up the matter until Mr. Lincoln finally yielded, and sent Cluseret's name to the Senate as a Brigadier-General. After he was appointed and confirmed, Mr. Stanton, deeming him incompetent for any command in the field, put him on some duty of very little importance at Baltimore. He remained in the army long enough to get his naturalization papers, which seemed to be his principal object.

Among other things, Cluseret was charged by the Commune with having relations with Americans at a certain time, and in regard to that he said that during the period when the Americans had to quit Paris and were obliged to have *laissez-passers*, he was naturally found in relations with them. Nothing could be more absurd than that statement, for he knew no Americans in Paris, and no Americans knew him, and if they had known him none of them would have had anything to do with him under any circumstances.

The result of this trial before the Commune was that Cluseret was liberated on the 22d of May, even after the Versailles troops had entered Paris. Out of the hundred members of the Commune there were only thirty-five who voted in his case; twenty-eight voting for placing him immediately at liberty and seven against. Cluseret made a speech in which he declared that there did not remain in his mind a shadow of bitterness against them, and he assured them that they might count upon him thereafter. And that was one of the ideas pressed for his acquittal by the Commune—that in the circumstances in which they found themselves at that moment he might be able to render some service.

This was the last sitting of the Commune which is recorded in the Journal Officiel. Cluseret, instead of taking his musket or drawing his sword in defence of the Commune, devoted himself to a means of escape. His life was saved by a priest to whom he, in the time of his power, had rendered some service. He went to the house of the priest and asked protection, and told him that if he were not received he would be shot on his door-step. The priest, therefore, received him and concealed him for several weeks, until it was easy to get out of Paris. Cluseret then shaved off his hair and his beard, and

himself put on the garb of a priest and made his way to Brussels. The first thing he did there was to call on the American Minister-Resident and claim his protection as an American citizen. The minister at Brussels, who had had some relations with Cluseret previously, and knew all about his character, told him plainly that he had no protection to give him, and that the best thing he could do would be to get out of Brussels at the earliest possible moment. Cluseret followed the advice of the minister, and immediately left for Switzerland. Whatever became of him I do not know. In August, 1872, the Council of War at Versailles condemned him to death, *in contumaciam* for his crimes committed during the Commune.

The Commune was in great straits when it arrested Cluseret. As a body it had found out that it could accomplish nothing, and it soon appointed a Committee of Public Safety to which it abdicated all its power. This committee was composed of five members, the most desperate and dangerous men in the Commune, who soon took into their hands the whole control of affairs. This was narrowing the matter down very much, and as the whole power of the Commune had been concentrated in those five men without any restraint or control, the entire city was penetrated with a feeling of terror which I had not before seen.

Not only during the siege but during the Commune there were a great many public meetings in Paris. I recollect during the siege going to a public meeting at a large hall in one of the rougher parts of the city. It was crowded and was exceedingly filthy. It seemed to me that everybody was smoking, most of them cigarettes but many of them dirty and offensive pipes. There was some speaking of a very indifferent character from the platform. But as the hall was so filled with smoke as to

make it almost impossible to breathe, I remained there but a short time before taking my leave.

I attended a less interesting meeting during the Commune at the well-known church of St. Eustache, which was afterward burned. The Communards had taken possession of the church and had arranged it for *réunions*, as they were called; on the night when I was there, it seemed clean and orderly. There were some indifferent speeches made, but the great feature which attracted my attention was the large number of women who were present with their knitting-work,—"*tricoteuses*" they were called. They appeared motherly, plain and serious women, and very well behaved. I saw nothing calculated to offend the taste of any one, but I was told that they sometimes had there the most extraordinary discussions, in which the women mingled, particularly on the interesting subject of divorce. The marriage relation was denounced as one which ought not to be tolerated in a free city. Marriage, it was advanced, should be considered a crime and should be suppressed by the most severe measures. It was selling the right of one to his liberty, which was a bad example. The matrimonial estate was denounced as a perpetual crime against morality. One woman orator was not satisfied with the decree of the Commune of Paris which assured pensions alike to the legitimate and illegitimate children of members of the National Guard killed in defence of the Commune. She demanded that the illegitimate children alone should be cared for, and that it should not be suffered to the legitimate wives to usurp the rights which they no longer possessed.

After this orator—who turned out to have been a monthly nurse—had descended from the tribune, Lullier appeared on the scene with his agreeable physiognomy

and sympathetic face. He soon began, according to his habit, pitching into some of the military men of the time, and his denunciations very much exasperated the crowd. An immense tumult took place. But Lullier was always brave as a lion, and he stood his ground and refused to leave the tribune, where he tried to speak and explain, but the people would not hear him. Men and women alike threw themselves upon him and took him up bodily. He resisted and shouted and gesticulated to his utmost. The whole crowd mounted the seats, crying out, "*À bas Lullier*," and at that instant he disappeared and was heard of no more in the meeting.

I find that on May 2d I made the following memorandum, which was copied into my letter book:

"Nothing of great importance, further than that ordinary fighting is going on all the time all about the city, but without perceptible result. Went out to Versailles on Saturday, April 29th, and then continued on to Vieille Église to spend Sunday with my family. On Monday, I was at Versailles, where I spent a few hours, and then back to Paris. I went this time to Versailles by St. Denis, and returned the same way. Had no difficulty at all. The Versailles troops now seem ready and they have been firing pretty sharply for some time. They claimed yesterday, when I left that they had taken Fort Issy but the insurgents deny it here to-day. The great event is the arrest of Cluseret, who was dictator for three or four weeks, but suddenly went under, like Assi and Bergeret before him. He is now in the Conciergerie. There is great fury among the insurrectionists now, and last night they fought a fearful battle. A 'Committee of Public Safety' has been constituted. It has full power, and a reign of terror may now commence in earnest on any day."

I find that on the same day I wrote to an American lady who had interceded with me before leaving Paris to protect her apartment. I told her that while I could not protect it from the shells that were falling in the neighborhood, I hoped to protect it from robbery and pillage, and I sincerely trusted it might be spared both from the mob and the shells; but in the horrible condition of things in Paris it was impossible to say what might happen from day to day. We were then without the shadow of any law.

On May 4th the bombardment of our portion of the city from Mont Valérien and the fortifications of Courbevoie was much heavier than it had been on any previous day. Shells fell in the Champs Elysées as far as the Palace of Industry. I did not then see any immediate prospect of a speedy termination of the frightful contest that was raging. The Commune seemed to be gathering strength and concentrating its troops. It could then boast of eighty thousand effective men, well armed and equipped, with an abundant supply of cannon of every calibre and of mitrailleuses, with a vast amount of ammunition; with gun-boats on the Seine, and with the possession of all the forts on the south side of the city. It could well be imagined that it would not be a small job to take the city at that time, considering its defences and preparations to resist, at almost every step. And then the pecuniary resources of the Commune were unbounded, for it held in its grasp all the wealth of Paris. It only had to make its decrees to have them enforced by the National Guard, and to seize everything of value upon which hands could be laid. At this time, it had not only laid under contribution every source of revenue, but had commenced an organized pillage. On the 3d of May the National Guard, armed with the au-

thority of the Committee of Public Safety, invaded the magnificent hôtel of M. Martin (du Nord), one of the richest manufacturers in France. They carried off everything they could lay their hands on—furniture, plate, jewelry, decorations, etc.

I have spoken of having taken my family out of Paris to Vieille Église. The first visit that I made there was on Saturday, May 6th. On the next day, Sunday, I was sick and confined to my bed with a bilious attack. On Monday, the 8th, I find I made a memorandum as follows :

"Left Vieille Église and came to Versailles. Presented my letters of credence to M. Thiers at 2 P.M. A very simple affair. Accompanied by a friend, I went to the hôtel of the Prefect of the Department where he has his official residence. He received me immediately, and I handed to him my letters. He looked feeble and worn. Came into Paris by St. Denis, and arrived at six o'clock P.M. Heard of the dangerous sickness of Mr. Richards, of the banking house of Monroe & Company. As soon as I had taken my dinner, went to see him. I found him almost *in extremis* and I remained with him until he died, at 10.40 o'clock in the evening. His family had all left Paris the Saturday before. He was sick only forty-eight hours. Our relations were always very friendly. He was an honest, trustworthy, and true man. He leaves a widow and four children. His loss to the American colony is irreparable."

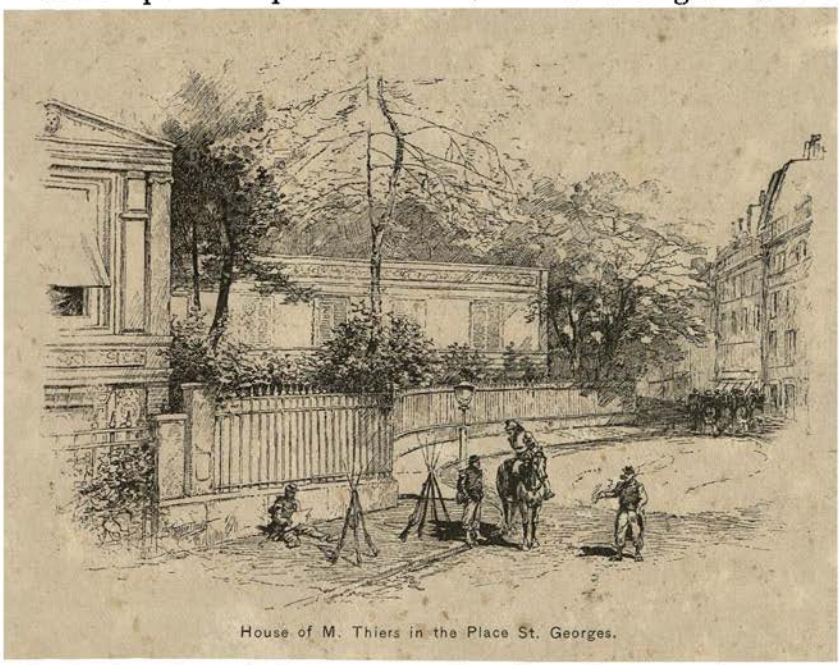
The 10th of May was a day of panic among the insurrectionists. Rossel, who had succeeded Cluseret as Minister of War, had himself become very much demoralized, and sent in his resignation in a letter attacking the Commune. He closed by saying, "I therefore retire and have the honor to ask you for a cell at Mazas." When

this request was about to be complied with, Rossel, having been placed in the safe keeping of Citizen Gerardin, a member of the Commune, escaped with him.

During all this time there was a desperate quarrel and wrangling between that august body, the Commune, and the Comité Central. This was fully known to the public, and it added to the general excitement. The members of the Committee of Public Safety, as it was first organized, not having met the public expectations, were suddenly discharged and five other members of the most desperate characters in the Commune, one of them being a murderer, were appointed. After the retirement of Rossel, Delescluze, a notorious agitator, who has been heretofore referred to, was appointed in his place in the War Department. It began to look very black for the Commune at this time. Signs of demoralization and discouragement were visible on every hand. The National Guard was being weakened every day, not only by the great losses in actual combat and in prisoners, but by the vast number of desertions. Almost every man who had the chance to do so with any degree of safety slipped out of the service, and instead of an army of sixty or eighty thousand, on May 11th, I did not think it could have had more than half that number.

On May 10th, and after the decided successes of the Versailles troops, the fury of the Communards surpassed all bounds. Their hatred was everywhere shown toward M. Thiers, whose proclamations had found their way into the city. The following decree was passed by the Commune on that day: "Decreed that the house of M. Thiers, situated on the Place St. Georges, shall be demolished." And that insane decree was scrupulously carried out. Passing the Place St. Georges every few days, I saw the busy work of destruction going on. I think that literally

not one stone was left upon another. This maddened behest of the Commune could not but awaken the most intense indignation. M. Thiers had lived in this house for nearly half a century, and there he had composed his great works and prepared the speeches he had delivered at the tribune. There he had received the most celebrated political persons and savants of the age. There



House of M. Thiers in the Place St. Georges.

he had gathered the rarest works of art, books and manuscripts that were to be found in all Europe. All those priceless contents were carried away and scattered. Such vandalism was without a parallel in all the history of civilization. The National Convention, in the days of the First Revolution, decreed the destruction of the house of Buzot, the Girondist, who had fled from Paris after the days of the 31st of May and the 2d of June, when the convention placed him among others in accusation, but

the destruction of the plain home of a deputy, not enriched by associations and historic souvenirs, was nothing to the vandalism exhibited in the demolition of the home of the head of the French nation.

The following memorandum I find copied in my letter book and dated May 11th, 1871.

"Quite an exciting day yesterday. Rossel had given in his resignation as Minister of War in a defiant letter to the Commune, and asked only a 'cell in Mazas.' The Versailles troops are pounding away heavily. There is an evident demoralization in the Commune. It really looks as though the end were coming. In the evening went to the Jacobin Club, in the great, old and historic church of St. Eustache, but the spell is broken; a pall was over the audience and it was dull. Things are getting desperate. The National Guard are deserting fast. Rossel is ordered to a court-martial, but one of the papers this morning says he has escaped."

May 12th. "Not in yet. Firing all around. The Commune is more and more desperate, and now has a revolutionary tribunal in working order. Six more papers were suppressed yesterday, making in all twenty-one. What a splendid republic we have here!"

About the middle of May things had grown worse and worse in Paris, and the Commune had become to the last degree desperate. All the churches were ordered to be closed or converted into club houses. That immense edifice, the historic church of St. Eustache, had been opened, as I have said, as a favorite place or resort for the revolutionary population of the central part of the city. All the convents had been shut up and all the priests and a large number of the Sisters of Charity had been imprisoned. The valuables belonging to the

churches and convents had been stolen and carried off. The Alsatians and German Lorrainers were coming to me in greater and greater numbers for my *laissez-passers*, and on the 11th of May I gave two hundred and forty-three, making the whole number three thousand four hundred and seventy-four.

On the morning of May 12th, the insurrectionary Journal Officiel contained a furious address to the people of Paris from the Committee of Public Safety, charging treason and corruption in the ranks, the first fruit of which was the abandonment of Fort Issy. It said that the threads of the dark conspiracy had been discovered, and that the largest portion of the guilty had been arrested. It further declared that while the crime of those men was frightful, their chastisement would be exemplary; that a court-martial was sitting in permanence and that justice would be done. The paper of the same day contained a decree of the Commune, suppressing six additional journals, to which I have alluded.

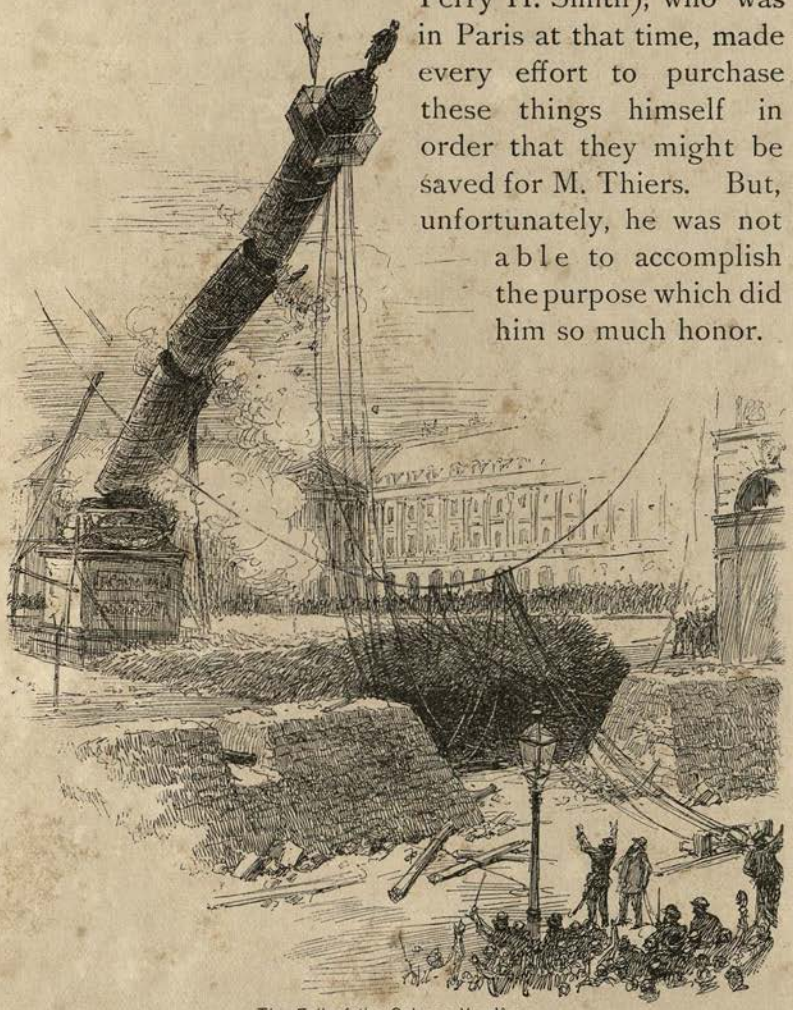
On the 12th of May I wrote a note to M. Michel Chevalier in respect to Père Caubert, with whom I had previously corresponded. I said: "While it is impossible to get Père Caubert released, I got permission to visit him at Mazas day before yesterday. He is quite well and is treated as well as could be expected. I hope I shall succeed in getting permission for his sister to visit him. I sincerely trust this state of affairs will soon come to an end, and that his life will be saved. Our houses are very much exposed in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, but neither of them has been struck yet. Hoping for a speedy peace that I may soon see you back to Paris, I remain, etc."

I find that I was back again on a visit to my family at Vieille Église on the 14th of May. On that day I wrote to an old Galena friend, as follows:

"When the shells began to fall thick and fast about my house in Paris, I thought it time to take my family away, and here I am. This is a little French village, four hundred years old. We occupy a cottage near an old château, and we have a splendid yard, garden, etc. It is very healthy and pleasant, and Mrs. Washburne and the children are very well. I have been so worn down and so overwhelmed with responsibility in the last two months that I have not been able to write many letters. While all the other diplomats of the first-class powers left Paris at the breaking out of the insurrection, I deemed it my duty to remain, as I had not only the interest of our country, but the interest of the Germans to look after. . . . My legation in Paris is crowded from morning to night. I suppose you get some idea of the state of things in Paris. They are really dreadful. This living under the reign of an organized mob, where there is no law but the law of force and the law of terror, is anything but pleasant; I hope all will end soon, but I do not know. The condition of France is shocking, and no one can foretell what is in the future for this country."

On the morning of the 16th the insurrectionist Journal Officiel had a decree providing that all the linen found in the house of M. Thiers should be sent to the hospital; that all the objects of art and valuable books should be sent to the Bibliothèque and National Museum; that the furniture should be sold at public auction, after being exposed in the salesroom, and that the products of the sale should go to the widows and orphans of the victims of the war, and the same destination should also be given to the proceeds of the sale of the materials of the house; and lastly it provided that "upon the site of the hôtel of the parricide should be established a pub-

lic square." And I might here mention incidentally that a distinguished and wealthy citizen of Chicago (Mr. Perry H. Smith), who was in Paris at that time, made every effort to purchase these things himself in order that they might be saved for M. Thiers. But, unfortunately, he was not able to accomplish the purpose which did him so much honor.



The Fall of the Column Vendôme.

It was on May 16th that the Column Vendôme was finally pulled down. Notice had been given from day to day that it was to fall at a certain hour, and immense

crowds went to witness its overthrow. The destruction of this immense column was a tremendous work, but finally it was gotten into such a position that it could be overthrown at any moment, and that moment was fixed for two o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th. I must confess that I had no desire to witness such an act of vandalism, but driving along the Boulevard just before the hour fixed, I found that the crowd of people collected at the head of the Rue de la Paix, and in the Rue de Castiglione was immense. Great numbers in this crowd were hoping that this splendid work of art would continue to resist all the appliances used to tear it down, until the arrival of the Versailles troops, but by far the greater number were waiting with intense anxiety for the moment when it might finally fall before a spirit of hatred and revenge which could see a triumph in the destruction of a work that had excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

I have heretofore spoken of my old and highly esteemed friend, Mr. Leopold Hüffer, under whose hospitable roof I was entertained during the siege. He went out of Paris after the reign of the Commune commenced, and I find that on the 17th of May I wrote him as follows: "I have been waiting and waiting, hoping to be able to give you some encouraging news, but it is the siege over again. Days, weeks, and now months, run on, and it is always the same; yet it does seem to me that the government troops must come in soon and end all this horrible business! I remain at Versailles but very little, as I have so much to do here in protecting the property of the Americans and Germans. The Alsatians and Lorrainers now claim my protection as Germans, and I have given a great many passes to them. My family is near Rambouillet. My house is uninhabitable,

having been struck by the shells fired at the Porte Dauphine."

The explosion of cartouches in the Avenue Rapp cut a great figure at the time, and was a dreadful affair. It seems that on the afternoon of May 17th I sent my faithful messenger, Antoine, to whom reference has heretofore been made, on a certain mission for one of my compatriots. He was a native of Luxembourg, and spoke German and French very well, but he was not very well up in English. In performing this duty, Antoine was unfortunately caught in the vicinity of the Avenue Rapp at the time of the explosion and, at my request, he afterward wrote out an account of it, putting it into rather bad English. I copy it exactly as he wrote it, and present it here as one of the most interesting accounts of that affair that I have seen :—

At five o'clock P.M. this day, the 17th of May, 1871, I went by instruction of Mr. Washburne, the Minister of the United States, in France, on the search of Mrs. Seymour's furniture. As the addresses wishe she has given are on at the école Militaire, the other Port d'or I did not stop but went directly at the école Militaire where I inquired for the Port d'or. went to the several officers de services, but no one could tell me where the port d'or was. from there I decided to go to an other pleace to see and had to walk all trough the Champ de Mars, when I was about the 3de quarter of the way near the corner of the Avenue Rapp, an explosion took pleace, by the 1st comotion I was trown on to ground. I was willing to stand up and run out of the danger of the fire, where pieces of wood wish were still burning and pieces of iron stones and all sort of material were flying all around with such a fury mixsed up of the boullet wish the explosion of the pouder trow away. the second time I tryed to stand up an other explosion took place, and rushed me over the cround like a ballon ; could not stand by the commotion of the pouder exploding and could not rounn away. a momment I heard and saw four horses belonging to the Compnie of the Omnubus I saw them callopping on my direction, then I assembled all my force and ron about ten metres before I could stand up again to

escap to be over rushed by this horses in all furry. But still under the rain of the ball and pouder exploding untill I had got away about 100 metre from the 1st place where I first was blow down. In my life I never saw this, two girls where walking near together and when the explosion took place, they where trown one on one side the other an other part this about 5 minutes and after the could not see one the other where they where separeted. not a single window in the neyhbourhood was not broken, a great number of persons where wounded by the pieces of glases. other by pieces of wood and iron wish was trown in the airs and fell very farr off on all direction. in comming back so well as I could keep me in walking I saw the most painfull close this magasin of cartouches is an hospital of the poor wounded soldiers, and all of them was to be mouved away on bringing the other one his back or shoulder, other could not have any help and tryed to walk alone others wher conducted by sister of charities, others carried on brancard, besides all ambulance cab arrived from all sid, to take up the wounded and dead. It was not possible for me to try to get any information on the place, as every one was taken to make the chaine, for putting out the fire, and not able to stand it out any longer after such a dangerous moment for to lose my life verry near.

A. SCHMIT.

The presence of a large German army outside of the walls of the city, on the north and east sides, was a continued menace to the Commune, and had much to do in restraining it. The Commune was profuse in its protestations that all the Germans who had been put in prison had been released upon my application, yet not a day passed but it was made known to me that more or less of them were still incarcerated. The whole time of my private secretary was taken up in visiting the prisons and procuring the release of these persons. General de Fabrice wrote to me about that time that four of the Sisters of Charity who were at the convent at Picpus, about which there had been so much scandal, were Germans, and that they had been arrested and imprisoned. He desired that I should have them immediately released. My private secretary addressed himself to the subject, and visited the

Delegate to the Ministry of Justice, in relation to it. The "Minister" alleged that an examination had disclosed that murders had been committed in the convent, and that these particular sisters, with others, would be held until it could be ascertained how far they were in-

Release of the Nuns.

volved; but, upon my insistance, they were released. Such was the anxiety of the Delegate to the Ministry of Justice to justify himself for the propagation of certain scandals that he asked my secretary to go with him to the convent and examine for himself in regard to the absurd report which had been spread through Paris, touch-

ing the confinement of insane women in the little boxes, which had created such an intense feeling. My secretary (Mr. McKean, of whom I have spoken) was a serious man and not likely to be hoodwinked. He represented to me that the alleged scandal had no foundation excepting in the heated imagination of the Commune, which always determined to find something which might add fuel to the flame which had already been lighted.

The following is a copy from an entry in my letter book, dated May 17, 1871:

"I started for Versailles and Vieille Église very suddenly, on Saturday last. I had supposed that matters would be over here by that time, and that I would not have to remain here; but I saw no signs, and so I started out. I spent two hours at Versailles and went into the Assembly to hear Jules Favre read the treaty and make a little speech; then continued out to Vieille Église, and found all very well. Spent Sabbath there and visited the park of Rambouillet. That was a favorite place of many of the old kings, and there it was that the first Emperor spent a great deal of his time. Returned to Versailles yesterday morning and breakfasted with the Hon. George Eustis; afterward called on Lord Lyons, leaving at 2.30 o'clock. I reached Paris at 6.30 P.M. No change, apparently, in the situation. The Commune is getting more and more outrageous. . . . Took a long ride over the city with J. Russell Young. (Mr. Young was then connected with the New York Herald, and subsequently became Minister of the United States to China.) It was during this ride, and when on one of the outer boulevards, that we heard the explosion in the Avenue Rapp. It was something terrible, and we were at a loss to divine what it might be."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DOWNFALL OF THE COMMUNE.

Dissensions among the Insurgent Leaders—Organization of a Committee of Public Safety—Attempt to Occupy the American Legation—The City Entered by Government Troops—A Week of Fighting in the Streets—Rigault's Fitting End—Burning of the Tuileries and other Public Buildings—How the Complete Destruction of the City was Prevented—Terrible Struggles at the Barricades—End of the Reign of Terror.

THE middle of May was about the darkest time in the Commune. It had then commenced its "perquisitions" for arms and men, taking the city by arrondissements. The National Guard, under arms, would surround the arrondissements and keep all persons from going in or coming out. Then they would make an entry into each house and go into every apartment and every room. If a door were not opened it would be immediately forced by a locksmith, who always accompanied the Guard. All arms, of whatever nature, were carried off. If a man were found, they demanded of him, "*Pourquoi n'êtes vous pas de la Garde Nationale?*" If he did not prove that he was a foreigner, or that he did not owe service by reason of age or infirmity, he was dragged away to some depot where he was put into the uniform of a National Guard, a musket placed in his hand, and then sent off at once to the front.

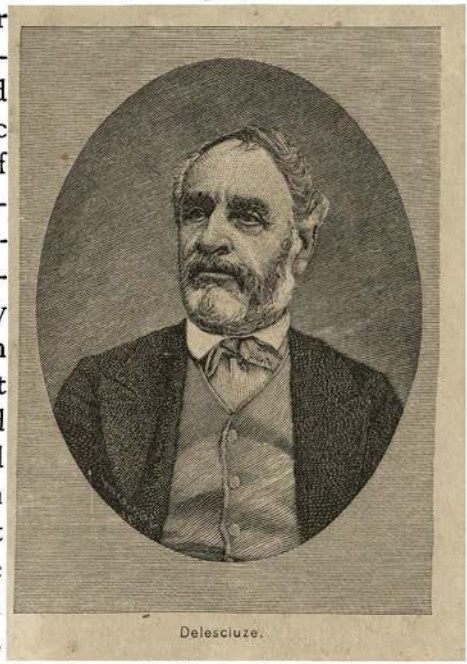
Every day the decrees and the actions of the Commune were becoming more and more outrageous—indeed more and more ridiculous. One of the last performances was

a decree providing that every citizen should be supplied with a *carte d'identité*, giving his name, age, profession, domicile, etc. The manner of obtaining such a card was prescribed, and any man who was not the bearer of one was to be arrested and detained until he could regularly establish his identity. It was made the duty of every National Guard to require an exhibition of this card. This decree was in poor imitation of 1793, when, during the Reign of Terror, every person was required to have a certificate of citizenship. It was very badly received by the population of Paris, and even the most violent of the Communist journals criticised it very severely. The reason given by the Commune for its action was that the government of Versailles was seeking to introduce its secret agents into Paris, with the purpose of making "an appeal to treason." But this decree remained pretty much a dead letter because it was found out that, if it should be attempted to carry it into execution, it would tend to put an end to all circulation in the city, for every man would be liable to be called upon by some over-zealous National Guard to show his papers at nearly every step.

In the accomplishment of his purpose to release Germans from prison, Mr. McKean had found occasion to meet Delescluze, the new Delegate to the Ministry of War. He represented him as a most perfect type of the Jacobin and revolutionist of 1793. He affected to dress *à la mode Marat*, and had a coarse scarf about his neck; his hands were dirty and there was a large amount of "free soil" under his nails. He was an old man, with long hair, unclean, unshaven, and dressed in a shabby coat. On visiting the War Department, he found about forty officers awaiting their turn of admission to the presence of the delegate. They all, however, had to give

way to him, for as soon as he sent in his card he was admitted, and found Delescluze installed in the same room where he, some three or four weeks before, saw Cluseret in all the pride of his power and authority.

At this time, serious wranglings and discussions were continually breaking out in the Commune. Twenty-two of the members issued a manifesto, charging that the body had abdicated its power into the hands of a dictatorship, which was called the Committee of Public Safety, and declared itself irresponsible to the Commune. Under such circumstances these secessionists declared that they would not again appear in the Commune until that condition of things should be changed, but would go with their brothers in the National Guard. It was about time that some action of this sort should have been taken, unless the Commune had determined to abdicate its entire authority into the hands of the Committee of Public Safety; and it was soon shown that this committee had absorbed all the powers of the insurrectionary government, and had become *the* authority of the Commune, greater than the Commune itself.



Delescluze.

It was on May 17th that the first decrees of this Committee of Public Safety were published. There was one decree issued by Delescluze, who signed himself as Civil

Delegate to the War Department, and two decrees by Protot, the Communist Delegate to the Ministry of Justice.

The Journal Officiel of May 18th contains the proceedings of the Commune of the previous day. Rigault, Urbain and Protot were the master spirits of this meeting. It was on this occasion that a "Jury of Accusation" was constituted. The judgments of this jury were to be rendered summarily, with or without evidence, with or without hearing of the parties involved, and the proceedings were not to be governed by any rules. The judgments rendered were to be executed in twenty-four hours. The greatest possible violence was manifested by the members of the Committee. In the course of a discussion one of the members declared that the great question of the moment was: "to annihilate our enemies; we are the leaders of a revolution, and we are to act as *révolutionnaires;* to constitute a tribunal which shall judge, and whose decrees shall be executed without mercy and without delay." Rigault declared, that such a jury should constitute a veritable revolutionary tribunal. A question arose in this meeting in respect to the organization by the Commune of the Committee of Public Safety, and it was charged that the members of the Commune at large wanted to shirk the responsibilities which devolved upon them by providing for this Committee of Public Safety, invested with every power.

At this time Communard journals were springing up every day, and many of them were very free in their criticisms of the actions of the Commune. In the Journal Officiel of May 19th there was a decree suppressing ten more of these Communist sheets, one of which bore the amiable name of The Pirate, and in the decree was a provision that no new journal should be allowed to ap-

pear in Paris before the end of the war. Everything at this time indicated the approaching collapse of the Commune, but the Journal Officiel continued to appear as usual up to the 24th of May, containing the proceedings of the Commune and the decrees of the Committee of Public Safety, together with the ordinary news of the day.

A new phase of outrage was developed at the legation about this time. A German, who had a shop in the Rue St. Antoine, had gone from the city, leaving his goods and effects in charge of an agent. The agent appeared at the legation to ascertain if I could give him any protection. He said that the National Guard had been at the premises of which he had charge and had forced an entrance into them. He immediately sought a member of the Commune to protest against the outrage, saying that the proprietor was a foreigner, and that his property was entitled to be respected. The answer was such as might have been expected—that the property of no man, either a Frenchman or a foreigner, who had left Paris, had any right to be respected, and would not be, but that it would be confiscated by the Commune. Satisfying myself that the owner of the shop was a German, who had a right to my protection, I gave a paper certifying to that fact, and stating that the property, being that of a foreigner, was entitled to be respected and protected; and I further informed the agent verbally that he might tell all persons who proposed to interfere with the property, that if any damage was done I should deem it my duty to inform General de Fabrice of the fact, who would, without doubt, take all measures necessary in the premises.

On the 19th of May I wrote to my government that the demoralization in the city and among the National Guard was increasing, and that I thought if the government had attacked with any energy its troops might have

been inside the walls before that time. Confusion increased in Paris; the Commune was torn by internal dissensions, yet it was impossible to determine how long that extraordinary condition of things might continue. The insurrectionists, however, were becoming more and more desperate, for, in an official communication published in the insurrectionary journal of the 19th of May, it was stated that the Committee of Public Safety had decided to blow up Paris and to bury every one under its ruins rather than capitulate. That, of course, was all wild talk, but it showed to what straits the Communards felt themselves reduced. The pressure upon the legation continued. As I was the only chief of the mission of any great power who remained in Paris, my good offices were sought for every hour, not only by my own countrymen and the Germans, but by the people of other nationalities who had an idea that I could be of some assistance to them.*

* Extract of a letter from Lord Lyons to Earl Granville:

Bordeaux, Feb. 26, 1871 (received March 1).

. . . In fact, the only chief of a diplomatic mission from any great power who stayed at Paris was Mr. Washburne, the United States Minister. As representing a nation which punctiliously abstains from taking part in the political affairs of Europe, Mr. Washburne had not the same reasons as representatives of European powers for removing to a place at which he could serve as a means of communication between his government and the Government of France; and as being charged with the protection of North German subjects in France, he was allowed by the German military authorities facilities for correspondence during the siege which were denied to the representatives of other governments. I conceded, at the time, that it was my duty neither to reject the advice of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, nor to separate myself from my principal colleagues, and I thought it would be, on all accounts, inexpedient for me to allow myself to be shut up in Paris, and to be deprived of all speedy and satisfactory means of communicating with Your Lordship. My subsequent experience has, I confess, confirmed me in these opinions. On the day after I left Paris all communication by road with that place was intercepted, and on the following day the last telegraph wire was cut. The diplomatists who were left in the besieged city were refused by the German authorities positively all facilities for corresponding with their governments otherwise than by letters left open for the inspection of those authorities.—*See Message and Documents and Papers relating to Foreign Relations, Dec.* 14, 1871.

Every morning when I reached my legation I found a crowd of Alsatians and German-Lorrainers who had come to seek my protection. At the time I was writing, there were more than two hundred of those people waiting under my window to receive their *laissez-passers*, and I stated that the whole number that I had granted amounted to four thousand four hundred and fifty. As each case required a special examination to ascertain whether the parties seeking protection were entitled to it by virtue of their having become German subjects, it involved a great amount of labor; and I said that I had ten persons employed in the performance of such labor, who were not members of the legation. The Committee of Public Safety on that morning published a decree suppressing ten more papers, and forbidding the publication of any new journals during the war. Several of the newspapers thus suppressed had been supporters of the Commune. Every paper published before the insurrection in Paris, excepting one, La Vérité, had been suppressed. Closing my despatch I said: "Since I commenced writing this despatch, I have again visited the Archbishop to communicate to him that it was impossible to effect his exchange for Blanqui. I am sorry to say I found him very feeble. He has been confined to his pallet for the last week with a kind of pleurisy; is without appetite, and very much reduced in strength. He is yet cheerful and apparently resigned to any fate that may await him."

I may state here that I have so far only alluded in a casual manner to the arrest of the archbishop. It is my intention to review that tragical episode of the Commune fully in a succeeding chapter.

On May 20th events were fast culminating in Paris, and it was a day of great uncertainty and untold anxiety.

I had been in correspondence with General de Fabrice, who was in command of the German forces on the north side of Paris, and whose headquarters were at Soisy. General de Fabrice was a Saxon, and stood very high in the German army, not only as a soldier, but as a civil administrator. He was a most fitting man to occupy the responsible position which he then held. I had not at that time been brought into personal relations with him, and the first and only time that I ever met him was at an official dinner given by M. Thiers at the Palace of the Préfecture at Versailles soon after the ratification of the Treaty of Peace. Tall, well-formed, of soldierly bearing and of pleasant manners, with light hair, he seemed to me to be the best type of the Saxon soldier.

Considering the relations we had held, our meeting was to me a very interesting one, and we had much conversation on the events which had just passed. In our official correspondence he was always most prompt, and ever evinced a desire to serve me in every way possible in the critical position I then occupied. I shall ever bear toward him the most agreeable remembrances. I have learned that at this time he occupies the position of Minister of War for the kingdom of Saxony.

On May 9th I had written to General de Fabrice in regard to the condition of some Germans in the prisons of Paris, and stated that I had made investigations in relation to certain matters, and I had received assurances from the Communist authorities that they had caused examinations to be made in all the prisons of Paris, and that no Germans were then detained. They assured me, further, that if any should be found in prison, they would be immediately discharged upon my application. I stated that I had applied to the Communist

authorities for the release of large numbers of Germans, and in no case had there been a refusal to set at liberty all persons whose release I had requested. In this letter to General de Fabrice I also stated that I had given passes to more than three thousand Alsatians and German Lorrainers, and was still issuing them at the rate of two hundred per day.

On May 15th General de Fabrice wrote me, as I have already related, seeking my intervention to secure the release of four German nuns.

On May 20th I addressed another communication to the general, stating that after a great deal of trouble and much delay, the German nuns had been released, and at the same time I had procured the release of seven others who were imprisoned at the St. Lazare prison, and that they had all left the city with my *laissez-passers*, and that I trusted they were then out of harm's way. I also told him that as I was writing, my servant had come in to tell me that the National Guard had tried to invade my house, and said that they would not respect its diplomatic character. The details of that incident are as follows:

Never before had matters in Paris looked so dark and threatening to me as on that day. About noon, while sitting at my desk in my legation, a female domestic who remained with her husband in my house in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, entered my room very abruptly and in great fright, to tell me that a squad of the National Guard had just been at the house, demanding to be admitted. They pounded away vigorously at the great door which entered the court-yard, while the servant held a parley with them. The leader of the squad said to her that they had been sent to take possession of the house, and that they intended to do so. She told

them that it was the house of the Minister of the United States, and that they had no right to enter. They answered that they did not care to whom the house belonged, or who lived there, and that they intended to enter; and further, that if she would not open the door (which was a very heavy one, and securely fastened), they would go back to their post and procure reinforcements and then break in. As soon as they had left, my servant having asked a neighboring *concierge* to take her place, started for the legation to advise me of what had happened. I immediately sent Antoine, the messenger of the legation, to the house with instructions to hold possession, if possible, till I could communicate with the Commune authorities. At the same moment I started off another messenger to Paschal Grousset, the Commune Delegate to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to demand protection. Grousset lost no time in sending such protection, and, fortunately, it arrived before the brigands of the National Guard had effected their entrance; thus my house was saved from invasion, and perhaps from pillage. What was known as the "National Guard," at this time, was simply a force of organized brigands.

It appeared that so soon as General de Fabrice had received my letter at Soisy, which was taken to him by the messenger who brought to me his communication, he telegraphed the facts to Prince Bismarck. The Prince gave the matter his immediate attention and dictated elaborate instructions to General de Fabrice to act in the matter. Consequently, on the succeeding day, May 21st, which was Sunday, General de Fabrice addressed to the Commune authorities a very plain communication. After referring to the fact that the National Guard had invaded my residence, saying that they did not care for my diplomatic character, the general said:

This act, showing the total disregard of the rights of the Minister of the United States, raises an interesting international question. The right to demand satisfaction for this outrage belongs equally to all governments, but for the German government this right becomes a duty, inasmuch as the Minister of the United States has had the kindness, during both the sieges of Paris, to charge himself with the protection of German interest in that city ; consequently, the undersigned calls upon the chiefs of power in Paris to deliver up immediately to the German military authorities the National Guards who have been guilty of the violation of the residence of Mr. Washburne. In case satisfaction shall not be given within twenty-four hours, by the surrender of the guilty into the hands of the advanced post of St. Denis, the right is reserved to take further measures in the premises.

In the name of the Chancellor of Germany.

DE FABRICE.

On May 22d, after the government troops were, in fact, in Paris, Paschal Grousset, calling himself the Delegate of the Commune to Foreign Relations, wrote a very humble and apologetic letter to General de Fabrice, stating that he had been notified on the 20th of May of the presence at the legation of several of the National Guards, and that as soon as he was notified of what had taken place, he had sent a formal order to cause the sacred rights of a neutral residence to be respected, and to bring the guilty before a court-martial. That at the moment this notice had been received the National Guards fled in all directions, without it being possible to identify them. He, therefore, found himself unable to punish an act which he formally condemned, and that he had only been able to express to Mr. Washburne "his regrets, and his indignation in a letter addressed to the Minister on the 20th of May, at the Legation of the United States." This letter was never received by me, if it was sent, for the very good reason that before it could have left the Foreign Office, the Versailles forces had taken possession of that part of the city between the

Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Legation of the United States.

I should have alluded to a most curious event which occurred at the Tuileries, on Sunday afternoon, May 10th. There was a grand concert given there under the direction of the Communard authorities. The proposed "Concours" was widely advertised in the city, and every effort was made to have it a grand success. As its avowed purpose was a beneficent one, the appeal made to the Communard population of Paris was very strong and urgent. The attendance was large, and a large amount of money was taken in. The concert was advertised for Sunday evening, but there was an immense affair in the garden of the Tuileries in the afternoon. There were not less than ten thousand persons present. There was "music with its voluptuous swell;" the bands of a great many regiments, and no less than one thousand musicians playing and singing the soul-stirring Marseillaise. But it was in the evening that there was the greatest interest. The Palace of the Tuileries was thrown open to the public, and the great horde of men, women and children went through the gardens, and defiled through the gorgeous and magnificent apartments of the palace.

Though I knew all about the concert, I did not deem it a fitting occasion to be present myself, on a Sabbath day; but I sent one of my secretaries to see what was to be seen, and to report to me. He stated that what he there beheld was a most remarkable and interesting sight. Ten thousand people filled all the apartments, wandering everywhere at their ease, and examining into every nook and corner of the vast palace. The comments of the rabble were most amusing. My secretary kept along with the crowd everywhere, seeing all that was to be seen, and listening to all that was said. Great

interest centred in the private apartments of the Empress. The gorgeous belongings were everywhere commented upon by the mob. The bath room of the Empress attracted great attention. It was represented as very handsome, and as a marvel of luxury, beauty and taste. It was surrounded by heavy plate mirrors. The tub was cut out of solid marble. The ceilings were all covered with rich blue silk velvet. The faucets in the bath were of solid silver. All that was seen was described by the Communards as evidence of the profligacy and luxury of the Court, which accounted for the oppression of the people, and for the vast increase of the taxes levied upon them. Not one man in the crowd, it is safe to say, had ever paid a cent of taxes in his life.

Saturday, May 20th, was a very lively day over all Paris. The Communard authorities admitted that the contest had assumed a most "serious character," but all the while they were whistling to keep their courage up. At noon they issued a bulletin announcing that the Garibaldians had put the Rurals (the regular army) to flight. Another and later bulletin announced: "*Succès important;* constant firing; the artillery men evinced great *entrain* and the spirit of the troops in general was excellent." Still later: "All goes well. The batteries of the barricades have caused serious loss to the Versailles troops." Midnight: "Hostilities recommenced; advantage to the *Fédérés* (Communard troops). Our bastions, firing from time to time, have silenced the firing of the enemy."

The next morning, Sunday, May 21st, was a bright, beautiful spring day. I passed the morning at my legation, which was visited by many friends, all anxious to know if I had anything in the way of private information.

Taking my breakfast at noon at the boarding-house of Miss Ellis, No. 28 Rue Bassano, where I was then staying, I ordered my coachman to bring my Victoria for a drive. I was constantly anxious in regard to the situation of the good old Archbishop, and I therefore directed him to take me to the prison of Mazas, on the other side of the city. And never had I seen a more beautiful day. "It was in that vernal season of the year when the air was calm and pleasant, and when it 'was an injury and a sullenness' against nature not to go out and partake of its rejoicings." On returning to my lodgings, there seemed to be no change in the appearance of matters in the city, though the Versailles troops had, in point of fact, entered Paris at the Porte de Versailles. In the evening I made a visit to some friends in the Rue Blanche. Returning about eleven o'clock, I walked the entire distance to my lodgings, and saw nothing unusual. I have seen accounts of the great terror and excitement that the entry of the government troops created in the city on Sunday evening; the ringing of bells and the beating of the *générale*, etc. That is all a mistake, particularly as applied to that hour. After midnight there certainly was something of the kind, but I neither saw nor heard anything unusual up to eleven o'clock that night. The only thing that attracted my attention was meeting with three National Guards with arms in their hands, at the corner of the Champs Elysées and Rue Bassano. They appeared to be lost, and stopped me to inquire what part of the city they were in. Afterward, however, I was satisfied that they were Communard soldiers trying to get out of the way. I retired a little before midnight and slept very soundly, for I had become so used to the sound of cannon that it did not disturb me in the least.

It was six o'clock on Monday morning, May 22d, when a friend came to my room and awakened me to tell me that the government troops were in the city, and that the tri-color was floating on the Arc de Triomphe. I dressed hurriedly, and went out to see for myself, as this great monument was but a short distance from where I was staying. When I beheld that proud ensign of France floating in the breeze I felt that Paris was saved, and that a terrible burden had been lifted from my shoulders. I then realized for myself what was the effect of the sight of a flag under such circumstances, and remembered what had once been told me by an old Galena friend. He was in the State of Mississippi when the Rebellion broke out, and had been ordered summarily to leave the country. He was fortunately enabled to reach a Mississippi steamboat on her way up the river. When nearing Cairo, the sight of the star-spangled banner burst upon him. "Never in the world," said he, "had I had such a feeling come over me as when I then beheld the American flag; not a star blotted out nor a stripe erased, the emblem of the glory and grandeur of the Republic."

After a cup of coffee I started for my legation and learned that some Versailles troops had passed down the Rue François Premier. The long looked-for had come at last. There had been great demoralization in the city and particularly among the National Guards; and it had seemed to me that if the government had made the attack with any energy its troops would certainly have been inside before that time. The fighting for a few days previous around the south side of the city had been very furious. The Fort de Vanves had been captured from the Communards a week before, and the Fort de Montrouge seemed to be at the end of its defence. The city had been held, not so much by the mil-

itary strength of the insurrectionists as by the failure of the attacking party to make a breach in the walls.

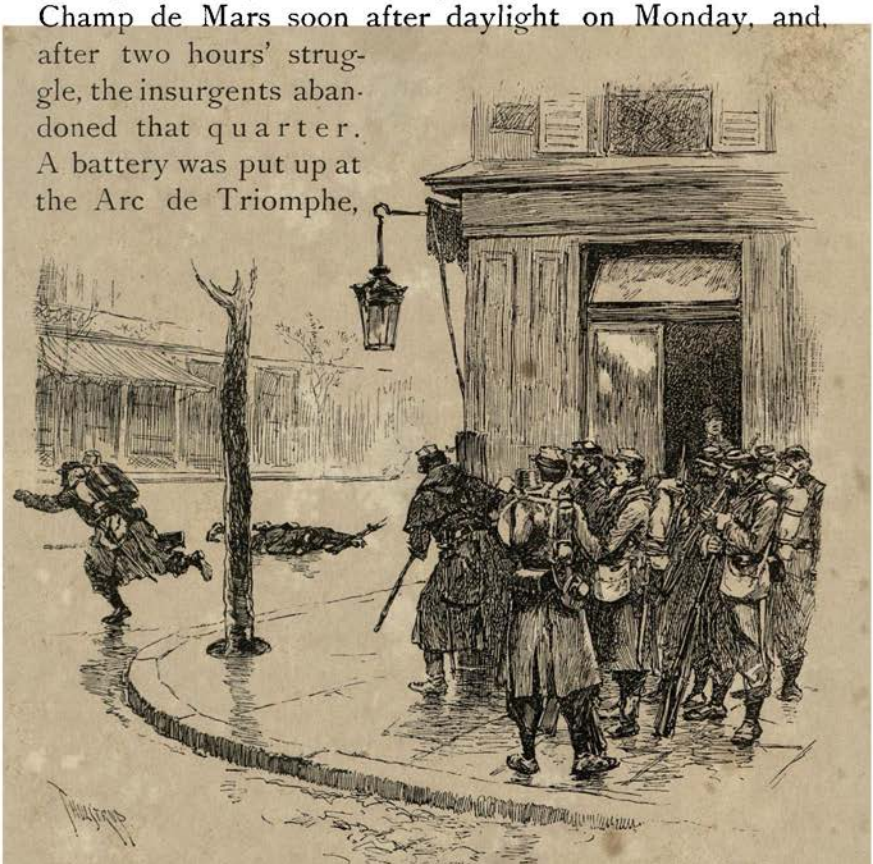
The 22d of May, 1871, will ever be considered an important day in the history of Paris and France. It was nine weeks and two days since the insurrection had broken out, and those weeks had run wearily on in the expectation that each week would be the last. It was a very serious thing for me to occupy the position that had devolved upon me for so many weeks and amid such constant and increasing responsibilities. It was at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding day that the first division of the army of the reserve commanded by General Vergé entered the gate of St. Cloud, which is on what is called the Route de Versailles. It was more by accident than anything else that the troops got in at that time. Having been advised that there was no large force to oppose them at that particular place and moment, they pressed forward, and, finding but little opposition, they were soon within the walls of Paris. The advance was very slow, for it was not known what military forces they would have to confront. Indeed, it turned out that, practically, there was nothing in the way of their going right into the heart of the city.

There were many men truly loyal and devoted to the government who remained in Paris during the Commune, for the reason that they had no place to go if they left the city, and for a further reason, that they desired to watch the progress of events. One of them was a man by the name of Ducatel, who belonged to the service of Engineers of Roads and Bridges, and who had been a soldier. Seeing the utter demoralization of the Communard troops, and that the way was open for the Versailles soldiers to enter the city, Ducatel hoisted a white handker-

chief as a signal to an officer in one of the government military posts near St. Cloud. The officer and Ducatel approached each other, and the latter told him that the entrance into Paris was easy; and, as a guarantee of his statement, he would give himself up to him. He then led the way over the ditch and was followed by several men, and they all soon found themselves inside the city. The few insurgents who were there lost no time in getting out of the way. Notice having been given, the firing from the forts at this point was soon stopped, and then it was that the division of General Vergé entered the gate at half-past three in the afternoon and took possession of the Point du Jour, having captured on their way several barricades. Ducatel then became the bearer of a flag of truce to the insurgents, who seized him, and, though suffering from a bayonet wound, carried him off to the École Militaire, tried him by a court-martial and condemned him to death. But he was rescued however, from death, by the sudden arrival of the Versailles troops at two o'clock the next morning (Monday).

The word soon passed along the defences that the troops had entered the city, carrying dismay to the Communards, who very suddenly left their positions to get into the city by the gates of Auteuil and Passy. When inside they took up a strong position in the streets of Passy. About the same time, toward four o'clock on the morning of Monday, General Douay, after a short struggle, captured the Château de la Muette, and there he found about six hundred Communards, who were trying to conceal themselves in that immense château. They were all taken prisoners. It was at the break-of-day on Monday, May 22d, that the tri-color floated over the Arc de Triomphe. There had been but very little fighting up to this time, and the advancing forces met

with but little loss. The Porte Dauphine, which was so near my residence, on the Avenue Joséphine, was taken during the night. A sharp fight took place at the Champ de Mars soon after daylight on Monday, and, after two hours' struggle, the insurgents abandoned that quarter. A battery was put up at the Arc de Triomphe,



Street Fighting.

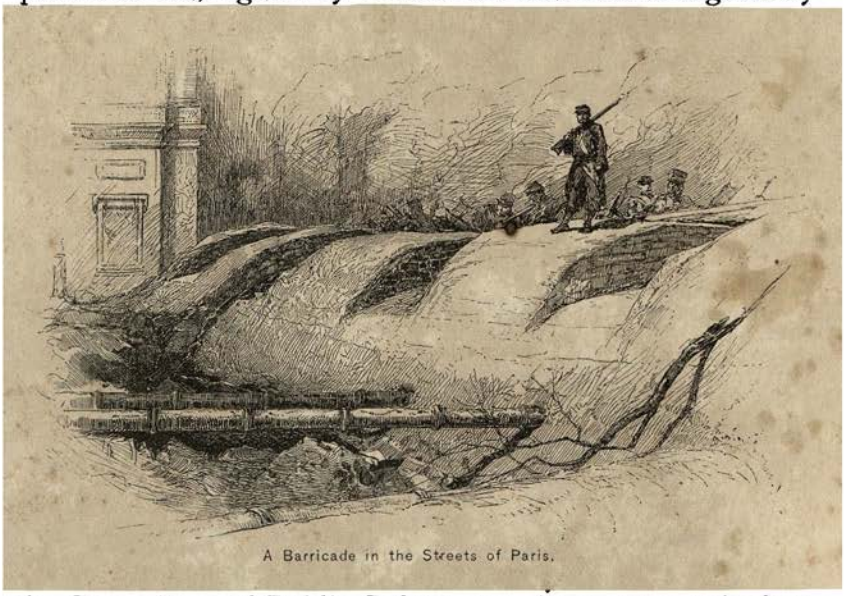
which swept over the Champs Elysées about the time I was taking my coffee at eight o'clock in the morning in the Rue Bassano. Soon a Communard battery at the Tuileries was shelling the Arc de Triomphe. Dombrowski, who was one of the military leaders of the Com-

mune, was killed at the Château de la Muette on Monday morning.

One of the most astonishing things to the Communards was, perhaps, the facility with which the barricades were captured. They had relied upon them and upon street fighting as a last resource. I well recollect the last conversation I ever had with Paschal Grousset at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs during the Commune. I had called upon him on some matter of business in company with my friend, Dr. Hosmer, who was at that time the accomplished correspondent of the New York Herald in Paris. I have already stated that the conversation turned upon the defences of the city, and Grousset, who was an excellent conversationalist, pictured to us the utter impossibility of Paris ever being taken by the Versailles troops, as the people were experts in barricade and street fighting and could hold out indefinitely against any attacking force. It did not take the government troops very long to show how little this talk amounted to ; but it must be said that the Communard troops fought with a desperation little dreamed of, and inflicted great injury upon their assailants.

It had been but too evident to Delescluze on Sunday, May 21st, that the crisis was approaching. He was at his headquarters day and night giving orders, signing commissions, and directing military operations. He was without sleep and worn down with fatigue, and was all this time acting in conjunction with the Committee of Public Safety, which sat in an adjoining room. Proclamations and decrees flew thick and fast. On this day Delescluze had issued a most furious proclamation to the people of Paris and to the National Guard. He said that they had had enough of militarism; they wanted no more embroidered stuffs with gilt at their seams.

They should make room for themselves by making room for the people, the real combatants, the bearers of arms. The hour of revolutionary war had struck. He implored the citizens to march to encounter the enemy, and to let their revolutionary energy prove that, while Paris might be sold, it could never be delivered up or conquered. This proclamation, signed by Delescluze and countersigned by



A Barricade in the Streets of Paris.

the Committee of Public Safety, was the most convincing sign that they considered the insurrection at bay.

On May 22d there was yet another proclamation of the Committee of Public Safety, announcing the entrance of the Versailles troops. It said:

Citizens! the gate of St. Cloud, attacked from four directions at once, was forcibly taken by the Versailles troops, who have become master of a portion of Paris. This reverse, far from discouraging us, should prove a stimulus to our exertions; a people who have dethroned kings, destroyed Bastilles and established a Republic, cannot lose in a day the fruits of the emancipation of the 18th of March.

Parisians ! The struggle we have commenced cannot be abandoned, for it is a struggle between the past and the future, between liberty and despotism, equality and monopoly, fraternity and servitude, the unity of nations and the egotism of oppressors.

To arms ! Yes, to arms ! Let Paris bristle with barricades, and from behind these improvised ramparts let her shout to her enemies the cry of war. Its cry of fierce defiance and victory, for Paris, with its barricades, is invincible !

Let the pavements of the streets be torn up : First, because the projectiles coming from the enemy are less dangerous falling upon soft ground. Second, because the paving stones, serving as a new means of defence, can be carried to the higher floors where there are balconies. Let revolutionary Paris, the Paris of great deeds, do her duty. The Communards and the Committee of Public Safety will do theirs.

To this proclamation Delescluze added his own orders as follows :

Citizen Jacques : I authorize you to find men and materials for the construction of barricades in the Rue du Château d'Eau and Rue Albouy. The citizens and citizenesses who refuse their aid will be shot on the spot. The citizens and chiefs of barricades are entrusted with the care of assuring tranquillity, each in his own quarter.

They are to inspect all houses which bear a suspicious appearance. The houses suspected are to be set fire to at the first signal given.

DELESCLUZE.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 23d, Raoul Rigault assisted at the murder of Chaudey, and even gave the word of command to his assassins. I shall subsequently describe this event more fully. On the previous day he had made all the arrangements for the assassination of Archbishop Darboy, and other hostages. I shall also review these outrages at length in another place. His activity in these moments in the work of blood was something amazing. He was everywhere, on the street, and in the *conciliabules* of assassins, and he little thought that the fate which he had prepared for others was so soon to overtake him.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 24th, Rigault went into the fifth arrondissement for the purpose of giving some orders to the National Guards of that quarter. He had rented a room on the Rue Gay Lussac, which was occupied by him under a false name, and which was inhabited by an actress. On this afternoon he wore the uniform of ex-Prefect of Police, but, finding that it attracted attention, he thought it best to retire to his hôtel. His uniform was seen by the soldiers and they followed him into the hôtel, where they soon found him. They then proposed to take him as a prisoner to the headquarters at the Luxembourg, but on their way they were met by a colonel of the staff, who inquired his name. Rigault, with a shout of defiance, cried, "*Vive la Commune!*" "*À bas les assassins!*" Advised that it was Raoul Rigault—this was enough for the soldiers, and they shot him down like a dog, on the street. There his dead body lay for hours. Men and women went up and kicked it, and spit in the face of the dead assassin. Such was the fitting end of the great leader of the Commune of Paris. An architect of murder, pillage and incendiarism, he was a cruel and blood-thirsty villain, not even linking one virtue to a thousand crimes, but left a name

> "At which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

There was no end to the infamous and bloody decrees which Rigault and his associated murderers had adopted. It is almost impossible to conceive of the state of things which existed during this reign of the Commune. Fortune, business, public and private credit, industry, labor, financial enterprise, were all buried in one common grave, and there was everywhere devastation, desolation and ruin. All the gold and silver found in the churches, and

all the plate belonging to the government, found in the different ministries, were seized by the Commune and converted into coin. The Catholic clergy were hunted down and the priests were openly placarded as thieves. Pillage, under the name of "perquisitions," was the order of the day. All the churches were closed or converted into club houses. All the able-bodied men were pressed into the service of the Commune, and the whole city was searched for men and arms. If a door was not opened it was forced by a locksmith, who accompanied the guard, and if a man was found able to do military duty he was dragged away.

The supremacy of the Commune was the continuation of every outrage, robbery, murder, plunder, imprisonment, and every species of persecution. Private residences were entered and robbed. Whenever a German was found he was instantly seized and thrust into prison, only to be released by the Communards upon a peremptory demand made by me. And it was a proud reflection for Americans that, during all these days of horror and crime and blood, the starry ensign of our own Republic was everywhere the ægis of protection and safety. I was constantly about the city during the whole reign of the Commune, but I was never interfered with nor was ever an affront offered to my person. My private secretary, Mr. McKean, was busy everywhere, and he showed a degree of capacity, of good judgment and fearlessness above all praise. Going through the prisons and in interviews with the Commune authorities, he was always treated with the utmost respect. I know no man who saw as much of the Commune, or as much of its leaders as Mr. McKean, and he made interesting reports to me every day of the men he had met and what had taken place between them. He was at different times on inti-

mate terms with Delescluze, Paschal Grousset, Assi, Courbet, Cluseret, Rossel and others who ruled, oppressed, robbed and burned the great city.

The military organization of the city was as loose as possible; and although the Versailles troops had passed the *enceinte* before four o'clock P.M., May 21st, yet it was not known in the city until after midnight, when the Communard authorities were fully advised of what had happened. And then it was, when it became too late, that there was "hurrying to and fro;" the tocsin was sounded all over the city, the *générale* was beaten, and the orderlies dashed furiously in every direction; but all to no practical purpose. The forces of the National Guard in the neighborhood became completely demoralized and began to retreat hastily before the advancing forces, which were entering into the city by the Porte de St. Cloud. The consequence was, that the Communards who had been guarding the *enceinte* and all the gates, from the Porte St. Cloud to the Porte des Ternes, found themselves taken in the rear, and by four o'clock Monday morning they had abandoned all their positions and fled to the interior of the city. The gates of Auteuil, Passy, and La Muette, being then left undefended, the troops of the line began pouring in through all of them. It was not long before the head of one column of the Versailles troops advanced into the city and passed along the right bank of the Seine, on the Cours la Reine, and cautiously marched toward the Place de la Concorde. At the same time another column crossed the Champs Elysées near the Arc de Triomphe and passed down by the Avenue de Friedland to the Rue St. Honoré. At this time the insurgents had a formidable battery on the heights of Montmartre. As soon as it was known that

the Versailles troops were in the city, this battery began shelling the Place de l'Etoile. By this time I had reached my legation, was fairly seated at my work, and had commenced dictating a despatch to one of my secretaries. The shells soon began falling in the immediate neighborhood of the legation, but, fortunately, we received no damage. There were heavy defences about the Place de la Concorde, and as the attack of the Versailles troops was not pressed with much vigor, they gained but very little ground. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the invading troops having got possession of all that part of the city in which my legation was situated, I invited a friend to take a ride with me along those portions of the ramparts commanded by Mont Valérien.

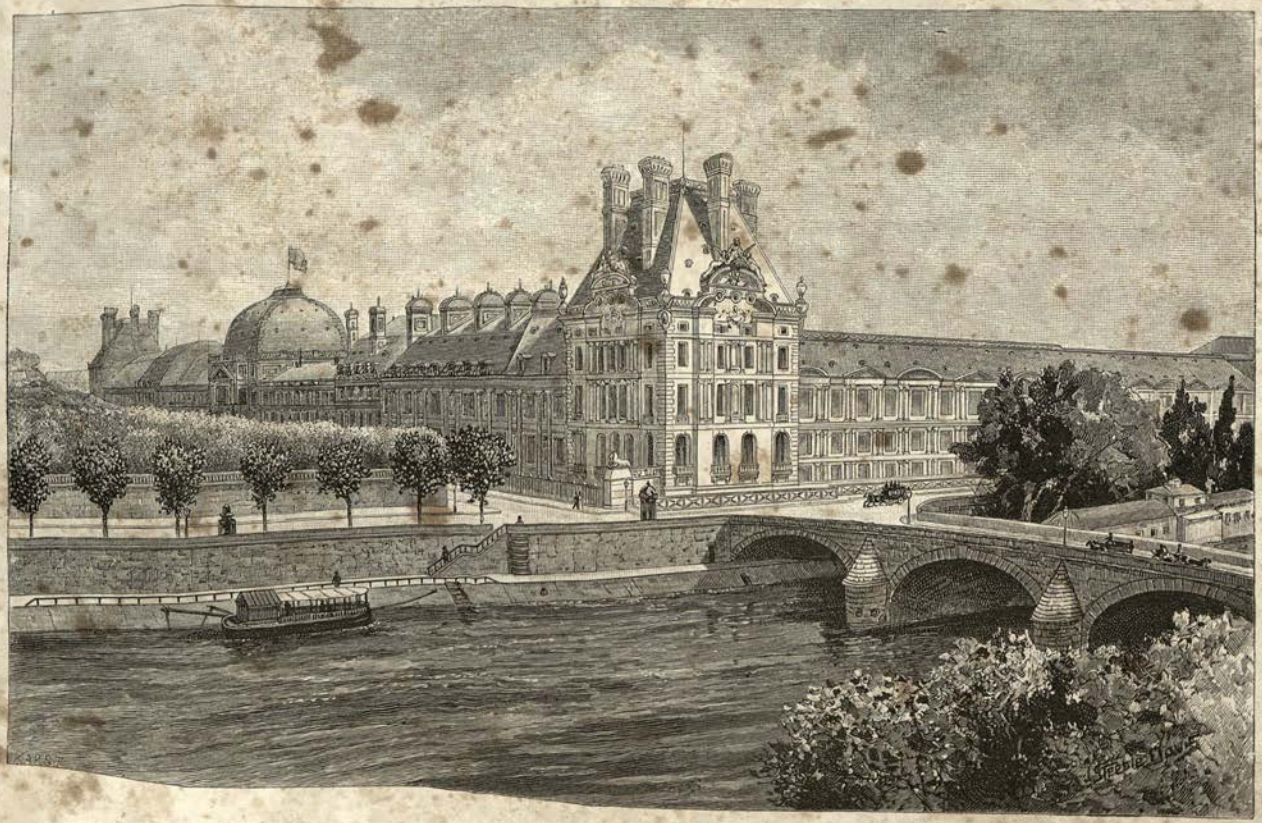
We passed around by the Porte Dauphine (which was very near my residence) to the Porte de St. Cloud. I had not been at my house for two weeks, but I found it very little injured. Two pieces of shell had entered, but, besides the breaking of considerable glass, there was no material damage. Some houses in the vicinity received more shells than mine, and several of them had been pillaged. My servants had continued to live in the cellar, where they had considered themselves very safe, and were enabled to keep out the National Guard.

In going from the Porte Dauphine, which had not been very severely bombarded, to the Porte de St. Cloud, we passed the gates of La Muette, Passy and Auteuil. Breaches had been made in all of them and the destruction of property in the *enceinte* was immense. Nothing could live under the terrible fire of Mont Valérien and Montretout. Military men told me that the battery of Montretout was the most terrible the world had ever seen. Never could I have conceived of such a "wreck of matter." Guns dismounted, their carriages

torn to pieces, barricades levelled and buildings entirely demolished. We saw along the line of the ramparts many dead bodies of the National Guards. Returning from the Point du Jour we saw additional troops going in, and the streets of Passy were crowded with them. It was supposed there would be one hundred thousand troops of the line within the city before morning. As they advanced, driving all the Communards before them, they were received with unbounded joy by the few people remaining. The citizens were especially congratulating each other that they were at last delivered from the oppression and terror of the last two months.

Late in the afternoon of Monday, May 22d, Marshal MacMahon, who had command of all the government forces, entered Paris and established his headquarters at Passy. In the evening I rode out to see him to advise him of what I knew in relation to Archbishop Darboy, and to express the hope that the government troops might yet be enabled to save him. The interview was anything but reassuring to me, and I left the headquarters of the marshal feeling that the fate of the Archbishop was sealed. Indeed, it turned out that before this time he had been removed from Mazas to the prison of La Roquette, preliminary to his assassination.

The night of Monday and Tuesday, May 22d and 23d, was a frightful one; the firing continued all the time. Shells from the Communard battery on Montmartre were continually falling in our quarter, but it was remarkable how little the damage had been. After I reached the legation Tuesday morning, I mounted to the top of the legation building in order to get a view from that eminence. With the aid of a glass, we could distinctly see the red flag, which had become the emblem of assassination, pillage, anarchy, and disorder, still flying from



THE TUILERIES

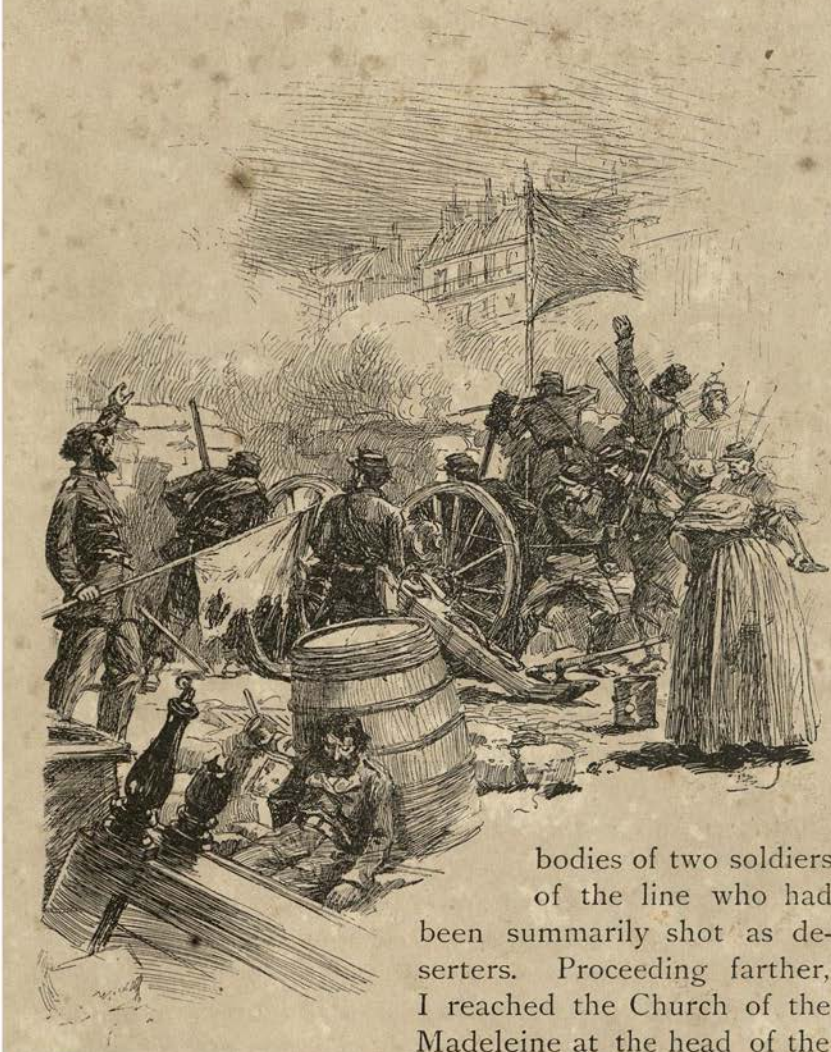
the Tuileries, and from the Ministry of the Marine. It was but too evident that the Communards were making desperate resistance.

At noon on May 23d, I started off a messenger to London with a despatch to be forwarded from there to my government at Washington. In that despatch I said: "Desperate fighting for thirty-six hours; still continues. Versailles gains ground slowly, but surely." That day the battle raged with unparalleled fury in the central portion of the city. At half past five or six in the afternoon, it was evident that an immense fire had broken out at the Chancellerie of the Légion d'Honneur. Soon we saw the smoke rising in other parts of the city, which showed but too plainly that the Communards had begun to carry out their threats of a general conflagration.

At one o'clock on the morning of May 24th I was awakened by a friend who told me that the Tuileries were all in flames. I immediately hurried to my legation, and sought a position on the roof of the building which gave me a complete view of the fire. It was a starlight night, calm and beautiful. An insurgent battery which had been shelling our part of the city was still sending its bombs into the immediate neighborhood of our legation every fifteen minutes. The roar of other cannon, the *crépitement* of the mitrailleuses and the sharp rattling of the chassepôts, fell upon the stillness of the night. The lurid flames rising over the burning city lighted up half the heavens, and a more terrible scene was hardly ever witnessed. To the fire at the Tuileries were added other conflagrations; the Ministry of Finance, the buildings on the Rue Royale, and other fires, which appeared to have just broken out. At one time it seemed to us, who were watching the progress of the conflagration, that the Hôtel des Invalides was certainly on fire, but as the night wore

on daylight disclosed its gilded dome intact, and we saw, to our intense gratification, that the fire was a short distance beyond, in the same direction.

At five in the morning of the 24th I sent a special messenger to Versailles with a telegraphic despatch to my government, giving an account of what had taken place up to that very moment. After this I returned to my lodgings, and remained there until I had taken my morning coffee. I returned again to the legation at nine o'clock, and heard that the Versailles troops had captured the strong position at the Place de la Concorde and the Place Vendôme. I at once took my carriage and proceeded in that direction, passing down the Boulevard Haussmann to the Place St. Augustin, and the Caserne de la Pépinière. The insurgents occupied the Caserne, and it took about two hours to drive them out. Strong barricades had been erected at the foot of the Boulevard Malesherbes, behind the Church of the Madeleine. At the junction of several streets in this neighborhood, the insurgents had other strong barricades; in fact, the key of their position was there, for, if the troops could pass that point, they could easily take the barricades on the Rue Royale, and the Rue de Rivoli and the Place Vendôme in the rear. And here the most desperate fighting took place for a period of nearly thirty-six hours. The neighborhood presented a very frightful appearance that morning. The sidewalks of the splendid Boulevard Malesherbes were filled with horses, baggage-wagons, and artillery carriages. The houses had been more or less torn with shot and shell; the trees were all cut to pieces by the fire of the artillery and musketry, and their branches filled the streets. A dead soldier of the National Guard was lying near by in the excavation for a cellar. In a small open space in the next street were the dead



Desperate Fighting at the Barricades.

bodies of two soldiers of the line who had been summarily shot as deserters. Proceeding farther, I reached the Church of the Madeleine at the head of the Rue Royale; many of the buildings of that great thoroughfare were in flames, and others seemed literally to have been torn in pieces by the fire of the artillery. Going farther up the Boulevard des Capucines, I found

many of the buildings riddled, and upon the sidewalk was a dead National Guard; in a side street, a short distance from there, I saw yet another dead body of an insurgent. People passing by looked on them with apparent satisfaction. I continued on to the Place Vendôme, which had been evacuated during the night, and for the first time saw the world-renowned Column Vendôme, as it lay in the position in which it had fallen. The insurgents had no time to remove the bronze, which was afterward made use of by the government in its restoration. The Place de la Concorde was evacuated at the same time. The insurgents retreated in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville and up the Rue de La Fayette. From the Place Vendôme I went to the Rue de Rivoli, and proceeded cautiously toward the Tuileries under the Arcade. The Tuileries were still burning, and the flames were bursting out in a part of the building where they had not before reached. It seemed at that moment that it would be impossible to save the Louvre, but, most fortunately, some government troops reached that point in season to save the palace with all its treasures of art and historical interest. I returned to my legation about noon. During the afternoon we could distinctly see fires raging in many directions.

The night of the 24th and 25th of May was one of fire and battle and burnings, throughout, and when morning came the fires were still raging. The great Hôtel de Ville, with all its traditions and souvenirs of history, existed no longer. The Cour des Comptes, the Court of Cassation, the Préfecture of Police, and the celebrated old prison of the Conciergerie had shared the same fate. All had been the work of organized incendiaries; the insurrectionists had surely done everything in their power to destroy Paris. If the entry of the troops had been de-

layed much longer, this destruction would certainly have been completed. The Commune had already made "perquisitions" for all of the petroleum in the city, and had prepared petroleum-boxes and other means of firing the city. Bands of men, women and children were organized to do this diabolical work. During two days, immense numbers of such persons had been detected in distributing these boxes, and in every case, the most summary vengeance had been inflicted upon them, without regard to sex, age or condition. One of the employés of my legation counted on that afternoon in the Avenue d'Antin the dead bodies of eight children, the oldest not more than fourteen years of age, who in distributing these incendiary boxes had been shot on the spot. The state of feeling in Paris at this time was beyond description. Passing events had filled the whole population opposed to the Commune with horror and rage. Arrests were made by the government authorities by the wholesale. The innocent and the guilty were alike embraced.

On the afternoon of the 25th I went down into the heart of the city to see for myself what was the progress of events. Very little had been done toward putting matters into order in those parts of the city which had been already captured from the insurgents. The fire was still raging in the Rue Royale. The Ministry of Finance was completely consumed, with every record and paper,—a loss that was utterly incalculable. The insurgents having been driven from the Place de la Bastille, I was enabled to go much farther out than I did the day before. I passed up the Rue de Rivoli by the smoking ruins of the Tuileries, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing for myself that the Louvre, with all its untold and incalculable treasures, had been saved. As I

continued up the Rue Royale, it seemed as if I were following in the track of an army. Reaching the Hôtel de Ville, I found all the appearance of an intrenched camp. Immense barricades had been erected on every street leading into the square. But I am told that the insurgents abandoned it without resistance, finding themselves on the point of being hemmed in; but, before leaving, they applied the torch to that pile, so interwoven with the history of Paris and all France, and the pride of all Frenchmen for centuries gone by. Now there was nothing but a mass of smouldering ruins. Two squares of magnificent buildings near the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville had also been destroyed. There was a regiment of troops of the line on the quay, but scarcely another soul was to be seen in the entire neighborhood.

Eight dead bodies of insurgents, partly consumed by fire, lay on the ground right in front of what was the main entrance to the building, and they presented a most horrible appearance; indeed, there were sad sights on every hand. On my return to my legation I passed the Place de l'Opéra on my way, and I do not recollect a worse sight than that which there presented itself. I saw some five hundred prisoners, men, women and children, who had been arrested, indiscriminately, in some of the worst parts of the city, and who were being marched out to Versailles. There was a squad of cavalry marching both in front and rear of them and troops of the line on either side. I must say they were the most sinister and hideous-looking persons that I had ever seen in the whole course of my life. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the sight of these prisoners excited the people to the highest pitch of wrath and indignation, and every opprobrious epithet was being heaped upon them. The escort alone prevented violence from being inflicted

upon them at almost every step. Indeed, I saw a well-dressed woman deliberately leave her escort and walk toward the prisoners and inflict many blows, on some of the women. The rage seemed to be greater against the women than against the men, for, in reality, they were the worse of the two. An officer told me that the order was to shoot every man taken in arms against the government. I could not vouch for the truth of what he told me, but I do know that large numbers of members of the National Guard and many others were summarily executed.

At this time I had great fears that the Prussian Embassy might be burned. Word had been conveyed to me during the morning that suspicious looking persons were lurking about the premises. I immediately addressed a note to Marshal MacMahon, advising him of my apprehensions and asking him to detail a guard to protect the building. He answered me promptly that my request had been complied with.

With considerable satisfaction I wrote to my government that, during all the horrible scenes in Paris within the last ten weeks, no material damage had been done to the property of the Americans, or to the property of the Germans with whose interests I had been charged. Some few Americans had been arrested, but all were immediately released on my application. The number of Germans and Alsatians whose release from prison I had obtained was quite large. Among the number were the four German nuns, who had been seized at the convent of Picpus. I do not know that I was ever more touched by anything during the progress of these events than I was in being called upon by eleven nuns, among them these four, who, after being set at liberty, came to the legation in a body to thank me for my intervention in their be-

half. They were profuse in tendering to me their obligations for having saved them from violence, if not from assassination. I was enabled very soon to send them safely out of the city.

What I feared most during the Commune was the robbing of our countrymen under pretext of taxes. Many demands for taxes had been made upon Americans, and many of my compatriots came to me in great trepidation to know what they should do. I told all who consulted me on the subject to deny the authority of the Commune to levy any taxes, and not to pay any. However, the machinery for collecting these taxes had just been made ready, and on May 25th it was to be put in operation. Armed with mandates from the Committee of Public Safety, the National Guards were to go everywhere and demand the payment of a certain sum as a tax on all apartments, houses, business establishments, etc. If the demands were not met by the proprietor, or, in his absence, his agent having charge of his business, the most valuable things were to be seized and carried off. The entry of the Versailles troops on the 22d was just in time to prevent that organized pillage.

The only newspaper published in Paris after the entry of the troops on Sunday, May 21st, was a meagre half sheet called La Vérité. No paper appeared at all on the 24th except a little sheet called The Constitution, which came out in the evening. There was no omnibus running in the whole city, and it was almost impossible to find a cab. No persons, except such as had a diplomatic character, or their bearers of despatches, were allowed to leave Paris.

What took place in the days of July, 1830, when Charles

X. was overthrown, and the days of February, 1848, when Louis Philippe was driven out of France, and the subsequent days of June, the same year, are hardly to be compared with the events of that week beginning May 22d. The fighting was long, desperate and persistent. The insurgents fought at every step with the fury of despair. It is but just to say that the government troops everywhere displayed great bravery, and never recoiled before the formidable and deadly barricades of the insurgents. They everywhere exhibited the spirit of the old French army. That great city of two millions of people was a veritable battle-field for seven days. I watched the progress of this desperate contest almost from hour to hour, and was familiar with most of the horrible incidents which accompanied it. As the end was being neared the fighting became more terrible and bloody. There were musketry firing, fights with swords, and bayonet charges, all carried on with equal fury on both sides. In many cases the National Guards, refusing to surrender, were hewn down behind the barricades. Nothing could exceed the fury, the courage and the desperation of the insurgents, who fought until their last round of ammunition was exhausted. As the contest closed in upon them the Communards sought every means of escape. Many thought they could retreat by the Prussian lines; but all passage was refused them, and they were left no resource but absolute surrender.

The desperate hand-to-hand and street-to-street fights in the city had exasperated the regular army to the highest degree, and there was naturally a feeling of vengeance among the loyal people, who for so long a time had been persecuted, assaulted and robbed by the Communards in every part of the captured city. To point out a man as a Communard was almost certain death,

and that there were a great many innocent people killed there can be but very little doubt.

On the afternoon of Sunday, May 28th, while at my lodgings, a gentleman was enabled to bring me intelligence that an American lady, Miss Herring, the keeper of a private boarding-house on the Boulevard Haussmann, had been arrested, and that it was urgent that I should take some steps for her immediate release. I immediately rode down to her house and reached there about five o'clock in the afternoon. I found that there had been great excitement in the immediate neighborhood, which arose from an incident which had occurred that afternoon. Miss Herring was not in the house at the time, and it was said that she and two of her boarders, Mr. and Mrs. Crane, of New York, had gone out. It was during their absence that it was alleged that a shot had been fired from the building. The cry immediately went up in the crowd that this fire came from Communards who were concealed in the house. On their return to the house they found it in the possession of soldiers and surrounded by a mob. When I arrived there I found that the crowd had partly dispersed and that a "perquisition" was being made in the house. Nothing, of course, was found, and indeed no shot had been fired from the place. The officer to whom I applied, and to whom I made explanations in respect to Miss Herring, at once saw that he had been made the victim of a false report, and immediately discharged the lady from arrest. When Mrs. Crane returned to her lodgings with Miss Herring, she left her little child with the nurse, in the adjoining street. The crowd having partly dispersed, the father of Mrs. Crane, Mr. Carter, an American merchant, went there to bring home the young child and the nurse. Descending from Miss Herring's boarding-house to return to my lodgings,

I observed in the street, a short distance away, a very large crowd uttering vociferations and yells, and approaching the place where I stood. To my utter amazement I saw that this mob had fallen upon Mr. Carter, and were crying "*À mort! À mort!*" (To death! To death!) Fortunately for him, some officers near by sprang to his rescue and saved him from an immediate and terrible death. While this was going on he was separated from the nurse and his grandchild. When the daughter saw her father barely escaping with his life from the mob, without bringing the child, she naturally became almost frantic, and, with a courage belonging only to a mother, she seized an officer by the arm and marched with him directly into the mob. In a few minutes, to our inexpressible joy, we saw her return with the child in her arms and followed by the nurse. I mention this as one of the many instances which were happening every day, and almost every hour of the day, and which exhibited the inhuman and devilish spirit which prevailed.

On the same afternoon, May 28th, M. Thiers, Chief of the Executive Power, issued a proclamation, announcing the successful operations in Paris, and complimenting the army for the bravery that had been displayed. He said that on entering La Roquette, the lives of one hundred and sixty-nine hostages, who were about to be shot, had been saved, and announced with grief that the insurgents had found time to shoot sixty-four, among whom were the Archbishop of Paris, the Abbé Deguerry, President Bonjean, and a number of other worthy men. "After," said he, "having murdered during these last days the generous Chaudey, a heart full of goodness and a sincere republican, whom could they spare?"

On the same day General MacMahon issued the following proclamation:

Inhabitants of Paris! The army of France came to save you! Paris is delivered! Our soldiers carried, at four o'clock, the last positions occupied by the insurgents! To-day the struggle is finished! Our labor and security will now revive.

Later, the following order of the day was issued by him:

Soldiers and sailors: Your courage and devotion have triumphed over all obstacles. After a siege of two months, and after a battle of eight days in the streets, Paris is delivered. In tearing this city from the hands of the wretches who projected burning it to ashes, you have preserved it from ruin. You have given it back to France. The entire country applauds the success of your patriotic efforts and the National Assembly, by which it is represented, has accorded you the recompense most worthy of you.

After an insurrection of seventy-one days, such as had never been known in the annals of civilization, Paris was thus finally delivered. The last positions held in the city by the Communard troops were captured at four o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, May 28th. Some of the insurgent troops had gone into the Fort of Vincennes, but, being surrounded by General Vinoy's soldiers, they surrendered unconditionally on Monday, May 29th.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ASSASSINATION OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

A Detailed Account of his Arrest and Imprisonment—His Seizure as a Hostage—The Intervention of the American Minister Asked—A Visit to the Prison of Mazas—The Archbishop's Cheerfulness in Adversity—Fruitless Efforts to Effect his Exchange for Blanqui—His Fate Decided by the Communist Leaders—Scenes at his Execution—An Imposing Funeral—A hand-to-hand Fight in La Roquette.

THE reign of the Commune of Paris, pursuing its career of murder, pillage, blasphemy, and terror, went out finally in blood and flame. The incredible enormities of that reign, the massacre of the Archbishop, and the commission of many other outrageous murders of persons who refused to join in this fiendish work; the horrible and well-organized plans of incendiarism, designed to destroy the entire city, which resulted in the destruction of so many great monuments of Paris—these are crimes which must excite eternal execration.

Of one of these, the arrest and assassination of Archbishop Darboy, my position gave me a special knowledge, and I shall now describe it in detail, going back to the beginning of the story.

It was from the fact that I was the only minister of any power who remained in Paris during the days of the Commune that I was brought into relations with the Archbishop of Paris. Up to this time I had known him only by general reputation, and as a man eminently beloved by all who knew him, sincerely devoted to the

interests of his church, and distinguished for his benevolence and kindness of heart. When I heard of his arrest by the Commune, on one of the early days of April, I considered it among the most threatening events that had taken place. Yet it was hardly possible to suppose that any injury could come to a man like Archbishop Darboy.

The bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault had signalized his brutality after reaching almost supreme power in the Commune by ordering the arrest of the Archbishop. The order was in these words: "Order the arrest of citizen Darboy (Georges), calling himself Archbishop of Paris," and, on the 4th of April, the Archbishop was arrested at his residence, the Palace of the Archbishop. The agents of the Commune, in making this arrest, told him that they took him simply as a "hostage," and that they wished to treat him with all the respect due to his rank, and that he would be permitted to have his servant with him. They transported him from his residence to the Préfecture of the Police in his own carriage, but when once in prison, instead of receiving the respect due to his rank, he was treated like a vulgar criminal. He was soon removed from the prison of the Préfecture of Police to Mazas, in an ordinary prison carriage. When once in his cell the isolation of the Archbishop became complete. He received no news, he heard nothing from the outside, and saw no persons, not even his fellow-prisoners. Shut up in his dreary cell, in the whirl of the terrible events then passing, it should not be wondered at that I temporarily lost sight of him. But on April 18th, the Pope's Nuncio, Flavius Chigi, wrote me a confidential communication, asking me to receive kindly four ecclesiastical canons of the Metropolitan Church of Paris, who would come to me to claim my protection in favor of

their Archbishop, from the insurgents of Paris; and he asked to be permitted to join his prayers to those of the good canons, and to assure me of his great gratitude for all that I thought I might do in endeavoring, at least, to prevent any danger coming to the life of Monseigneur Darboy. This communication was borne to me by the canons, and they made to me a very strong appeal in behalf of the Archbishop. They said that the sad events that were passing in Paris could not have failed to attract my attention. Among other deplorable excesses to which civil war had given birth in the unhappy city of Paris was the arrest of Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and of the two principal members of the clergy. Relying upon the good relations which existed between the Government of the United States and their country, they, the canons of the Metropolitan Chapter of the Church of Paris, took the liberty of asking me to interpose my good offices in such a manner as I should deem best, to obtain the deliverance of their Archbishop, as soon as possible, from one of the greatest insults that he had ever received, that the cause of humanity and civilization might cease to suffer in his person, so devoutly respected for his dignity and merits. No political object was, the canons stated, connected with that step, and

Archbishop Darboy.

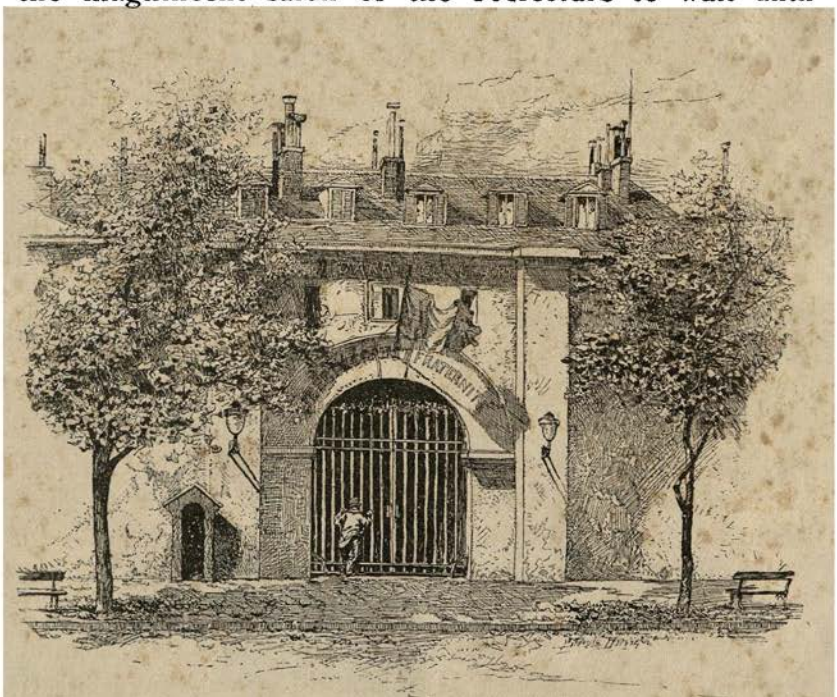
they placed it solely on the ground of the laws of nations. Sympathy with such undeserved treatment could not fail to inspire them to dare to hope that I would receive their petition favorably, and do all that they desired. This was signed by four dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

Visiting Versailles on April 22d, I called upon the Pope's Nuncio to talk with him in relation to the case of the Archbishop. The outrage in arresting that most devout and excellent man and confining him (*au secret*) in prison could not but have created a great sensation, particularly in the Catholic world. I fully sympathized with the Nuncio and the gentlemen who had addressed me in respect to it, and had no hesitation in telling the Nuncio that I was at his disposal to do everything in my power, of course unofficially, to secure the release of the Archbishop. I assumed that I should only be conforming to the policy of our government, as illustrated in like circumstances, by complying with the request, in the hope that I might be able to ameliorate the condition of the prisoner. I returned from Versailles to Paris on the evening of April 22d, fully determined to act in the matter. The first thing I did, after reaching my house, was to send a messenger to General Cluseret, the Commune's Minister of War, to make an appointment to see him at 10 o'clock the next morning (Sunday). My messenger returned, saying that he had found Cluseret, who treated him very kindly, and had asked him to request me to call upon him at the Ministry of War at the hour named. Taking with me my private secretary, I reached the Ministry of War promptly, where I found Cluseret occupying a desk which had previously been occupied by the regular Minister of War of the government. I had known him quite well, and he received me very kindly. I then

stated to him the object of my visit, saying that I did not call upon him in my diplomatic capacity, but simply as a private person, in the interest of good feeling and humanity, to see if it were not possible to have the Archbishop released from prison. I said that the incarceration of such a man, under the pretext of holding him as a hostage, was an outrage, and that the Commune, in its own interest, should at once release him. He answered that it was not a matter within his jurisdiction, and however much he would like to see the Archbishop released, he thought, in consideration of the state of affairs then in Paris, it would be useless to take any steps in that direction. The people would never permit the release, and if he (Cluseret) should attempt to intervene in his behalf, it would not only render the situation of the Archbishop more deplorable, but it would be fatal to him (Cluseret). Indeed, I very much doubted myself whether the Commune would dare, in the excited state of feeling at that moment, to release the Archbishop; but I told General Cluseret, that I must see him and ascertain his real situation, the condition of his health, and whether he was in want of anything. He replied that he could see no objection to that, but said that it was necessary to get a permission from the Procurer of the Commune, Raoul Rigault, and suggested that he should go with me himself to see the latter at the Préfecture of the Police. We at once descended the gilded staircase into the courtyard, where we found his splendid coupé and driver in livery awaiting us. He invited me to take a seat with him in his coupé, while my secretary followed in my own.

In reaching the apartment occupied by Rigault, we had to traverse the crooked and dirty alleys of the horrid old prison of the Préfecture, all filled with the brigand Na-

tional Guard. Recognizing the Minister of War, they saluted him with the touch of the *képi*, and we passed unmolested. Demanding to see Rigault, though it was now eleven o'clock, we were told that he was not yet up. My private secretary and myself were then ushered into the magnificent salon of the Préfecture to wait until



The Prison of Mazas.

Cluseret should have had an interview with the Procurer of the Commune in bed. While we were waiting we saw the servants preparing for the mid-day breakfast in the beautiful dining-hall adjoining the salon. I should think the table was set for at least thirty covers, and presented that elegant appearance which belongs to the second breakfast in all well-to-do households in Paris. It was

fully half an hour before Cluseret returned, and he brought with him a document in the handwriting of Rigault containing the desired permission.

Armed with this unquestionable authority, my private secretary and myself immediately started for the prison of Mazas, where we were admitted without difficulty and treated with every consideration by the guardians. Their callous hearts seemed to have been softened toward the Archbishop, and they appeared glad to welcome us as his friends. As a special favor we were permitted to enter into his gloomy and naked little cell. He had been in prison more than two weeks, and had seen no person except the jailors, and he was utterly ignorant of what had been done during his imprisonment. He seemed delighted to see me, and I was deeply touched by the appearance of the venerable prelate. With his slender person, his form somewhat bent, his long beard (for he apparently had not been shaved since his confinement), his face haggard with ill-health, he could not have failed to move the most indifferent observer. I told him what the object of my visit was, and he at once entered upon an explanation of his situation. I was struck with his cheerful spirit and captivated with his interesting conversation. He was one of the most charming and agreeable of men, and was beloved alike by the rich and poor. He had spent his whole life in acts of charity and benevolence, and was particularly distinguished for his liberal and catholic spirit. The cruelty of his position and prescience of his coming fate had not changed the sweetness of his disposition or the serenity of his temper. No words of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors escaped his lips, but he seemed desirous rather to make excuses for the people of Paris, to whom he had been allied by so many ties during his whole life. He said he

was patiently awaiting the logic of events and praying that Providence might find a solution to the terrible troubles in Paris without the further shedding of blood; and he added, in a tone of melancholy, the accents of which will never be effaced from my memory: "I have no fear of death; it costs but little to die; I am ready. That which distresses me is the fear of what will come to the other prisoners—the drunken men, the cries of death, the knife, the hatchet, the bayonet."

I found him confined in a cell about six feet by ten—possibly a little larger—which had the ordinary furniture of the Mazas prison: a wooden chair, a small wooden table, and a prison bed. The cell was lighted by one small window. As a political prisoner he was permitted to have his food brought to him from outside the prison, and in answer to my suggestion that I would be glad to send him anything he might desire, and furnish him all the money he might want, he said he was not in need at that time. We were the only persons that he had seen from the outside world since his imprisonment. He had not even been permitted to see the newspapers, or have any intelligence whatever of passing events. Before leaving the prison I made application to be allowed to send him newspapers and other reading matter, and told him that I should avail myself of the permission granted to visit him often in order that I might alleviate his situation if possible. From my conversation with him, and from all I saw, and from all I knew in respect to the Commune, I could not conceal from myself the real danger that he was in, and I hoped, more and more strongly, that I might be instrumental in saving him from the fate that seemed to threaten him. Soon after my first visit to the Archbishop, the 23d of April, he addressed me the following note:

prie Son Excellence
Monsieur le Ministre des
Etats Unis d'agréer l'hommage
de mes sentiments respectueux
et de vouloir bien faire
parvenir à Versailles la
lettre ci-incluse.
L'adresse de M. La Garde,
si le représentant de S. Exc.
ne l'a pas, se trouverait
soit chez le Nonce soit a
l'évêché de Versailles.

28 Avril 71.

† G.

Fac-simile of a Note from Archbishop Darboy to Mr. Washburne.

On the 25th of April the Nuncio, who had then taken up his residence at Versailles, addressed me the following confidential note:

'SIR AND DEAR COLLEAGUE: Truly I do not know how to thank you for all that you have had the kindness to do to aid the worthy Archbishop of Paris. You have done more than I could have hoped, notwithstanding the confidence with which I was inspired, knowing the sentiments of humanity and of pity in your heart, and the generous

nation you represent so worthily in France; and I am sure that the steps you will take with the men in whose hands lies the fate of the Archbishop, will not fail to produce the most favorable results which it is possible to hope for under present circumstances.

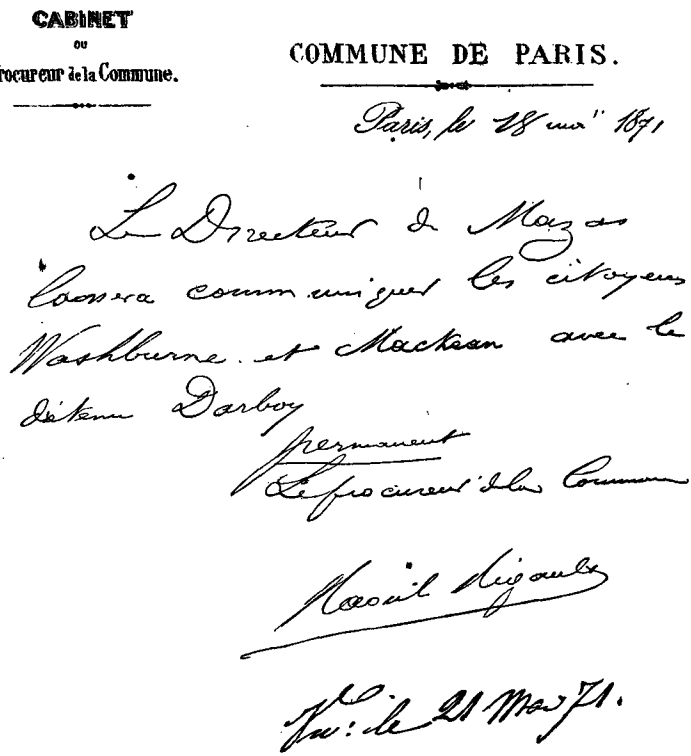
Colonel Hoffman has informed me that you will soon be at Versailles, and I have begged him to inform me of your arrival, that I may, without delay, call to express to you all my gratitude, and the distinguished and affectionate consideration with which I am

FLAVIUS CHIGI,
*Archbishop of Mira, Apostolic Nuncio.*

The permission given me by Raoul Rigault to see the Archbishop having been annulled by a general order to revoke all permissions given to anybody to see any prisoners, I was obliged to procure another and special permit for this purpose. On May 18th, therefore, I sent my private secretary to Raoul Rigault to obtain such a permit. He reported to me that he found Raoul Rigault very much indisposed to give what I desired, but he insisted so strongly that he finally sat down and, with his own hand, wrote a permission, a fac-simile of which is given on the next page.

This is a cynical and characteristic document, and there are no words wasted. Mr. McKean was my private secretary. I was not designated as Minister of the United States, but am styled "Citizen Washburne," and the Archbishop is simply described as the "prisoner (*détenu*) Darboy." The first use I made of this permit was on May 21st, as will be seen by the indorsement of the date made by the guardian of the prison. ("Seen May 21, 1871.") The permit, of course, enabled me to enter the prison. I no sooner got inside than I saw there was a great change in affairs. The old guardians whom I had often seen there were not present, but all were new men, and apparently of the worst character, who seemed displeased to see me. They were a little drunk, and were

disputing each other's authority. I asked to see the Archbishop, and expected to be permitted to enter his cell, as I had hitherto. This request was somewhat curtly refused,



CABINET
ou
Procureur de la Commune.

COMMUNE DE PARIS.

Paris, le 28 mai 1871

Le Directeur de Mazas
donnera communication aux citoyens
Washburne et Mackean avec le
détenu Darboy

Le procureur de la Commune
Raoul Rigault

Vu : le 21 Mai 71.

Rigault's Pass.

and they then brought the unfortunate man out of his cell into the corridor, to talk with me in their presence. The interview was, therefore, to me very unsatisfactory, both from the surroundings and from the condition of distress in which the Archbishop seemed to be. It was

impossible to talk with him freely, and I limited myself to saying that while I regretted that I had nothing encouraging to communicate to him, I had taken pleasure in calling to see him in order to ascertain the state of his health and if it would not be possible for me to render him some further personal service. Such was the situation that I thought proper to bring my interview to a speedy close; then it was, for the last time, I shook the hand of the Archbishop and bade him what proved to be a final adieu.

To go back a little—about the middle of May an English gentleman had come over to Paris, who was one of those who had been charged with the distribution of provisions which had been sent by the London people to the starving population of Paris after the siege had been raised. Holding the position he did, this gentleman had quite intimate relations with the Commune's authorities, and he became very much interested in the situation of the Archbishop, and was making use of his position to do everything possible to secure his release. In that way I had been brought into communication with him, and on one occasion he had invited me to go with him to the Hôtel de Ville to see some of the authorities. He seemed to know a great many of them, and all were very much disposed to do anything for him that they could.

On May 11th I find that I wrote to this gentleman in respect to the matter of the exchange of the Archbishop for Blanqui, stating that I had sent a copy of his memorandum to Monseigneur Chigi, and had brought it to the attention of M. Thiers. I also stated that I could well understand the reasons the Versailles government might oppose to the proposition of exchange, but that it seemed to me that the difficulties might be overcome in this case

where the life of such a man as the Archbishop was in danger. I stated further that the French government could lose nothing in placing Blanqui at liberty, and by doing so they would probably save the life of the Archbishop. I also stated that I considered him in the most imminent danger, and for that reason, and with a desire to assuage his sufferings in prison, I had been willing to lend my good offices in the matter; and that I believed that the Commune had agreed, in exchange for Blanqui, to release, besides the Archbishop, several other prisoners, including M. Bonjean. This fact was confirmed to me afterward. The Commune was very anxious to get Blanqui back into Paris, but I could not appreciate the particular reasons therefor. Indeed, the Commune had suggested this exchange, and had indicated how it could be carried out through my intervention. It was certainly for me a very delicate piece of business, but such was my anxiety to rescue the Archbishop that I would have gone a great way in an endeavor to bring about the exchange. It seems to have been pretty well understood among the Catholics of Paris at this time that I was interesting myself to the extent of my ability in favor of the Archbishop.

The following is a copy of a memorandum from my letter book, dated May 19th.

"Firing and banging away all the time most furiously, but yet the troops do not come in and we are almost worn out with waiting and watching. The Commune gets every day more and more furious. To-day they threatened to burn Paris and bury everybody in its ruins before they would surrender. I have just seen the Archbishop in prison and he is very feeble. I do not believe he can live long in that miserable hole."

Among the American ladies who remained in Paris

during the Commune was Mrs. Acosta, the wife of a prominent physician, Doctor Acosta, who, I believe, was born in South America, but who had become an American citizen. Mrs. Acosta was a Baltimore lady and a descendant of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. As a good Catholic, she had taken a great interest in the Archbishop and the other parties held as hostages, and she wrote to me in respect to all her anxiety for the fate of those unfortunates, and expressed her hopes that I might be able to intervene and do something for them. I wrote her on the 21st of May, which was on Sunday, the day of the entry of the Versailles troops, that I was powerless to do anything officially, except where the party might be either an American or German. I said: "I have, however, at the instance of the Pope's Nuncio, interested myself unofficially in behalf of the good old Archbishop of Paris, and have visited him in prison many times. I have not, however, been able to obtain his release. I shall do all in my power to save his life. I am sorry to say that I found him very unwell last Friday, and I am afraid he will not get any better so long as he remains in that wretched cell. I am much interested in his behalf and it will be a happy day to me when I can see him set at liberty. Upon what sad and terrible times we have fallen, but I would fain hope that all the hostages may yet be spared. I have been able to obtain the release from prison of eleven nuns."

Most of the members of the Bar of Paris had, by the middle of May, left the capital, but of the number who remained behind was a Monsieur Plou. He was a well known jurisconsult. This M. Plou had been admitted to two consultations with the Archbishop, and he desired to have further interviews with him, but the permissions for these visits having been revoked, M. Plou was unable to

obtain the authority. All his attempts to obtain a further authorization through Citizen Ferré failed, for, says M. Plou, "Ferré had exhibited an unyielding severity." He therefore said he had the honor of appealing to my sincere devotion to the Monseigneur, begging me to employ my great influence in obtaining from Ferré the permission which he had sought. My private secretary, Mr. McKean, had occasion to see Ferré very often on matters connected with the police, and knew him very well, and I requested that he should see him to endeavor to get the permission which M. Plou had requested. M. Ferré, however, refused very emphatically to give it, and intimated that the Minister of the United States had received about as many favors from the Commune as he was entitled to.

This man Ferré was one of the most extraordinary as he was one of the worst men of the Commune. Raoul Rigault could not have found a man in all Paris who was better fitted to be an assistant in his bloody work. Mr. McKean often described him to me. He was bright, well educated, quick and active. He was the right-hand man generally of Raoul Rigault, and was his acting man at the Préfecture of Police Mr. McKean described him as a small man about twenty-five years old, with a heavy head of hair, thick black whiskers, and eye-glasses which he always wore. Quick of comprehension and prompt in action, he said he never had seen a man who could dispose of matters so quickly and so readily. He had been a clerk before the breaking out of the war, and had mixed somewhat in politics, sometimes speaking at the *rêunions*, and always appealing to violence. He had frequently been in prison for political offences, and was generally discontented and revolutionary. After the 4th of September he advanced rapidly in revolutionary ways.

Many of the Communards of his class were intelligent and educated men ; not so with Ferré. He was ignorant, and prejudiced. He had confused ideas of '93, and was always wishing to bring back those days with all their horrors. He became afterward a member of the Commune from the eighteenth arrondissement of Paris, and one of the most violent and influential of that body. He was generally, however, at the Préfecture of the Police, where he signalized himself by his lawless arrests. He voted for the Committee of Public Safety, and was always distinguished by the violence of his language. It was he, who, in the last days of the Commune, gave indiscriminate orders to burn, murder and destroy. After the burning of the Préfecture of the Police, he thought to conceal himself in the Mairie of the eleventh arrondissement, where he was arrested, but he escaped in the disguise of a woman, and concealed himself in an unfrequented street. It was impossible, however, for him to escape the vigilance of the police, who finally arrested him and conducted him to Versailles, where he was brought to trial before a Council of War. He made no defence and refused to have an advocate, or to respond to any interrogatories. He was found guilty of the charges against him, and particularly of the assassination of the hostages and of the burning of public and private edifices. Condemned to the punishment of death, he was shot in Versailles, at seven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, November 28, 1871.

The entry of the troops into Paris on Monday, May 22d, and their advance into the heart of the city during that forenoon, completely cut off communication between the legation and the prison of Mazas where the Archbishop had been confined. It was, therefore, utterly im-

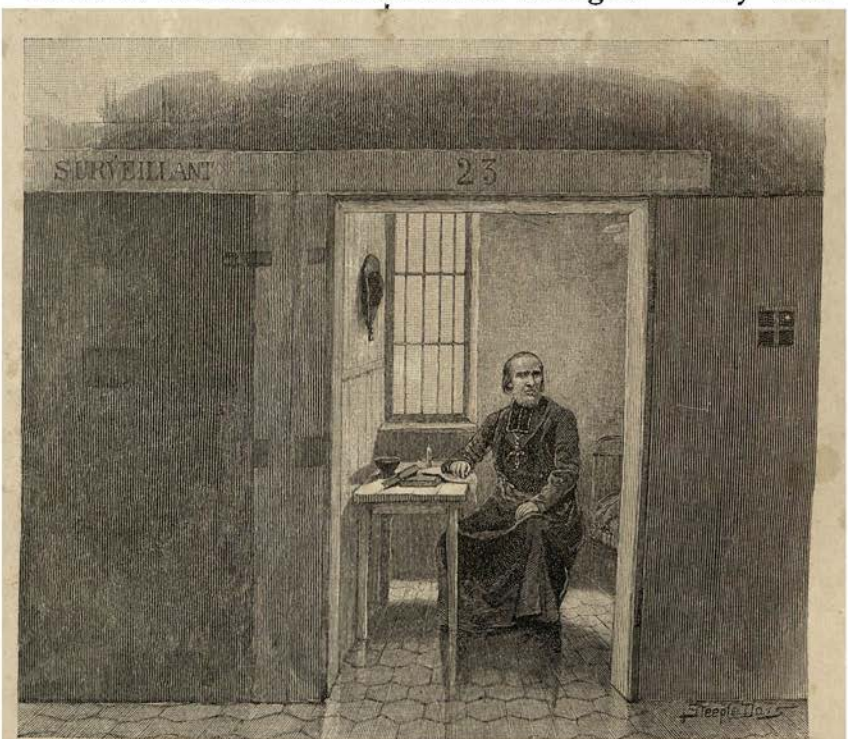
possible for me to see or write to him. When the Communard authorities began to realize their situation, there was no limit to their madness and desperation. They had at this time a very large number of persons held as hostages and prompt action in respect to them became necessary. The leading spirits of the expiring Commune united in council on this day to decide upon their fate. That, indeed, had been partly acted upon before, but it was now necessary for some formal action to carry out the foregone determination. Without any consideration of the matter whatever, a decision was soon reached that the hostages should be put to death.

I never knew exactly for what reason it was determined by those who formed this council that the hostages should be transferred from the prison of Mazas to the prison of La Roquette. In the evening of the 22d this removal took place. The prison carriages were called and stationed in the court of Mazas. The victims were brought out and ordered to take their places in the carriages. News had spread in the neighborhood that the prisoners were to be transferred, and an immense crowd of men, women and children soon gathered and surrounded the carriages and commenced to heap upon the victims the most shameful insults. The passage from the one prison to the other was long and painful. The carriages all went at a walk, and by a long route, in order to take the prisoners through that part of the city most densely populated by the Communards. They did not reach La Roquette until eight o'clock in the evening, and it was a long time before the cells were assigned to the hostages.

The particulars of what followed I learned later, on June 2d, when I visited the prison.

The change in Paris for two or three days before that

date was marvellous. Though ingress and egress were difficult, the city was alive with people. The smouldering fires had been extinguished and the tottering walls had been torn down. The barricades had been everywhere in incredible numbers and strength. They were




Archbishop Darboy in his Cell in La Roquette.
(The Cell and Surroundings from a Photograph made later.)

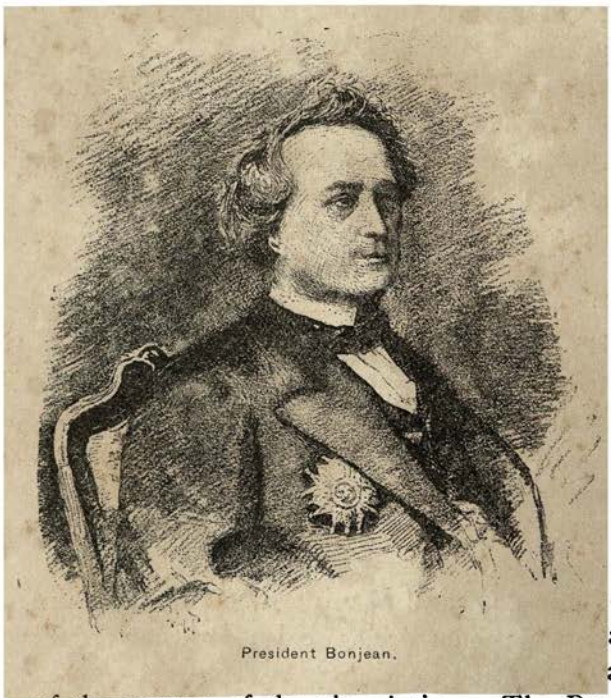
on the boulevards, on the avenues and on the by-streets, and now they had nearly all disappeared. Every afternoon I had taken a ride through those parts of the city where there had been the most fighting, and it was on the afternoon of June 2d, when making my last round, going to Belleville, Père Lachaise, La Villette, Place de la Bastille, etc., that I went to La Roquette in

order to get information in regard to the last hours of the Archbishop. Everything relating to the fate of that illustrious man excited within me the deepest interest. By the courtesy of the officer in charge, who was one of the old guardians of the prison, I was shown into the cell which the Archbishop had occupied from the time he was brought from Mazas to the moment that he was taken out to be shot.

The cell was even smaller than the one he occupied at Mazas, but it was higher up, better lighted, and more cheerful. There was a small chair, a little table, and a few loose things lying upon the table which had evidently been left there by the Archbishop. These little trifles were of no value except as souvenirs, and the guardian was kind enough to permit me to take some of them. Knowing what interest centred in everything appertaining to the last moments of the Archbishop and with what care even the smallest thing would be guarded, I sent one of these souvenirs to a friend of mine in Dubuque, Iowa, a most accomplished lady and a devoted Catholic, the wife of General George W. Jones, ex-United States Senator from that State.

The days of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d and 24th of May, were anxious ones at La Roquette, but there were no very striking incidents. About six o'clock on Wednesday evening a detachment of forty National Guards belonging to the "*Vengeurs de la République*," as they were called, arrived at the prison with a captain, first and second lieutenants, a *commissaire* of police, and two civil delegates. They all wore bright red scarfs. Entering the office of the jailer, these civil delegates demanded of the director of the prison the release of the hostages, saying that they were commanded to shoot them. The director at first refused to deliver up the

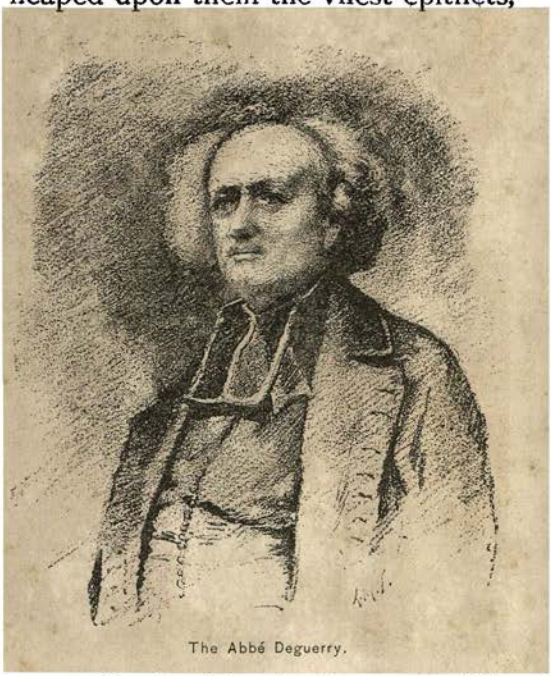
prisoners, saying that he would not consent to such a massacre of men confided to his care without more formal orders. A long dispute thereupon arose, which finally ended in the director giving consent to deliver up six victims who had been designated. The men awaited the decision impatiently in the court, and as soon as the delegates had got the consent of the director to give up the prisoners, they all mounted the staircase pell-mell to the first story, where the hostages were then confined.



President Bonjean.

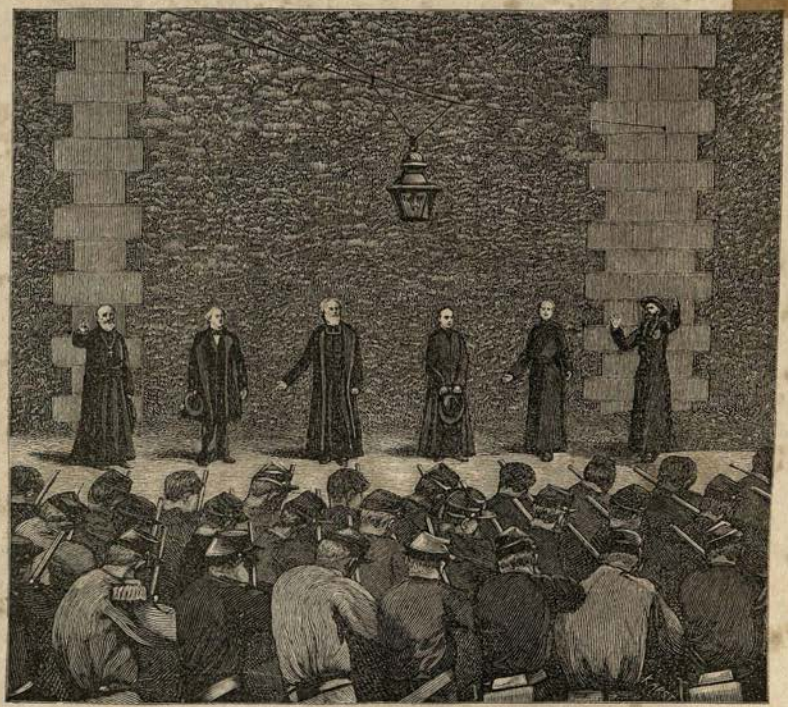
In the presence of such a contemplated crime, a silence came over these assassins, who awaited the call of the names of the six victims. The President Bonjean, occupying cell No. 1, was the first called; the Abbé Deguerry, occupying cell No. 4, was the second; and the last called was Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, who occupied cell No. 23. The doors of the cells were then opened by the officer of the prison and the victims were all ordered to leave. They descended, going to the foot of the staircase, where they embraced each other, and had a few words, the last on earth. Never was there a more

mournful cortége, nor one calculated to awaken sadder emotions. Monseigneur Darboy, though weak and enfeebled by disease, gave his arm to Chief Justice Bonjean, and the venerable man so well known in all Paris, Abbé Deguerry, leaned upon the arms of two priests. A good many straggling National Guards and others had gathered around the door of the prison as the victims went out, and they heaped upon them the vilest epithets, and to an extent that aroused the indignation of a sub-lieutenant, who commanded silence, saying to them, "That which comes to these persons to-day, who knows but what the same will come to us to-morrow?" And a man in a blouse added, "Men who go to meet death ought not to be insulted; none but cowards will insult the unfortunate." Arriving in the court of La Roquette, darkness had already come on, and it was necessary to get lanterns to conduct the victims between the high walls which surrounded the court. Nothing shook the firmness of these men when they were thus being marched to assassination. The Archbishop was the coolest and firmest, because the greatest. He shook each one by the hand and gave him his last benediction.



The Abbé Deguerry.

When they arrived at the place where they were to be shot, the victims were all placed against the walls which enclosed the sombre edifice of the prison of La Roquette. The Archbishop was placed at the head of the line, and the fiends who murdered him scratched with their knives a cross upon the stone in the wall at the very place



The Assassination of Archbishop Darboy and his Associates.

where his head must have touched it at the moment when they fired their fatal shots. He did not fall at the first volley, but stood erect, calm and immovable, and before the other discharges came which launched him into eternity he crossed himself three times upon his forehead. The other victims all fell together. The marks of the bullets after they had passed through their bodies

were visible on the wall. The Archbishop was afterward mutilated and his abdomen cut open. All the bodies were then put into a cart and removed to Père Lachaise, which was but a few squares off, where they were thrown into a common ditch, from which, however, they were happily rescued before decomposition had taken place.

On returning from La Roquette, I came by the palace of the Archbishop where his body was lying in state. He was so changed that I hardly knew him. Great numbers of the good people of Paris were passing through the palace, to look for the last time upon him who was so endeared to them by his benevolent acts, his kindly disposition, and his consideration for the poor and the lowly. In all the six or seven interviews I had with him in prison, except the last, I always found him cheerful and sometimes even gay, and never uttering a word of complaint. No man could be with him without being captivated by his cheerful disposition, his Christian spirit and interesting conversation. He was learned, accomplished and eloquent; and above all, he was good. In his religious and political sentiments he was most liberal. He met his fate with the firmness of a Christian martyr, and any one who knew him could but join in a tribute of sincere mourning. For myself, I can never think of this illustrious martyr without being overwhelmed with emotions that I am scarcely able to express.

The funeral of the Archbishop and the other victims took place at the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, June 7, 1871. The National Assembly at Versailles, worthily interpreting the sentiments of all France, decided that the interment should take place at the expense of the public treasury. Great preparations were made for the ceremony, and it was one of the most emotional and imposing

funeral services that I ever attended. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had sent me a special invitation to be present, as follows:

The Minister of Foreign Affairs presents his compliments to the Minister of the United States, and has the honor to advise him that the obsequies of the Archbishop of Paris, and the other victims massacred at the same time, will take place at Notre Dame, in Paris, to-morrow, June 7th, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. Places will be reserved in the orchestra for those gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps who desire to assist at that ceremony.

VERSAILLES, *June 6th*, 1871.

After the executions just described the prison of La Roquette was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary incidents connected with the Commune. After the guardian had shown me everything connected with the last hours of the hostages, he said he wanted to show me that portion of the prison where had taken place a most terrible struggle between the National Guard and some prisoners whom it had been determined by the Communist authorities to murder. On Friday, May 26th, thirty-eight gendarmes and sixteen priests were conducted from La Roquette to Père Lachaise, and there shot. The next day, May 27th, as the Versailles troops approached nearer and nearer, the Communist Committee of Public Safety, which had sought La Roquette as a place of refuge, issued an order to shoot, in cold blood, all the priests, soldiers and *sergents de ville* who were still in the prison. These fiends installed themselves in the office of the register of the prison for the purpose of seeing their orders carried out. Previously, however, on May 25th, everything had been arranged for the promiscuous assassination of the prisoners. One of the jailers, M. Pinet, who had observed all that was going on, and had been advised of what was to take place, determined,

if possible, to save the prisoners, even at the sacrifice of his own life. Just before the order was to be given for them to be taken down into the court, he rushed in and opened all their cells, and told the prisoners that it had been determined to murder them, and charged each one to arm himself with whatever he could get into his hands for the purpose of defence.

The guardian took me into the room where a fearful contest had taken place. The prisoners had fastened the doors and built barricades inside, behind which they could defend themselves when attacked. Mattresses had been put up, but these were set on fire for the purpose of suffocating the men behind them. The whole place presented to me the most extraordinary appearance. Every possible effort was made by the Communards to capture the prisoners, who defended themselves with the energy of despair; and this desperate attack continued for four days. The thirst for the blood of these prisoners by the crowd which remained outside of the prison, and the National Guards who were inside of the prison, surpassed anything that I had ever known. Finding they could not capture them by force, they then resorted to seduction, and assured them that they were there simply for the purpose of restoring the prisoners to liberty. Unfortunately some priests and some soldiers, who were prisoners, allowed themselves to be deceived by these wretches, and were persuaded to leave their defences, expecting to be placed at liberty. No sooner, however, were they outside, than they were all seized and shot.

The night of Saturday, the 27th, in the prison, was one of the most extraordinary and horrible that could be conceived of. The prison was surrounded by howling assassins uttering menacing cries, and as the prisoners began to see some chance of escape, the more determined they

became in their defence. At last at daybreak on Sunday, May 28th, there came to the besieged victims the sound of the musketry firing of the Versailles troops, and at half-past five in the morning the barricade opposite the

An Arrest of Pétroleuses.

prison was carried by a vigorous attack by the infantry of marine, which then took possession of the building. The assassins, who for some time had been on the look-out for the advance of the Versailles troops, prepared themselves for their escape. Unfortunately too many of them got away. There were ten ecclesiastics, forty

THE SHOOTING OF THE HOSTAGES IN THE RUE HAXO.

*sergents de ville*, and eighty-two soldiers of the line who were restored to liberty after four days of combat and of cruel agony which it is almost impossible to describe.

I have spoken of the hand-to-hand fight in La Roquette more at length for the reason, as I have related, that I had been over the theatre of the combat, and had had explained to me personally many of the dreadful incidents connected with that frightful affair. It is not, however, within my purpose to go into details in regard to like matters, particularly the assassination of sixty-two hostages in the Rue Haxo, on May 26th.

Never was so completely demonstrated the vitality and energy of the French people as it was immediately after the suppression of the insurrection of Paris. The disastrous termination of the war with Germany, followed by the Commune of Paris, was enough to have crushed almost any people. All measures suggested for restoring order were seconded with an almost inconceivable energy by the people at large. Rigid investigations were everywhere made, streets were guarded at their extremities, searches were made from house to house, suspected individuals were everywhere arrested, and all arms were seized. The civil and military authorities vied with each other in all measures tending to establish security, peace and order. As the military authorities possessed the most extended power, and enforced the most stringent regulations, it was amazing to see how soon the great central quarters and the principal streets recovered their customary appearance. The shops soon began to open, and the wares were at once arranged with all that skill and taste which make the Paris shops so interesting and inviting. In a few days scarcely a trace of barricades appeared in all Paris. Arrests were continually going on. Great numbers of "denunciations" were made, and the number

of prisoners who were every day taken to Versailles was very large. Among these were included a large number of women, Communards and pétroleuses. Taken to Versailles they were shut up in the Prison des Chantiers.

It was not before the 3d of June that the railroad trains were allowed freely to enter Paris with their passengers, or for the latter to leave the city without their *laissez-passers.*

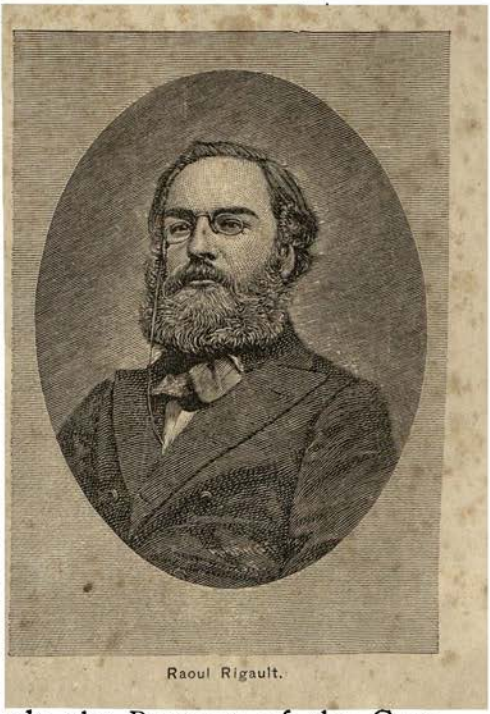
## CHAPTER VII.

### A REVIEW OF LEADERS AND EVENTS.

The Career and Crimes of Raoul Rigault—Assassination of Gustave Chaudey—Cluseret, Rossel, Assi, Bergeret, and Eudes—Proclamations and Decrees during the Last Days of the Commune—The Orders to Burn the City—Important Buildings which were Destroyed—How the Credit and Treasure of the Bank of France were Preserved—A Brief Summary of Losses—Wholesale Execution and Deportation of Communists.

THE Commune of Paris was one of the most extraordinary events recorded in history. I have spoken at length of the events of the 18th of March, which was the day of the breaking out of the insurrection, of all that immediately followed, and of the embarrassment of the insurgents, who found at their feet one of the largest, richest, most beautiful and most attractive cities of the world, with all its wealth, splendor, refinement and intelligence; that city with all its historic associations, its splendid public edifices, its palatial residences; that seat of luxury, taste, elegance and refinement, which had attracted the whole world for centuries. Trampling under foot all law and authority, with no restraint and amenable to no power—the position of the new rulers was something never before seen. For a few days the insurgents knew not how to dispose of their victory, even if they had any honesty, ability or executive capacity. But the ruling spirits had none. There was no weight to be given to the talk that these men were fighting for their liberty and their municipal rights. Paris enjoyed such rights,

for it had already been provided with a City Council and other officers, and all elected by universal suffrage. It was simply a fight for power and plunder on the part of these insurgents, and to free themselves from the restraints of law. The reign of the Commune was the absolute force of desperate and wicked men, unlimited, unchecked and unrestrained by any human power. I shall now briefly review the careers of some of its most noted members, and summarize some of its results, referring incidentally to events which I have previously alluded to in the course of this narrative.

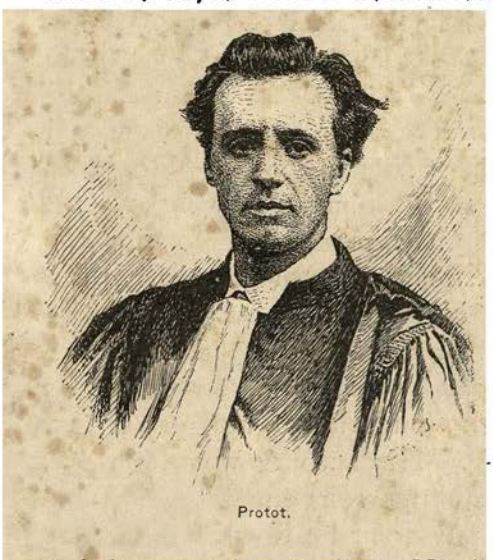


Raoul Rigault.

The name of Raoul Rigault, as it occurs in this narrative, presents one of the most hideous figures in all history, and the mention of it causes a shudder. Raoul Rigault, the Procurer of the Commune of Paris, was a strange and sinister figure—a young man, only twenty-five years of age, of a good family, a student and a journalist, of genteel appearance, and always dressed with the most scrupulous taste and neatness. Under a plausible exterior he concealed the heart of a tiger. Bold, energetic, desperate and cynical, he was consumed by the most deadly hatred of society and the most intense thirst for blood. All his associate assassins

bowed before his despotic will. No one opposed him, for his gesture was the signal of death. He held in his hand the life of every man in Paris, and he wrought his vengeance on every one for whom he took a dislike. He organized murder, and regulated robbery and incendiarism.

Rigault was born in Paris in 1846. The 4th of September, 1870, was his occasion, and from that time he entered on a career (being connected with the police, for which he had a decided taste). He was not able to accomplish much before the advent of the 18th of March, which opened to him that career for which he had long wished. He was then installed in the Préfecture of Police, and soon after elected a member of the Commune from the eighth arrondissement. Having been elected to the Commune, the influence of Rigault at the Préfecture increased. Protot, a Communist Minister of Justice, made him the Procurer of the Commune, the place of all others which Rigault desired, and which gave him the opportunity to visit his vengeance whenever he wished. He presided in his official capacity over the "Jury of Accusation," in which position it was very easy for him to deprive any person of his life and liberty. In the Commune he voted for the Committee of Public Safety, and all other extraordinary measures, and was continually



Protot.

harping upon the days of '93, and the first Revolution. He amused his leisure hours with the most infamous actions. He affected in his manners a distinguished and elegant tone. Having, during the siege, been elected chief of a battalion, which he had never commanded, when he entered the Commune he put on his uniform, which was one of uncommon elegance.

From the time of the insurrection of the 18th of March, when Rigault practically seized upon the Préfecture of Police, to the day that he was shot on the Rue Gay Lussac, he was a power in Paris. He assumed great airs, and spoke in brief and emphatic language, and was little influenced by either friends or foes. His great object seemed to be to weave an immense web over all the city, and to embrace in its threads all persons hostile to the Communal movement. After he had been elected to the Commune, his first great purpose was to unite his functions of Prefect of Police to that of Procurer of the Commune, which position gave him a great deal more authority, and he found in it a new pretext for mingling in public affairs. His activity was immense, and he chose as his assistants persons equally active and unscrupulous, and who pursued the work allotted to them *con amore*. All the principles he had contended for in the clubs before he got into authority he trampled under foot in the most shameless manner, particularly in the matter of the freedom of the press. In the time of the Empire he had declaimed loudly against the suppression of hostile newspapers, but, after he got into power, he suppressed any number of them, without any excuse for doing so except that the position he then occupied was the strongest. But after all, there was a great deal of method in his madness, as in excusing himself for many of his acts of violence he would say that it was

necessary to "keep up terror" in the city. It must not be supposed that during the Commune Paris was in a state of starvation. On the contrary, since the raising of the siege, the restaurants had been enabled to get in their usual supplies, and guests were very soon supplied almost as before the siege. Rigault was not slow to take advantage of his position during even the worst days of the Commune to live like a lord. At this time one of the oldest and best known restaurants in the city, the Trois Frères Provençaux, was kept open. Almost from time immemorial, it had been considered one of the most *recherché* restaurants in the city. Here it was that nearly every day Rigault and his secretary, DeCosta, would go to take their midday breakfasts. Mr. William Pembroke Fetridge, in his admirable history of the Commune of Paris, has given a "Bill of Fare" of the breakfasts of Rigault and DeCosta on May 10th and May 15th, and it is interesting to observe what elegant ménus were served for these two assassins.

*Breakfast of May 10th.*

| | Frs. | C. |
|---|---|---|
| Nuits | 15 | |
| Clos-Vougeot | 12 | |
| Bread | | 50 |
| Hors-d'œuvre | 3 | |
| Sole | 3 | |
| Chateaubriand aux truffes | 8 | |
| Chicken | 12 | |
| Salad | 1 | 50 |
| Cheese | | 75 |
| Oranges | 2 | |
| Coffee, liqueurs | 4 | |
| Cigars—Cazadores | 13 | 50 |
| Total | 75 | 25 |

*Breakfast of May 15th.*

| | Frs. | C. |
|---|---|---|
| Pomard | 5 | |
| Nuits | 10 | |
| Clicquot | 13 | |
| Bread | | 50 |
| Hors-d'œuvre | 1 | 60 |
| Mackerel | 3 | |
| Côte provençale | 3 | 75 |
| Chicken | 12 | |
| Salad | 1 | 50 |
| Cheese | | 50 |
| Ices | 3 | |
| Coffee, liqueurs | 3 | |
| Cigars | 6 | |
| Total | 62 | 85 |

On the evening of the 23d of May, the day after the fighting commenced in the city, Ferré, who was Préfect

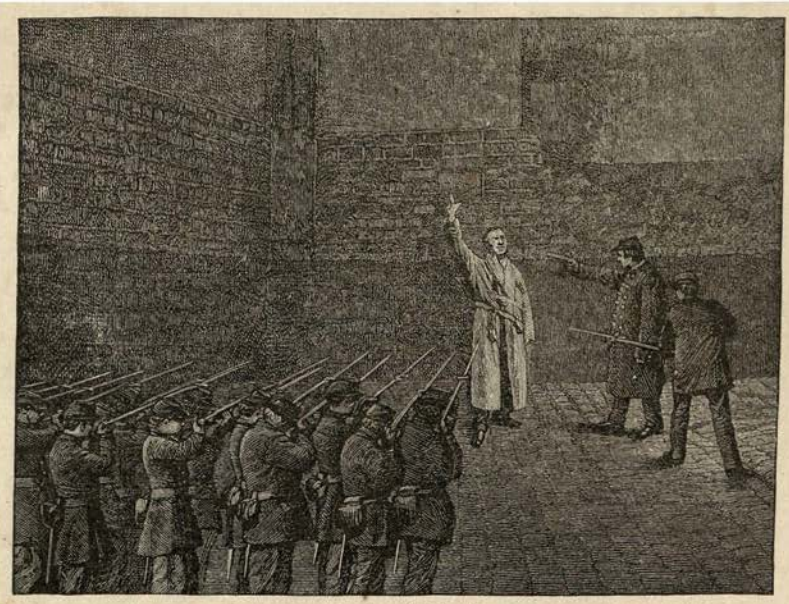
of the Police before the entrance of the government troops, gave a grand banquet to nearly thirty of his associate assassins, and their orgies continued through the whole night. Here there was great talk about petroleum and the burning of the city. The walls of the old building of the Conciergerie had all been covered with petroleum. The banquet hall on this occasion was not left until the morning of the 24th, and the guests deliberately set fire to the prison at many different points before taking their departure. It was at the last moment before the city was recaptured from the insurgents that Rigault was enabled to see that his horrid work would be accomplished. It was he who had ordered the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Paris, of the Abbé Deguerry and of the Chief Justice Bonjean, and several priests, as hostages, and ordered their assassination. This was the work of Rigault alone. He took a devilish pleasure in tormenting his victims.

Perhaps there was no crime committed by Raoul Rigault which excited more horror and indignation, and one which produced a more sinister impression, than the assassination of Gustave Chaudey. It was simply a cold-blooded murder, committed by a depraved and blood-thirsty villain to gratify personal hatred, without reason and without excuse. Rigault had conceived a violent hatred of Chaudey, who had been the editor-in-chief of one of the most prominent and serious journals in Paris. Chaudey was a distinguished lawyer, a man of wealth and position, and a well-known republican. It was not my pleasure to know him personally, but I had had some correspondence with him.

About the time of the entry of the Versailles troops, Chaudey was seized by a half-dozen of the creatures of Rigault and imprisoned in the Sainte Pélagie. Chaudey

had some friends among the members of the Commune who made certain efforts to get him released, but Rigault was inexorable, saying that he would do his duty and would shoot the "miserable Gustave Chaudey." In all these terrible moments he never lost sight of his victims, and it was on the night of the 23d of May that he determined to carry out his murderous purpose. At eleven o'clock of that evening, he went in person to the prison of Ste. Pélagie determined to have the blood of Chaudey. During that day Madame Chaudey, a beautiful and accomplished woman, sought an interview with Rigault in order to save the life of her husband. She took with her her little child, hoping to touch the callous heart of the monster. What was his response to the trembling woman bathed in tears? Taking the little child by the hand, and patting him on the shoulder, he said: "Ah, my child! You will see us very soon shoot your father." That night he knocked at the door of Chaudey's cell. It was the knell of death. Said Rigault, "Your hour is come." "What!" responded Chaudey, "you execute me without judgment and without authority? It is not an execution, it is an assassination. You have known me, Rigault, for a long time, and you know that I have always done my duty as a republican, a good citizen and an honest man. I have a wife and a child." Here his voice was drowned by the blasphemies of Rigault. The assassin guard was called; Chaudey was dragged to the prison yard; a dim lantern was hung upon the wall. The unfortunate man was ordered to stand up beside it. The guard, with loaded pieces, took position in front of the victim. Recovering all his self-possession in that supreme moment, and with a firm voice, Chaudey cried: "*Vive la République!*" The guard summoned to put to death this brave man even then hesitated. Rigault stood

looking on, and seeing the guard indisposed to fire, drew his sword and gave the fatal command in a loud voice. But the men even then fired too high, and wounded Chaudey only in his arm, and then it was that two or three wretches connected with the service of the prison discharged their revolvers into the head of the victim while he was affirming that Republic, in the name of which



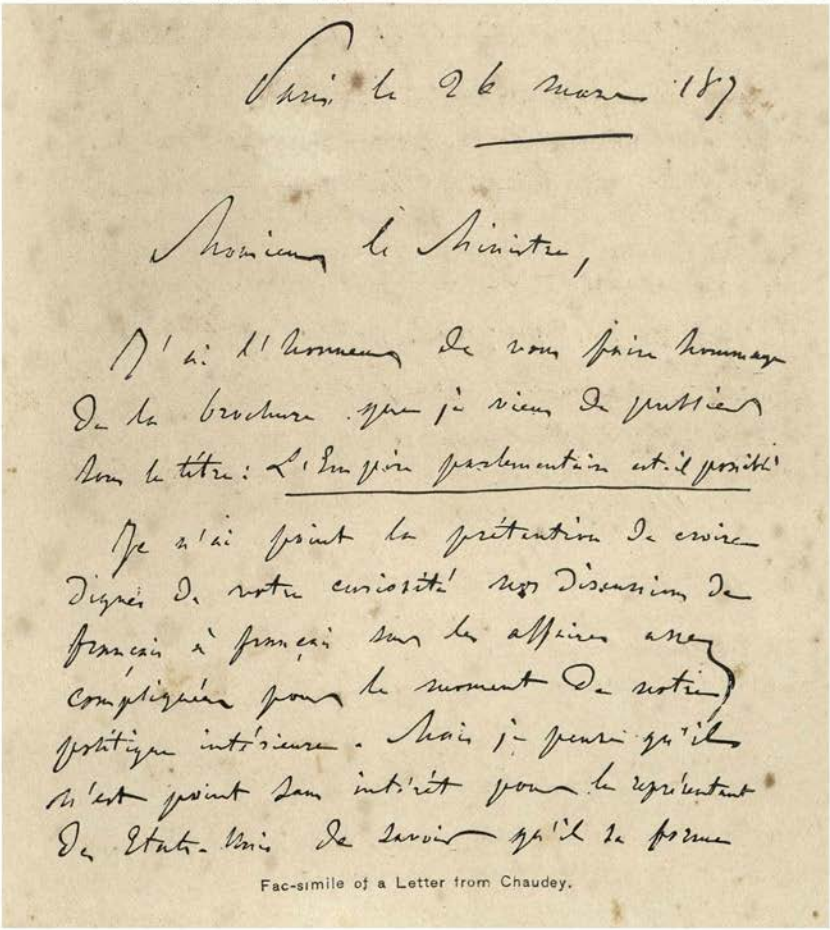
Assassination of Chaudey.

he was assassinated. His wife had already been robbed by the assassins, and now another robbery followed the assassination of her husband, his body being despoiled of every object which they supposed was of any value.

Looking with a satisfied air at the dead body of Chaudey, from that red and smoking current of life Rigault hurried to the prison of La Roquette to seek out and torment the Chief Justice Bonjean, whom he found sleeping on his prison pallet. "Get up, old man," ferociously

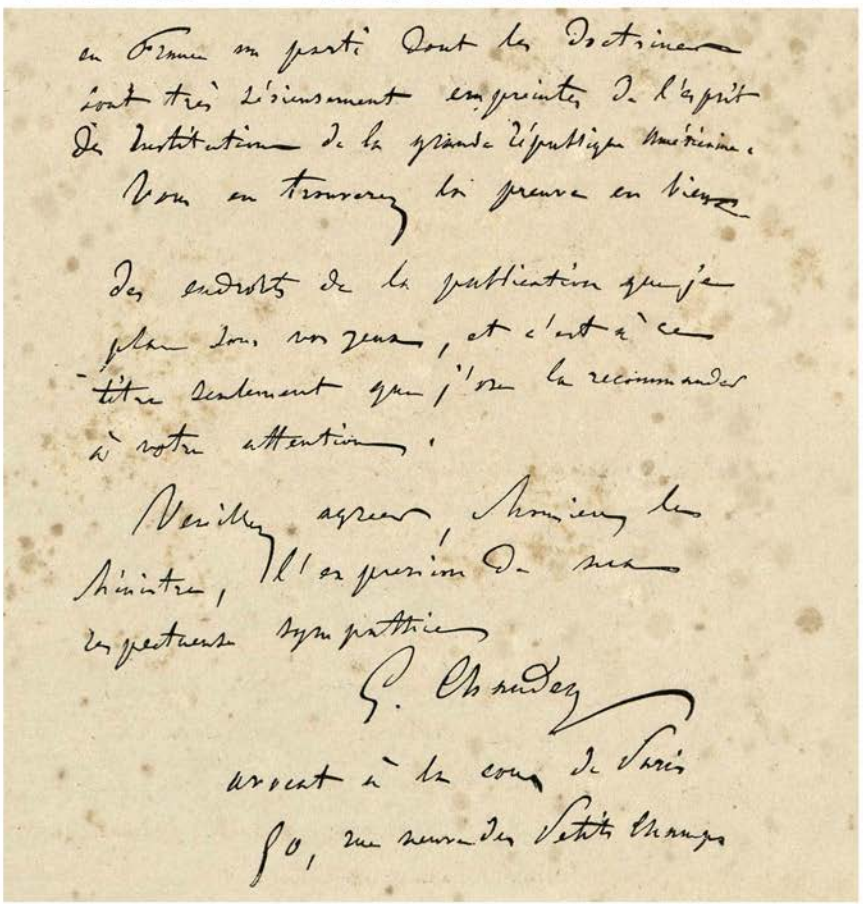
cried out Rigault. "It is to-morrow that we are going to cut your throat." "Young man," answered the Chief Justice, mildly, "it is wrong that you should come thus to torment and insult me. I am your prisoner; you see I am an old man; leave me." The next night the venerable man fell in the prison yard of La Roquette, like Chaudey, pierced by the bullets of murderers.

The Chief Justice Bonjean was one of the most illustrious men imprisoned by the Commune, and he fell a vic-



Fac-simile of a Letter from Chaudey.

tim to his sense of official duty. Never was there a man more distinguished by his integrity, his honor and his great sense of duty. During his imprisonment he was offered a parole, for a very short time, to accomplish some important matters, but such was his keen sense of the sanctity of that parole, and the fear that something might take place to prevent him from observing it, that he declined to receive it. He was Doyen of the Court of Cassation, which was a post of honor as well as a post of



danger. Being away from Paris on the day of the breaking out of the insurrection of the 18th of March, he made haste to return to a city which so many were leaving. He went back in order to take his seat in that tribunal, which was already surrounded with bayonets. Soon he was arrested and conducted to the Préfecture of Police, and afterward to Mazas. The reasons for his arrest were never made known, for there were none. The Communards simply wanted him as a hostage in order to shelter themselves in the future from the punishment for their own crimes. He died with the courage of an incorruptible magistrate, an honest man and a good Christian.

Time would fail to recount all the terrible and monstrous outrages of Rigault, increasing in madness and fury as the government troops were coming nearer and nearer upon his heels, giving his most ferocious orders amid the sound of approaching cannon and when the lurid flames were licking up the great monuments of Paris.

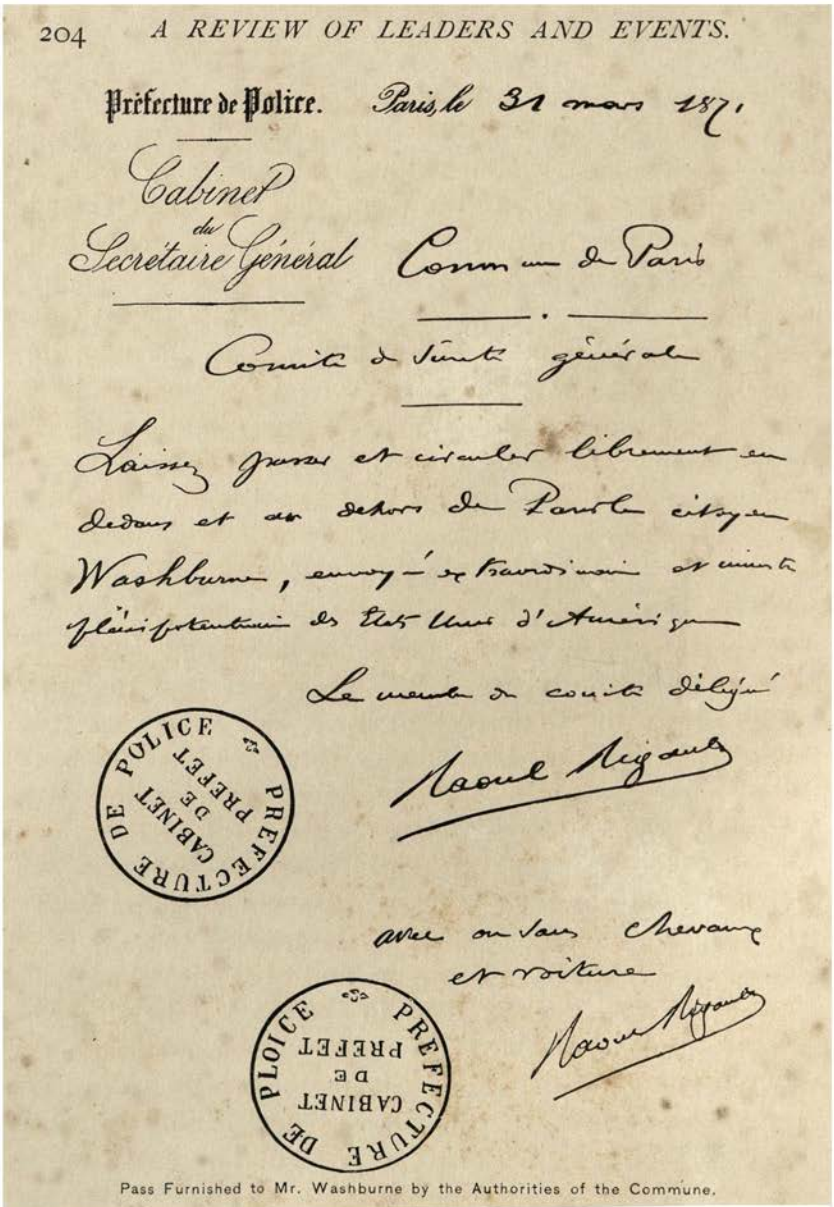
Cluseret preceded Delescluze as Delegate to the Ministry of War. Great expectations had been raised as to what Cluseret could do. He soon found himself in a quarrel with the old "Comité Central" and the Commune, and in a position where he could accomplish nothing. Couriers came thick and fast to the Ministry of War of the Commune, and Cluseret was held responsible for almost everything. Fort Issy was abandoned, but though he promptly reoccupied it, that attack served as a pretext for his arrest. The Central Committee accused him of having relations with the regular government, and thought he was animated with an ambition which was dangerous to the Commune. He was arrested during a sitting of the Commune and carried off to Mazas, where he was imprisoned for some time. The Commune finally permitted him to leave that prison and to be taken to the

Hôtel de Ville to be guarded *à vue.* Mr. McKean, who was obliged often to go to the Hôtel de Ville, told me that he once met Cluseret when he was there as a prisoner. The last time that he had seen him, before meeting him at the Hôtel de Ville, he was a Delegate to the Ministry of War. There was quite a difference in the two positions, and Cluseret seemed anxious to avoid being seen by Mr. McKean, and, when travelling up and down the corridor accompanied by his guard, would turn his eyes away from him. During all this time Cluseret clamored, most vehemently, for a trial by the Commune itself, which duly took place at the Hôtel de Ville after the government troops were in the city. The proceedings of that trial appeared at length in the number of the Journal of the Commune for May 22d. He was set at liberty by a vote of twenty-eight members against seven, and just in season to escape arrest by the Versailles troops. I have hitherto spoken of how his life was saved, and how he escaped to Switzerland.

After Cluseret was arrested and put out of position as Delegate to the Ministry of War, the Commune replaced him by a young man by the name of Rossel. He had been an officer of the regular army, and was a graduate of the Polytechnic School and a captain of engineers, who had deserted from the regular army and joined the Commune. He had acquired some reputation as an engineer officer, and Gambetta had made him a colonel in the Army of the Loire. That, however, did not satisfy Rossel, and he wanted further promotion, which was not granted; he, therefore, joined the insurrection and became, as I have stated, Delegate to the Ministry of War, to succeed Cluseret, but, like Cluseret, he soon found that he was unable to accomplish anything, for the whole system was demoralized, rotten and corrupt. He found himself utterly

without any authority in his position. All the officers of the Communist army wanted to command, and none of them would obey. Finding himself powerless, he wrote a bold and defiant letter to the Commune, which he closed by saying: "I retire, and have the honor to ask for a cell in the prison of Mazas." After the capture of Paris by the government troops, he was arrested and brought to a military tribunal, condemned and shot. In his trial he never betrayed the least weakness or emotion, and he met his death with a courage that extorted alike admiration and pity. He went to the place of execution coolly smoking a cigarette, and his last words were, "*Vive la Commune!*"

The Commune came into power with the watchwords, "liberty, equality, and fraternity;" which had before been paraphrased as "infantry, artillery, and cavalry." They also clamored for a free press and free thought. They illustrated their respect for a free press and free thought in seizing, by military force, and suppressing every journal in the city that dared to question their proceedings; and then appeared such a raft of vile newspaper trash as had never before been seen or heard of. No less than ninety different newspapers appeared during the ten weeks of the Commune, descending to a depth of depravity, vulgarity, blasphemy and obscenity almost impossible to be conceived of in the glaring light of the nineteenth century, and in what was boasted to be the most refined and cultivated city in the world. Here are the names of some of the vagrant newspapers, which illustrate their character: The Action, The Red Bonnet, The Good Sense; The Cain and Abel, The Chastisement, The Caricature, The Cry of the People, The Arrow, The Pirate, The Vengeance, The Greek Fire, The Revolution, The Commune, The Corsair, The Red Flag, The



Préfecture de Police. Paris, le 31 mars 1871.

Cabinet du Secrétaire Général

Commune de Paris

Comité de Sûreté générale

Laissez passer et circuler librement en dedans et au dehors de Paris le citoyen Washburne, envoyé extraordinaire et ministre plénipotentiaire des États Unis d'Amérique.

Le membre du comité délégué

Raoul Rigault

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE CABINET DU PRÉFET

avec ou sans chevaux et voiture

Raoul Rigault

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE CABINET DU PRÉFET

Pass Furnished to Mr. Washburne by the Authorities of the Commune.

Watchword, The Pillory, The Red, The Mountain, The Priests, The Advance Guard, The Clock.

The governing power of the Commune of Paris was

elected by the different wards of the city, and it was a body utterly without authority of law, and had no mandate to act. This bogus election brought forth men of the most desperate and debauched character to be found in all the purlieus of the city, but many of them were educated and cultivated men. They were far more infamous than the worst men in the days of the Roman Empire, whose names have been consigned to eternal infamy by the pen of Tacitus. The sanguinary orders of this body were instantly and remorselessly enforced by the National Guard—fed, pampered, corrupted, ever ready to carry out its infernal behests, restrained by no fear of the law of God or man, and with appetites whetted for plunder and blood, for murder, robbery, pillage, burning, imprisoning and torturing.

Following the decree to tear down the Column Vendôme were the decrees to demolish the Church of Notre Dame and the great Museum of the Louvre. The Church of Notre Dame was denounced as a monument of superstition, a symbol of divine tyranny, an affirmation of fanaticism. It was, therefore, decreed that it should be demolished. Time and favorable circumstances alone saved that church, one of the most celebrated in the world, from destruction. Here is one other of these decrees: "Considering that the Museum of the Louvre contains a great number of pictures, statues and other objects of art which bring eternally to the minds of the people the action of gods, kings, and priests, therefore: Decreed that the Museum of the Louvre shall be burnt to the ground." Every lover of art and every votary of genius shudders at the thought of how narrow was the escape of these world-renowned edifices, the latter filled with the most precious treasures of ancient and modern times. Petroleum had been scattered and the flames

were reaching wildly forward to the doomed building, when they were providentially extinguished by the advance of the Versailles troops, then entering the city.

The ever recurring sensations of the Commune kept the blood coursing rapidly through one's veins—the constant bombardment, the cry of victory, the howl of defeat, the yell of despair, the arrests, the imprisonments and the executions. The National Guard paraded the streets, swore terrible oaths, drank free wine, smoked free cigarettes, and did very little fighting. Early in April, Cluseret, who was then the Delegate to the Ministry of War, told me that he was issuing rations to one hundred and twenty-five thousand National Guards, soldiers of the insurrection. It was an immense army, but without leaders, without discipline, utterly demoralized and debauched, and more dangerous to friends than enemies. Squads of the National Guard would invade apartments and quarter themselves there, helping themselves to all good things which they could find. The house adjoining my own was taken possession of by them at a very early period of the Commune and before my family was obliged to flee the city. Holding high carnival almost every night, the sound of their orgies fell upon our ears.

Quite extended notices have been written from time to time of other prominent members of the Commune, and they all tend to prove that the estimate I have made of them is a fair one. I may properly add something in respect to certain members, who took the most active part in its deliberations.

Assi was a member of the Commune from the eleventh arrondissement. He was a mechanic and had been engaged in the *usines* of Creuzot, had been a member of the International, and was always discontented and trouble-

some. He had become chairman of the Comité Central which triumphed on the 18th of March. He was arrested after the capture of Paris and taken to Versailles, where he was tried before a Council of War. He was found guilty, and sentenced to deportation, and to be imprisoned in a fortress, but he was afterward set free and relegated to some inferior position.

Bergeret ("*lui-même*") was another member of the Commune, and cut a very considerable figure. He had been a member of the Comité Central and one of the Generals of the Commune. He had made himself ridiculous at the time of the affair of Neuilly, by sending a despatch saying that "General Bergeret, *lui-même*," would go there at once. In the combats around Paris during the Commune, Bergeret was always thrusting himself forward. He and Cluseret quarrelled, and he was arrested and sent to Mazas for having refused obedience to Cluseret. He was afterward released and then he aided in securing the arrest of Cluseret.

The outcome of the 18th of March, the day of the insurrection, was the establishment of the Comité Central to which allusion has often been made. This Comité Central was, it will be remembered, the only controlling power in Paris from the 18th to the 26th of March, at which latter date an election had been called in Paris to choose a "Commune." It is not my purpose to write out notices of all members elected to the Commune in detail, because the most of them are too insignificant to be mentioned. There was, however, Courbet, the painter, who had a certain reputation as an artist, and was distinguished for painting nude figures. He was, perhaps, more responsible than any other person for the destruction of the Column Vendôme. He was not, however, the worst man in the Commune, for he had opposed many of

the worst measures that were voted, and had exerted himself to save from destruction many things found in the house of M. Thiers. He was tried by court-martial and found guilty of the destruction of the Column Vendôme, but on account of ameliorating circumstances, in his whole career as a Communard, he was let off with a punishment of six months in prison and five hundred francs fine.

Gustave Flourens. (From a Photograph.)

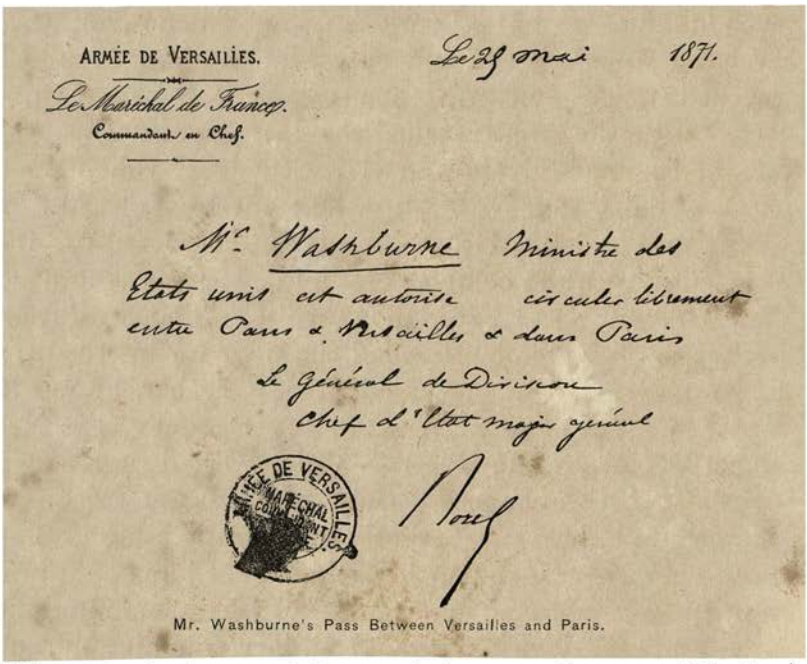
Of Grousset, "Minister of Foreign Affairs," a prominent member of the Commune, I have already spoken, as I have of Ferrê.

Eudes, the blood-stained murderer, another member of the Commune, was chosen from the eleventh arrondissement of Paris. He was in prison on the 4th of September, 1870, and upon the revolution of that day he was released, and from that time held many positions. He was made General of the Commune, and cut quite a conspicuous figure, but was dismissed from his command subsequently by Cluseret. During the last days of the Commune he was elected a member of the Committee of Public Safety. He was enabled to escape from Paris during the last days of the insurrection, and went to join many of his old colleagues at London.

Gustave Flourens was quite a notable member of the Commune. He was well known to many members of the American Colony of Paris, and I have often heard them speak of him. He was a young man of excellent family, a son of Pierre Flourens, a professor in the College of France, and perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences. He was an accomplished scholar and a man of much intelligence, but he early imbibed those revolutionary ideas which in the end cost him his life. He had travelled much and written interesting books. Connected with the press during the last days of the Empire, he combated Napoleon III. with great vehemence. Being obliged to leave France, he went to Holland and thence to London. He was tried and convicted for his connection with the complot of Blois. He was sentenced (*in contumaciam*) to hard labor for life. The revolution of the 4th of September opened the door for his re-entry to his native Paris. On the 31st of October, he was a leader in the attempt to seize the government of the National Defence in the Hôtel de Ville. Tried by a court-martial for this offence, he was sent to the prison of Mazas, but he was subsequently released by a mob. The insurrection of the 18th of March brought him again into prominence. Elected a member of the Commune, he was afterward invested with a military commission, and on the 2d day of April, he headed a military demonstration to go out on the Route de Rueil. In a skirmish which took place, Flourens was mortally wounded.

Beslay, a member of the Commune from the sixth arrondissement, was one of the best members of that body. He was a son of a deputy under the Empire, and at the time of Louis Philippe, and was himself a deputy in 1830. He was an engineer by profession, and occupied himself very much with social questions. He finally gave com-

plete adhesion to socialism and the International. In the Commune he was fortunately made Delegate to the Bank of France, and in that position he exercised great courage and good management. He prevented that establishment from being completely robbed. He was always more an International than Communard, and he took occasion to denounce the demolition of the house of M.


ARMÉE DE VERSAILLES.

Le Maréchal de France.
Commandant en Chef.

Le 29 mai 1871.

M^r. Washburne Ministre des Etats unis est autorisé à circuler librement entre Paris & Versailles & dans Paris

Le Général de Division
Chef d'Etat major général

ARMÉE DE VERSAILLES
MARÉCHAL COMMANDANT EN CHEF

Mr. Washburne's Pass Between Versailles and Paris.

Thiers, and afterward he made every effort possible for the release of Chaudey. Holding the good-will of all those with whom he had been brought in contact during the Commune, M. Thiers gave him a passport to go to Switzerland, as a recognition of his services in saving the riches of the bank and the credit of that great financial establishment. Beslay went to Neufchâtel in Switzerland, and my friend, Mr. Isaac C. Bates, of Paris, told me that in 1872, while stopping at a hotel in that city, he ob-

served every day, at the head of the table, a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, well dressed, and of fine appearance. He afterward inquired the name of this man, and found that it was Beslay.

Up to the time of the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris, on Sunday afternoon, May 21st, the Journal Officiel of the Commune had appeared regularly. It may be interesting to know what became of that publication after the troops had entered. I find that it was published as usual on Monday, May 22d, and many of the Communard decrees and proclamations are to be found therein. Curiously enough, no mention whatever is made of the entry of troops the afternoon before, but that was not so very strange, after all, as the paper never pretended to publish the latest news. No less than three columns of this number are taken up with the proceedings of the Commune in regard to Cluseret, which I have reviewed in a previous chapter. The charges and specifications are set out in full, as well as his answers to them. There are to be found in this number the speeches of various members of the Commune, and they are generally excuses for having voted for the original arrest of Cluseret. One of the members of the Commune, Citizen Frankel, said he did not believe in the treason of Cluseret, but thought that in times of revolution when a general, by reason of negligence or incapacity, compromised the interests which were confided to him, he should always be arrested. In the Journal of Tuesday, May 23d, there appeared the defence which Cluseret made before the Commune the day before.

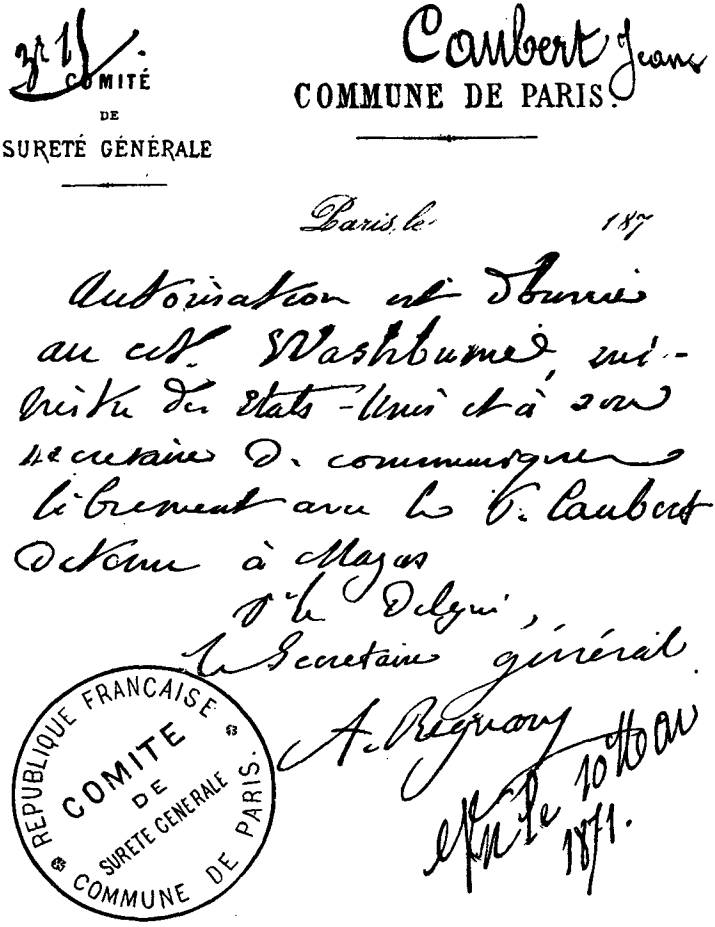
I am told that after the Versailles troops got into Paris, and Cluseret found it necessary to flee for his life, he

went to an American and consulted with him as to how he could be enabled to get to me in order to claim protection as an American citizen. But the legation was then completely cut off from the part of the city in which Cluseret and his friend were, and word did not get to me; therefore, he could not call on me for the protection which was not in my power to give him, even if he had been entitled to it. I had, during the time of the Empire, got him out of the clutches of the French law, and secured a passage for him to America. For this act he expressed himself at the time as very grateful toward me, but when he visited the United States afterward, I found him attacking me in the newspapers.

The last number of the Journal Officiel of the Commune, which I have, is dated the 24th of May, and when all Paris was the theatre of a grand battle. There is evidence in this number that the Communards had become thoroughly sensible of the true condition of the city. A flaming proclamation issued by the "Commune of Paris," dated May 23d, appears in the paper. It is as follows: "Brothers: The hour of combat of the people against their oppressors has arrived. Do not abandon the cause of the laborers. Do as your brothers did on the 18th of March. Unite yourselves to the people of whom you are a part. Let the aristocrats and the butchers of humanity defend themselves, and the reign of justice will be easily established. Quit your ranks and come to us; come to the arms of our families, and you will be received fraternally and with joy. Let the people of Paris have confidence in you. '*Vive la République! Vive la Commune!*'"

Another proclamation is: "Let all good citizens awake! To the barricades, the enemy is within our walls! No hesitation in advancing, for the Republic,

for the Commune and for liberty. *Aux Armes!*" This proclamation from the Committee of Public Safety




Fac-simile of a Pass Furnished Mr. Washburne by the Committee of Public Safety.

was signed by all of the members of that band of assassins.

Another proclamation of the same day is as follows: "The Committee of Public Safety authorizes the chiefs

of barricades to require the opening of all doors of houses in all cases where they shall judge necessary. They will make requisition for men, for provisions, and for all objects useful for the defence. They will give receipts therefor, for which the Commune will arrange."

Here is yet another proclamation of the Committee of Public Safety: "Decree: Article First: The curtains and blinds of all windows shall remain open. Article Second: Every house from which there shall be fired a gun, or from which there shall be any act whatever against the National Guard, shall be immediately burned. Article Third: The National Guard is charged to oversee the strict execution of the present decree."

There is another brief proclamation of the Committee of Public Safety, which is addressed to the soldiers of the Army of Versailles. It says: "That which was done on the 18th of March you can do again; then the people would not have the grief of combating men whom they regarded as brothers, and with whom they would wish to sit at the civil banquet of liberty and equality. Come to us, brothers, come to us! Our arms are open to receive you."

In an editorial of May 24th in the Journal Officiel it is said: "The enemy is introduced within our walls, rather by treason than by force. The courage and energy of the Parisians will repress them. The contest is a severe one, but we will not forget that it is the last—that it is the supreme effort of our enemies. Let us open our ranks to those of the Versailles troops who have been enrolled by force and who wish now to unite themselves with us to defend the Commune and the Republic of France; but no pity for traitors, for the accomplices of Bonaparte, of Favre and of Thiers. Let everybody go to the barri-

cades and everybody labor, by will or by force, to construct them. Let the women unite themselves to their brothers, their fathers and their husbands. Those who have no arms will care for the wounded, and carry stones into their chambers in order to annihilate the invader. It is terrible war, for the enemy is without pity. Thiers wishes to annihilate all Paris, to shoot or transport all our National Guards. None of these will find pardon before that proscriber, stained by a whole life of crime and by an attack upon the sovereignty of the people. All means will be good for him and his accomplices. Complete victory is the only chance of safety which this implacable enemy has left to us. Our accord and our devotion assure victory. To-day Paris will do its duty; to-morrow all France will imitate it."

The last number of the Journal Officiel, May 24th, publishes, in full, the following, from the Paris Libre, one of the worst Communard Journals: "Citizens! The Versailles troops should understand at this hour that Paris is as strong to-day as it was yesterday. In spite of the shells they have rained down, even to the Porte Saint Denis, upon an inoffensive population, Paris still stands, covered with barricades and combatants. Far from spreading terror, their shells have only the more excited the anger and the courage of the Parisians. Paris will fight with the energy of its great days. In spite of all the desperate efforts of the enemy since yesterday, they have not been able to gain an inch of soil. Everywhere they have been kept in check. Everywhere that they have dared to show themselves, our cannon and mitrailleuses have sown death in their ranks. The people, surprised an instant by treason, have recovered themselves. The defenders of right are invincible, and it is in swearing to conquer or to die for the Republic, that they have come *en masse* to the

barricades. Versailles has sworn to destroy the Republic: Paris has sworn to save it. No! a new 2d of December is no longer possible, for, strong with the experience of the past, the people prefer death to servitude. The men of September know this very well. The people remember it. It is enough for the traitors and cowards who by their shameless defections have delivered France to foreigners. Already the soldiers, our brothers, recoil before the crime which they had undertaken to commit. A great number among them have come into our ranks, and their comrades are in great numbers following their example. The army of Thiers will find itself reduced to its gendarmes. We know what these men want, and why they combat. Between them and us there is an abyss. AUX ARMES! Courage, citizens! one supreme effort and the victory is ours.

"ALL FOR THE REPUBLIC! ALL FOR THE COMMUNE!"

This furious article appeared on the day when the Versailles troops had gained possession of a great part of the city of Paris. It was evident at this time to every sane man that, in a few hours, revolutionary Paris would be entirely in the hands of the Versailles troops.

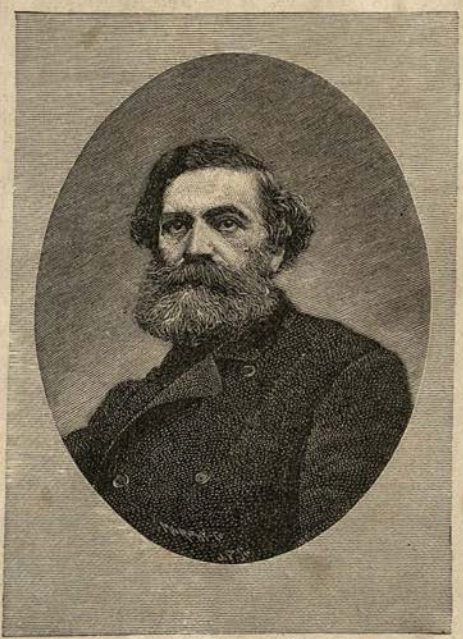
In this same number of the Journal Officiel (May 24th) "our own correspondent" gives this account of the state of things in the city: "The Butte Montmartre has not been inactive this night. The extreme limits of the advanced posts of the Versailles troops are at the new College of Chaptal. At the angle of the Rue de Rome and the boulevard, the soldiers of Thiers have raised a barricade, which they will not be able to hold a very long time. The neighboring houses have been crenelated and fortified. The Fédérés fire incessantly upon these defenders, and they have had to submit to serious losses. The two quarters of Batignolles and Montmartre are formi-

dably defended. . . . When I arrived at the Mairie I found it strongly fortified. . . . I met Cluseret, who took ten men and pushed a reconnoissance to within some metres of the Collége Chaptal. From here I saw each barricade. They are on all the corners of the streets, but there is one which merits particular attention. It has been raised on the Place Blanche. It is perfectly constructed, and defended by a battalion of women, about one hundred and twenty strong. At the moment I arrived, a black form came out from a carriage gate-way, a young woman with a Phrygian bonnet on her head, a chassepôt in her hand, and a cartridge-box about her waist.

"'Halt! citizen! You cannot pass.' I stopped, astonished, and exhibited my *laissez-passer;* then the young girl permitted me to go even to the foot of the redoubt. General Cluseret is there. He cheers up the citizens. Père Duchesne is at his side. This morning the Versailles troops have attempted a flank movement. It was foreseen. All the positions have been attacked, and Cluseret was there to receive them. They have been obliged to retreat. At a later hour the Versailles troops gained some ground on the heights of Montmartre. They have advanced to the Rue de Maubeuge and the Place St. Georges. The contest is very lively at this point. The Fédérés, sheltered behind the barricades, defend themselves with vigor."

Besides the Journal Officiel from which I have quoted, I have full files of many ultra Commune journals, from Sunday, the 21st of May, until the final collapse of the insurrection on the 29th; I have before me, as I write, La Paris Libre, La Politique, La Vérité, Le Rappel, Le Réveil, Le Vengeur, Le Salut Public, Le Cri du Peuple, L'Estafette, L'Avant Garde, Le Fédéralist, Le Tribun,

Le Bulletin du Jour, La Constitution, and some others. It is very curious to see that all of these papers were published from the 20th of May to the 24th and 25th, the same as before the entrance of the Versailles troops. Most of them have the proceedings of the Commune *in extenso.* Some parts of them are really very curious.



Félix Pyat.

Among the most infamous members of the Commune was a man by the name of Johannard, and here is an extract from the proceedings of the Commune of May 19th, referring to him: "I demand the floor, as I have something to communicate. I went yesterday to the post which they had done me the honor to confide to me. They had been fighting there all night. The presence of a member of the Commune had produced a good influence upon the combatants. They had arrested for a spy a boy who had passed. All the proofs showed that he had taken letters to Versailles. I declared that it was necessary to shoot him upon the spot. The general and the officers of his staff told me he had been shot already at mid-day. I will say that in all such cases I will act in the same way. I would not bring this before the members had it not been given to me for a fact of which I believe it my duty to give you an account."

This Johannard was what would now be called a "masher." He was a good-looking young man, always striking attitudes, and while regarded as inoffensive at first, he turned out to be one of the most ferocious scoundrels in the Commune. He blew out the brains of a volunteer of the Tenth Battalion who ran from him at the first fire. A young girl, deploring the unfortunate fate of a victim of the civil war, was shot by the order of Johannard. At La Roquette some of the soldiers were ordered to be shot for refusing to march. One of his last orders, given to the avengers of the Republic, was, "Kill every one as you fall back:" and then he hid himself in an arsenal under a heap of broken gun carriages. Being found a few hours after, he was shot in one of the ditches which surrounded the fort.

Urbain.

Among the other notable members of the Commune, whom I have previously referred to, were Félix Pyat and Urbain, whose portraits are here given.

Le Mot d'Ordre (Rochefort's paper), of May 20th, is filled with news in regard to the military position around the city, and, singularly enough, it has quite a long article which it says was furnished by a friend, in regard to the domestic life and habits of M. Thiers. As this article conforms to what I know of my own knowledge, it may be found of interest. It refers to the time when M. Thiers was living at his hôtel in the Place St. Georges, and

says: "The ground floor of the hôtel contained nothing remarkable. Its salons, its study and its library only merit attention. M. Thiers, like all little men, adores small apartments but large volumes; thus he had subdivided his house into an infinite number of little cabinet libraries. In the first, which was the library proper, he had arranged the books poorly bound; in the second, books on political economy; in the third, classical books; in another, books dedicated to him and given to him by various writers. Some of these volumes, having a large margin, are annotated with extreme care. I remarked Descartes's Commentary, the notes of which contained more matter than the volume itself. The only thing remarkable in the sleeping apartment is an enormous cabinet, on the end of which are pasted some bands of gray paper on which one reads 'Clothes for summer—Shoes for winter.' M. Thiers carries his mania for classification so far that his *garde-robe* resembles a library. Everywhere there is manifested extreme order in the administration of the house. A large number of orders are distributed about, without which his domestics could not be supplied. He signs all these orders, '*Good for groceries*,' '*Good for coal*,' etc. There was also a curious collection of violins, and a little library describing them." Details are further given in regard to the personal habits of M. Thiers: "He rises at five in the morning; he takes a bath immediately upon getting out of bed; after his bath, he takes a cup of coffee without sugar. Then he devotes himself to work until ten o'clock, when he receives from ten to eleven. Then comes his breakfast hour. His breakfast is invariably composed of tea and butter, cutlet of mutton and bread. After breakfast, a new cup of coffee, then the reading of the papers. He notes with a red pencil any striking articles in which he is interested, cuts them

out and pastes them in a scrap-book. These scrap-books are minutely classified and annotated, and bear some marks, as do all his works of history, at the end of a ribbon on which he writes a title. Toward noon he goes out to ride or walk. He returns at three and takes his 'siesta' upon a sofa. At four, he resumes his labors in his library, and remains there until six, his hour for dinner."

In the number of Le Salut Public for May 23, 1871, there is a furious proclamation. It says: "Citizens: Treason has opened our doors to the enemy. It is in Paris; it bombards us; it kills our wives and our children. The supreme hour of the grand contest is sounded. By to-morrow night, the proletariat will fall under the yoke, or be free for eternity. If Thiers conquers, if the Assembly triumphs, you know the life that awaits you; labor without result, misery without cessation. No more future, no more hope. Your children whom you have imagined free will remain slaves; the priests will come to take their youth; your daughters, whom you have seen beautiful and chaste, you will see dishonored in the arms of bandits. AUX ARMES! AUX ARMES! No pity for those who would extend the hand to them! If you are defeated, they will not spare you. FIRE! FIRE! Hasten to the red flag on the barricades. Hasten to the Committee of Public Safety; it will not abandon you. We will not abandon you; we will fight with you to the last cartridge, behind the last barricade. '*Vive la République! Vive la Commune! Vive le Comité de Salut Public.*'

THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY."

Here is another specimen of the decrees of the Commune issued on May 24th. This was the day on which the hostages were shot:

"Citizen Millière, at the head of one hundred and fifty fuse-bearers, is to set fire to all houses of suspicious aspect, as well as to the public monuments, on the left bank of the Seine. Citizen Dereure, with one hundred and fifty fuse-bearers, is charged with the first and second arrondissements. Citizen Billioray, with one hundred men, is charged with the ninth, tenth, and twentieth arrondissements. Citizen Vesinier, with fifty men, has the boulevards of the Madeleine and of the Bastille especially entrusted to him. These citizens are to come to an understanding with the officers commanding the barricades, for the execution of these orders." This decree is signed by seven of the worst men in the Commune.

All this was in pursuance of the plan already laid out to burn the city. For this purpose all the petroleum and other inflammable substances in the city had been "requisitioned," and in this way was incendiarism organized. Even women were regularly organized to set fire to the city. In numbers it was a real army, which was composed of convicts and prison birds; of men of the vilest and most infamous character; thin, small boys, women old and young, aggregating, in number, it is said, no less than eight thousand; a force organized into detachments with its chiefs and officers. The final order for the general conflagration of public edifices and private buildings bore the stamp of the Commune, of the Central Committee, and the seal of the Delegate to the Ministry of War. Of all this army of burners, the women were the worst. They were a separate force, and called pétroleuses. Here is a description of a pétroleuse: "She walks with rapid step near the shadow of the wall. She is poorly dressed; her age is between forty and fifty; her forehead is bound up with a red checkered handkerchief, from which hang meshes of uncombed hair. Her face is

red, her eyes blurred, and she moves with her eyes bent down. Her right hand is in her pocket, or in the bosom of her half-buttoned dress; in the other hand she holds one of the high, narrow tin cans in which milk is carried in Paris, but which now contains the petroleum. If the street is deserted she stops, consults a bit of dirty paper that she holds in her hand, pauses a moment, then continues her way, steadily, without haste. An hour afterward, a house is on fire in the street she has passed. Such is the pétroleuse." Whenever it was possible, the pétroleuse, who was to receive ten francs for every ten houses burnt, would find some little boy or girl whom she would take by the hand and to whom she would give a bottle of the incendiary liquid, with instructions to scatter it in certain places.

The destruction of the world-renowned palace of the Hôtel de Ville will never cease to excite horror and indignation with all who have looked upon that magnificent and massive pile, so interwoven with the history and glory of Paris and of France. Begun in the seventeenth century, such was the exquisite style of the architecture, and such its unrivalled exterior decorations, that it cannot to-day be duplicated. The amount of money expended first and last upon this palace was immense. In 1842 the addition made to the building cost three million two hundred thousand dollars. I was never so particularly struck by the immensity of this palace and the beauty of its exterior decorations as I was the last time I beheld it. In riding from my legation to the prison of Mazas on the afternoon of May 21st (the day of the entry of the Versailles troops), I went by the Rue de Rivoli. It was one of the most beautiful days of spring-time. I passed by this historical pile when everything was peaceful, quiet and lovely, and when there was no premonition of the ter-

rible storm which was so soon to burst on the devoted city. Never before had it seemed so great and so wonderful to me, and never before had it so excited my admiration. It was only a few days later, following up the advance of the Versailles troops, that I beheld it a mass of smoking ruins and surrounded by the charred remains of dead Communards. This work of centuries, so enriched by works of art, and so associated with the history of Paris, fell before the implacable hatred of the Commune. The magnificent library (in the third story), containing more than one hundred thousand volumes, and a large number of valuable paintings of modern times, was entirely destroyed. It is impossible to enumerate all the works of the most eminent painters and sculptors which were consumed in the Hôtel de Ville. While the losses were immense and irreparable, it is perhaps to be wondered at how much was saved, and particularly the archives of the city, which at one time seemed doomed to destruction. These the Commune had determined to destroy, as they contained too much evidence which might return to plague the assassins. The part that was played by Mr. Maury, the director of the archives, deserves honorable mention. Mr. Maury, who was slightly known to me, was one of the most learned men of his time, and it was proved that his courage was equal to his learning. It was his coolness and determination which saved the archives. Happily, at the last moment and after the Commune had undertaken to assume the direction of the archives, Mr. Maury obtained a protection paper from two prominent Communard officials, ordering that no attempt should be made to burn them.

During the reign of the Commune, when Paris was held by brigands and its total annihilation threatened, all Europe was looking on to see what was to be the fate of the

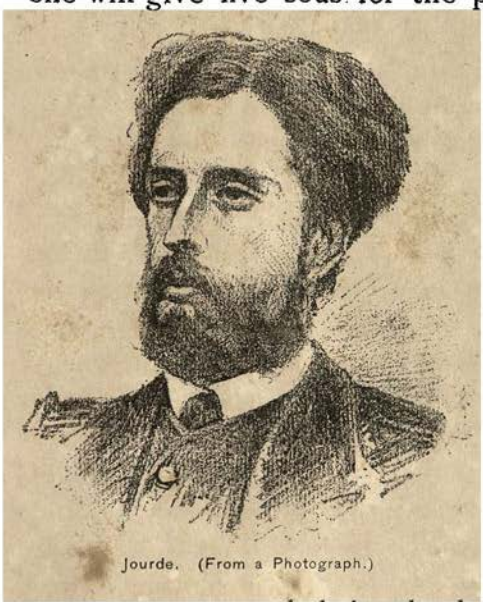
Bank of France, one of the largest financial institutions in the world. Never before had there been such a prize for robbers and brigands. Strange as it may appear, the colossal interests and the vast and almost unheard-of riches of the bank seemed to have saved it. The Communards did not appear disposed to attack it for many reasons, the principal of which was that they did not know how to dispose of its immense treasures. Fortunate, indeed, it was for the bank that it had for a sub-governor a man of great courage and discretion, and fully determined to do his duty in the face of every danger. M. Rouland, the governor of the bank, very soon after the insurrection of the 18th of March, departed from Paris, and the whole management of the bank fell upon the sub-governor, the Marquis de Ploeuc, and never was there a man in such a cruel position who exhibited so much courage, firmness and good sense. On the 28th of March the Bank of France had in its possession treasure to the amount of three thousand millions of francs, and the responsibility which devolved upon the sub-governor and the three or four regents of the bank who courageously stood at their post was immense. It being impossible to remove the treasures of the bank in order to get them out of the reach of danger (for it was estimated it would take a long time and from sixty to seventy carriages, together with a strong armed force, to remove these valuables), it was then a matter of importance how so to manage its affairs as to escape open collision with the Commune. One of the earliest actions of the Central Committee was to put itself in communication with the bank, and to that end it appointed three delegates to the bank. On the 22d of March these delegates made a requisition on the bank for a million of francs, which requisition was promptly paid. After much ma-

nœuvring with the authorities of the bank and the Communard delegates, it was finally determined by the Commune to appoint a permanent delegate to represent it at the Bank of France. Most fortunately for the bank, the Commune named its Doyen, M. Beslay, of whom I have spoken.

Beslay belonged to one of the departments of the West, and, during the siege of Paris, he had held some relations with the Marquis de Ploeuc ; but unfortunately these relations between them had not been very pleasant. It was not, however, long before a good understanding between them was reached. The sub-governor soon installed Beslay in an office opposite his own in the bank, and apparently consulted him in regard to all the current matters of the institution. Beslay acted in entire good faith. After all was over, the Commune suppressed and Beslay in exile, the Marquis de Ploeuc was just enough to say in his testimony before the Commissioner of Inquest, "that without the help of Beslay the Bank of France would no longer exist." On April 6th Beslay notified the sub-governor that he was to be arrested at the direction of Raoul Rigault, but that matter was bridged over in some way and no arrest took place.

One thing which was important for the bank during the latter days of the insurrection was the most desperate quarrelling among several factions—the Commune, the Central Committee, and the Committee of Public Safety. While they were all agreed upon the point of getting as much money as possible from the bank, yet the divisions in the Commune served very much to delay matters, which, before the end, had become very threatening. It was during these last days that the delegates Jourde and Varlin presented themselves at the bank, wearing their terrible scarfs and making the most peremp-

tory demands. The sub-governor having been advised of their arrival, said to them: "Do what you like; but understand that the day you lay your hands upon the Bank of France its notes will not be worth more than the old assignats. All your National Guards have their pockets full of twenty-franc notes, and you will ruin them at one blow; for, the security once destroyed by you, no one will give five sous for the paper." That argument made an impression upon the delegates, and they did not persist in their purpose.



Jourde. (From a Photograph.)

The Committee of Public Safety, pretending to have information that there were arms in the bank, sent a force with a search-warrant to find out if such were the fact. Jourde, the delegate, accompanied the force, declaring that he knew it to be a fact that there were arms concealed in the bank. The Marquis de Ploeuc assured him that there were none, but that he might satisfy himself. He invited Jourde to come along with him and told him that if he found a single musket in the bank besides those belonging to the garrison, he would consent to be shot on the spot. That seemed to have convinced Jourde; for he did not prosecute the search, and turning to his men, said: "Let us go, gentlemen; no weapons are concealed here."

During the last days, the regents as well as the sub-

governor, were in the greatest danger. The regents had been reduced to four members, but they met every day, though each time in a different place. They had been warned by Beslay that they were to be seized as hostages. It required great courage for such men, situated as they were, to remain at their post of danger, but these regents as well as the sub-governor proved themselves equal to every emergency. During all this time the bank had for its defence a battalion of the National Guard, and the behavior of these soldiers during this trying time was beyond all praise; and as a distinguished recompense General MacMahon gave this battalion permission to retain its arms.

It would be impossible to go into all details as to the transactions between the bank and the Commune during these days. But we are surprised to find, after all was over, that the bank got off by paying, during the Commune, only seven million two hundred thousand francs.

After all the responsibilities which fell upon the sub-governor and upon the regents of the bank, after all the dangers which had beset them,—their trials and labors; after all the threats of arrest and imprisonment, the long-looked for deliverance came. Here is what the Marquis de Ploeuc said on this subject before the Commission of Inquest, of the Chamber of Deputies: "From the 23d to the 24th of May, a certain commotion among the insurgent forces of this quarter was remarked; there were fewer people at the barricades of the Rue Coquillière, and those of the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs had been evacuated, as also the Caserne of the Rue de la Banque. At half-past seven o'clock, and for the first time in sixty-seven days, we saw the soldiers of France. A first battalion of the army passed near us without stopping, its destination being another quarter. A second battalion

followed soon, and I learned from its commandant that the brigade of General L'Hériller was but a short distance away. I displayed the flag which, upon the order of the Commune, I had lowered, but without replacing it by the red flag, and I opened the doors. The Bank of France was saved at a quarter before eight. General L'Hériller entered the bank and established his headquarters there. It was time! When the troops arrived that night I was powerless to extinguish the fires, and I counted upon a great disaster."

All this is summed up in a few words: An establishment, enclosing three milliards, in a city delivered to insurrection, to abominable excesses known to all, had been saved, thanks to the intelligent *concours* of a council of regents, above all praise, and a body which remained energetic and united during sixty-seven days, believing more than once that they would never see the morrow.

It can be well conceived that it was with no little pride that the sub-governor of the bank, on the 24th of May, addressed to M. Thiers, the Chief of Executive Power, the following note:

"Mr. President: After most grievous days, which I am incapable of describing to you through excess of fatigue and emotion, I have the honor to make known to you that, at half-past seven o'clock this morning, the brigade of General L'Hériller appeared at the Bank of France. Without any colors for two months, we have hoisted to-day the flag of France, amid the acclamations of a body of men whose firmness and courage are above all eulogy. There has been no injury to the credit of that grand establishment, the Bank of France."

It would be hardly practicable to attempt to give any details of the loss on public buildings, monuments,

churches and houses, damaged and destroyed by the Commune of Paris, from May 24th to the 29th. Besides the Palace of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Council of State, the Court of Exchequer, the Ministry of Finance, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of Justice, the Préfecture of Police and the Conciergerie, there were hundreds of other buildings, public and private, destroyed, which are only known generally to the public.

In respect to the devastation of Paris, there was a method in the madness of the Commune. When it had determined to set on fire certain parts of the city, a number of men, as avant-couriers, would go out to tell the inhabitants that the quarter was about to be delivered to the flames, and would urge them to fly for their lives; in other cases, the unfortunate people were told that the whole city would be burnt, and that they might as well meet death where they were as run to seek it elsewhere. The most horrible thing connected with these burnings was the placing of sentinels in the streets and ordering them to fire upon every one who attempted to escape. In carrying out the attempt to burn the city it was ordered that tin cans or bottles filled with petroleum, phosphorus, nitro-glycerine, or other combustibles should be provided with a long sulphur match attached to the neck of the vessel, the match to be lighted at the time of throwing these explosives into the cellars. The batteries at Belleville and at the cemetery of Père Lachaise were ordered to send petroleum shells into many quarters of the city.

Eudes, a general of the Commune, and one of the most infamous men connected with it, sent the following order to one of his officers: "Fire on the Bourse,

IMPRISONED PÉTROLEUSES AND FEMMES CHANTANTES.

the Bank, the Post-Office, the Place des Victoires, the Place Vendôme, the Garden of the Tuileries, the Babylone Barracks; leave the Hôtel de Ville to Commandant Pindy, the Delegate of War, and the Committee of Public Safety. The Commune will assemble at the Mairie of the eleventh arrondissement where you are established; there we will organize the defence of the popular quarters of the city. We will send you cannon and ammunition from the Parc Basfroi. We will hold out to the last, happen what may."

The insurgents had collected a considerable quantity of powder in the Panthéon, and when the Versailles troops obtained possession of the building, the officer in command at once searched for the slow-match, and finding it, cut it off when it had not more than a yard to burn. Instructions had been given to the firemen not to extinguish the fires, but to retire to the Champ-de-Mars with the pumps and other apparatus. Whenever a man attempted to do anything to arrest the conflagration, he was ordered to be shot. The firemen who had arrived from all parts, even from Belgium, and the honest citizens who joined them, worked to extinguish the fires, amid showers of bullets. At the Treasury, the labors of these men were four times interrupted by the violent cannonading of the insurgents.

It was on Tuesday evening, May 23d, that the fire broke out at the Palace of the Tuileries, and at the same time the National Guard threw out men in every direction to prevent any one from approaching to subdue the flames. After the Tuileries had been set on fire an order was given by a Commandant of the National Guard which was worded as follows: "In a quarter of an hour the Tuileries will be all in flames: as soon as our wounded are removed, you will cause the explosion of the Ministry

of Marine." This order came too late, for, fortunately, Admiral Pothuau, who had been made Minister of Marine by M. Thiers, put himself at the head of a handful of marines and drove the incendiaries, including the Commandant of the National Guard, head and heels out of the Ministry.

I knew Admiral Pothuau very well—a brave and true man as ever lived, and a serious republican. He was afterward sent as ambassador to England. Wherever he might go, or in whatsoever position he might be placed, Admiral Pothuau was a man who would challenge the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

This Tuesday night, May 23d, and Wednesday morning of the 24th, were, as I have related, the most fearful hours of the Commune. After the fighting and the burning of Tuesday night, the battle Wednesday morning was dreadful. I have spoken of the smoke which arose above Paris on Wednesday morning, and of the fires which were breaking out in all directions—at the Conseil d'État, at the Caisse des Dépôts, at the Hôtel de Ville, at the Palais Royal, at the Ministry of Finance, the Préfecture of Police, the Palace of Justice, in the Rue du Bac, the Rue de Lille, the Rue de la Croix-Rouge, Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, in a great number of houses in the Faubourgs Saint Germain and Saint Honore, in the Rue Royale, and in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas. And soon afterward fires broke out on the Avenue Victoria, Boulevard de Sébastopol, Rue Saint Martin, at the Château d'Eau, in the Rue Saint Antoine, and the Rue de Rivoli.

Friday night was one of terror. The docks of La Villette and the warehouses of the Douane, the Grenier d'Abondance and the Gobelins were all burning. It was determined at this time to destroy the Hôtel des Invalides, and it was in great danger. Mines had been laid

on all sides, but fortunately their positions were discovered and the electric wires, which were to have communicated the spark, cut. I walked down from my legation, which was 95 Rue de Chaillot, this day to the Place de la Concorde, and all seemed ruin and desolation. The water nymphs and Tritons of the fountains were much mutilated, and the statue of the town of Lille, one of the eight gigantic allegorical figures of the principal towns of France, which form a prominent ornament to the place, lay shattered on the ground. The Arc de Triomphe, however, was not much injured during the last days of the Commune, but it had been dreadfully torn to pieces previously by the bombardment from Mont Valérien. The Tuileries were a long time burning—three days, but for many days after that there were flames bursting forth from the ruins. One of the incendiaries of the Tuileries, a man by the name of Piquet, who had threatened to make of the whole quarter of the Louvre one great conflagration, was seized by the Versailles troops and summarily shot. There was found in his pocket the bill for his breakfast the preceding day, and it amounted to fifty-seven francs and eighty centimes (over eleven dollars), which showed that these incendiaries managed to live high while Paris was burning.

The Ministry of Finance was set fire to on the night of the 23d of May, and on the previous day the Journal Officiel had published a note declaring that the certificates of stock and the stock books would be burned within forty-eight hours. This note was severely commented upon at the next sitting of the Commune, and Paschal Grousset said: "I blame those who inserted the note in question, but I demand that measures may be taken for the destruction of all such documents belonging to those at Versailles the day after they shall enter Paris."

Citizen Lucas, who had been directed to set fire to the Ministry of Finance, did his task well. The conflagration lasted several days. The burning papers had been wafted over almost all Paris, and I have in my possession one of them which fell very near my legation, which is nearly a mile from the Ministry. Not only was every part of the building soaked with petroleum, but shells had

The Palace of Justice.

been placed about the building which burst successively as the fire extended. Great efforts were made to save the building and some of the valuable public documents, but the work was constantly interrupted by the insurgents. Not a single book in the library escaped, and the two thousand volumes of the correspondence of the great finance Minister, Colbert, were consumed.

The Palais Royal was burnt on the night of the 23d

and morning of the 24th. Arduous efforts were also made to save it, but all were rendered futile by the Communards. The Palace of Justice was providentially spared, though the damage was very great. The Court of Cassation and the Court d'Assises were entirely destroyed. The Palace of the Quai d'Orsay, in which the Council of State and the Cour des Comptes held their sittings, was very seriously injured though not entirely destroyed; but what made the loss irreparable was the destruction of so many valuable documents belonging to the financial and legislative history of France. The most famous artists of the time had contributed to the decoration of the interior. Among the portraits destroyed was that of Napoleon the First, by Flandrin.

When the Communards got possession of the terrace of the Tuileries Garden they directed the fire of their batteries upon the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and every effort was made to destroy that historic building, but no very great damage was done. The Palace of the Legion of Honor was, as I have said, entirely destroyed. Its architecture was entirely French and unique of its kind. Drawings and plans of this palace had been happily preserved, and the members of the Legion of Honor, one of the greatest and most important institutions in France, offered a subscription for rebuilding it. Every effort was made to destroy the Gobelin, but the people of that quarter, with the Gobelin weavers, defended them at the peril of their lives; but there was the irreparable loss of a valuable collection of tapestry dating from the time of Louis XIV.

Besides Beslay, who preserved the Bank of France, there was another Communist, a Delegate to the Post-office, by the name of Theiss, who prevented the insurgents from setting fire to the Post-office establishment.

The churches of Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle, the Madeleine and Trinité were saved. The old church of Saint Eustache, which, during the Commune, had been turned into a club house, and where I attended a Communard meeting, was set on fire, but, being discovered in time, was, fortunately, saved. While so many churches were saved several theatres were burnt, including the Porte St. Martin, the Châtelet, the Lyrique, and others.

While the people of Paris of French nativity are justly responsible for all the horrors and devastations of the Commune, it is very curious to observe the large number of foreigners who were among the chiefs of the insurrection, nearly all members of the International, who were gathered from all quarters of the globe—Russians, Italians, Greeks, Belgians, Dutch, Irish, Spanish, and, particularly, Poles. The list of these foreigners has been published and it is interesting to study. In that list, Cluseret, Delegate of War, is put down as French born, but a naturalized American citizen. There is another foreigner who is put down as an American and as surgeon-major in the second battalion. I recognized his name (Wetton) as that of a man who called upon me during the troublous days and told me he was an American, and that he was a doctor. Finding from his conversation that he was a Communard (and as he did not show me any naturalization papers to sustain his claim as an American), our conversation was not a prolonged one.

The losses of the Versailles troops in recapturing Paris amounted to eighty-three officers killed, and four hundred and thirty wounded; less than one thousand private soldiers were killed, but the number of wounded amounted to more than six thousand. The number of missing was insignificant, being less than two hundred.

Outside of the brigand National Guard and of the immense insurrectionary population of the city, there was unbounded joy among all the people of Paris when the city was delivered from the monstrous oppression of the insurrectionists who, for ten weeks, had held the people in terror,—murdering, robbing, imprisoning, and making life one continual torment. Then came the reaction. When the orderly and peaceful citizens, relieved from the shocking tyranny of the Commune, began to get the upper hand, as is natural to suppose, they were inspired with a certain degree of rage which it was almost impossible to control. No sooner had Paris been captured than the great work began of arresting the thousands of criminals—murderers, assassins, robbers, desperadoes, and outlaws of every description—who had so long made the beautiful city a pandemonium. In the most insurrectionary parts of the town the people were arrested *en masse* by the military, and often the innocent included with the guilty. It would take too long to recount all the frightful incidents which followed the capture of Paris. There were no less than fifty thousand insurgents arrested; how many were summarily executed will never be known. Great numbers were condemned to death and shot, and still larger numbers were sent to prison for life; but the great mass of them were deported to the French possessions of New Caledonia. The most of them were pardoned before many years, and many of them are now back in Paris.

Not to speak of the immense sacrifice of human life in suppressing the Commune, and all the horrors of the deportation of such a mass of people, the money loss of property in Paris was estimated at two hundred millions of dollars; but this is really small as compared with other losses, which cannot be measured by money, such as the

Hôtel de Ville, the Ministry of Finance, the Tuileries the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, the Ministry of War and many other public buildings, with all their priceless records.

But few people are fully aware of the immense proportions which the Paris Commune had assumed before its final suppression. Its military strength was simply enormous. Cluseret told me, as I have previously stated, of his furnishing rations to one hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers in Paris. And the amount of war material found in possession of the Commune at the time of its collapse was absolutely prodigious. There were nearly 700,000 weapons of every kind taken from the hands of the Communards. Independent of the vast amount of this particular material, the military authorities of the Commune had seventeen hundred pieces of cannon and mitrailleuses, which they had robbed from the city and which they had used with such terrible effect. But what must ever excite amazement is the knowledge of the vast number of the people in Paris at this time who not only were in sympathy with the Commune, but who abetted and sustained it in its career of crime and blood. The minority, embracing the better class of Paris at this time, was completely cowed and subdued by this vast insurrectionary mass of population.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## PARIS UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

The Restoration of Peace—Diplomatic Relations between France and Germany Resumed—A Change in the Cabinet—Some Personal Experiences—Recollections of Carlsbad—Jules Favre's Successor—Thiers Confirmed as President of the Republic—Payment of the War Indemnity—Prominent Americans in Paris and Nice—The Death of Napoleon III.—Resignation of M. Grévy.

AFTER the recapture of Paris by the French government, I began to think that it was quite time that France and Germany should resume their diplomatic relations, and that I should be relieved from the responsible position which I had held for nearly a year, being charged with the protection of the subjects of the North German Confederation, and others. I wrote to Mr. Bancroft, our Minister at Berlin, on the subject, and also sounded M. Jules Favre, who said that the French government was only waiting to find the right man to send to Berlin as Minister. It was about the middle of June, 1871, that Lieutenant-Colonel Count Waldersee, the new *Chargé d'Affaires* of the German Empire, near the French government, arrived in Paris to relieve me of the duties with which I had been charged. He brought with him a letter of introduction to me from Prince Bismarck, as follows:

BERLIN, *June* 13, 1871.

SIR: I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that, in order to restore the regular diplomatic intercourse between the German Empire and French Republic, I have appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Count Wal-

dersee, the bearer of the present letter, *Chargé d'Affaires* at Paris, preparatory to the nomination of a representative of His Majesty, the Emperor.

His Majesty has commanded me to convey to Your Excellency his grateful acknowledgments for the zeal and kindness you have devoted to the interests of the German residents under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and with corresponding sacrifice of time and personal comfort. I beg to add the reiterated expression of the sense of obligation I shall ever preserve for the uniform promptness and courtesy I have experienced from you in a business connection of nearly a twelve months' duration.

With sentiments of the highest consideration, I have the honor to be Your Excellency's obedient servant, BISMARCK.

* On June 19th I had the honor to address Prince Bismarck the following letter in acknowledgment:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, *June* 19, 1871.

SIR: I had the honor to receive your letter of the 13th instant by the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Count Waldersee. On the 17th instant I turned over to him the archives of the Prussian legation, which had been committed to my charge in the month of July, 1870. On the same day I surrendered up my charge connected with the protection of your countrymen and their interests for the period of eleven months. I shall send to Mr. von Thile, with whom I have already corresponded on the subject, a full account of the moneys received and disbursed by me during the time I have been charged with your interests.

I beg leave to thank you for conveying to me the acknowledgments of His Majesty in respect to the services I have been able to render to your government during the time I have had the honor to act in its behalf. I beg Your Excellency to believe that the services I have been able to render have been given with a hearty good-will, and I am gratified to know that they have been satisfactory to the royal government. I shall ever cherish the pleasantest recollections of our official relation during the most extraordinary period of modern times.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

His Excellency Prince Bismarck, &c., &c., &c.

Having been relieved of my responsibility as regarded

BISMARCK.

(From the Painting Presented to Mr Washburne by the German Government.)

the protection of the Germans, I left Paris for Vieille Église for a few days' rest preparatory to my departure for Carlsbad. I find that on the 18th of June I wrote a friend how glad I was to reach the end of my horrid experience. I told him that for the eleven months preceding I had gone through the Franco-Prussian War, two sieges, and the insurrection in Paris. I said that never before had a man had a more difficult, responsible and laborious position. For eleven months I had practically occupied the position of Prussian Minister, amid a hostile people; that I had just been relieved of my trust, and had received the most flattering letter from Prince Bismarck, conveying the thanks of Emperor William, and that I had been amply compensated for what I had done in being able to save the lives and property of all the Germans in Paris under my protection. Enduring all the horrors of the Commune, living under an insurrection for three months and in the absence of all law, I added that I found myself a good deal used up and run down; from a weight of one hundred and ninety-three I had dropped to one hundred and seventy-six.

It was after the raising of the siege and after the suppression of the Commune that the generosity of the American people was shown by the large sums which had been contributed in the United States and sent to me to be distributed among the sufferers in Paris and France. I have already referred to the generous donations by Americans after the close of the first siege. There were many individual subscriptions which were quite large; among the largest, perhaps, was that of Mr. Amos R. Eno, the owner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, who, with his son-in-law, Mr. Pinchot, sent to me the sum of between five and six thousand francs, to be

distributed according to my best judgment among the French poor. I acknowledged the receipt of this to Mr. Eno, June 30, 1871, and assured him of the pleasure which it had afforded me to be the medium for the distribution of the noble and generous gift of himself and Mr. Pinchot, who was a gentleman of French descent, a man of wealth and of the highest intelligence and respectability. Mr. Eno had lived a good deal in Paris, and I knew him and his family quite well. Mrs. Eno, a most estimable lady, was the sister of my old friend and associate in Congress, Governor John S. Phelps of Missouri.

It was in this month of June that the government of Mexico accepted the intervention of the United States for the purpose of bringing about the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and Mexico. On June 13th Secretary Fish addressed to me an official communication as follows: "On referring to your Number 402 of the 30th of March last concerning the renewal of diplomatic relations between France and Mexico, the Minister of the United States to Mexico, to whom a copy of your despatch was sent, wrote to this department on the 22d ultimo that the contents thereof had been made known to the acting Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Mexico, who expressed much gratification that this government had again extended its good offices for the re-establishment of friendly relations with European powers, and said that there would be no difficulty in attaining such a result with France upon substantially the same terms as were accepted by Italy and Spain."

I refer to this matter now particularly to show the good feeling which then existed between the United States and Mexico, and I might state a further fact, that during the siege and Commune of Paris, when Mexico

had no diplomatic representative in France, at the instance of many Mexicans I charged myself with the protection of their interests. For my good offices in that respect I was subsequently thanked by the Mexican government, and when visiting Monterey, a few years after my return to the United States, I was everywhere received with the greatest kindness by the Mexican people. The Mexican government went so far as to order a military escort for me from Piedras Negras to Monterey. There was not at that time any railroad in that part of Mexico, and travelling by private conveyance through the unsettled country was not considered quite safe.

I have previously referred to the fact that at the breaking out of the insurrection in Paris, I was obliged to remove my legation to Versailles, where I established it at No. 7 Rue de Mademoiselle. After the suppression of the insurrection and when everything had become orderly in Paris, I saw no reason for continuing to maintain the legation at Versailles; therefore, about the middle of June I moved everything back to Paris, but before doing so I called upon M. Jules Favre to see if there was any objection on his part. He assured me that the members of the Diplomatic Corps were free to consult their own convenience in that matter, and that it was not impossible that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs would be moved into Paris in the course of three or four weeks.

It was soon after the suppression of the rebellion that there came a change in the Cabinet of M. Thiers. General Le Flô, who had been the Minister of War, was named as ambassador to St. Petersburg and General de Cissey was appointed Minister of War in his place; and there were also changes in the Ministry of Commerce and the Interior. General de Cissey had seen much military service in Algeria, and when the war broke out with

Prussia he commanded a division. He capitulated at Metz, and was sent as prisoner of war to Hamburg. Returning to Paris after the preliminaries of peace were signed, he received a high command in the army for the reduction of the insurrection. General de Cissey continued to act as Minister of War even after the overthrow of Thiers, May 24, 1873. In 1875 he was elected Senator for life by the National Assembly. He was finally removed as Minister of War by General MacMahon in December, 1876. In the Senate he voted with the Right, and partook of its ideas and prejudices.

Having made all my arrangements for the trip to Carlsbad, I placed my legation in charge of the secretary, and left on July 2. There was some complaint, and that not without reason, that I did not stay over to celebrate the 4th of July; but the truth was that I was tired out and so much run down that I wanted to get out of Paris as soon as possible. Fortunately, all turned out well, for on the 4th my place was more than made good by my friend and namesake, Governor Washburn of Massachusetts, who made a vastly better speech than I could have made to the Americans who had assembled on the elegant grounds of Doctor Evans, on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, for an improvised celebration.

It will be recalled that I was at these celebrated waters the year before, in 1870, but I had only been there six days when France declared war against Prussia, which obliged me to return forthwith to Paris. I was not able then to take what was called a "cure," but I always thought that even those six days had done me a great deal of good, and that they enabled me to get through the winter of 1870–'71 much better than I feared I should. Going again to Carlsbad in the year 1871, I was enabled to

take the longest "cure," which was six weeks. This celebrated watering-place was not then so much frequented as it has been since, but it then had a world-wide reputation for the wonderful curative properties of its waters. I do not believe there is a watering-place in the world where the visitors have received so much benefit. Settling on the banks of Fever River, in the United States lead mines, in 1840, my system had become thoroughly impregnated with malaria, bringing to me fever and ague, and bilious and congestive fevers, and to such an extent that I was finally disabled in 1866, obliged to leave my seat in Congress early in 1867, and to spend seven months in Europe, in search of health. I continued visiting Carlsbad every year for eight years thereafter, and never failed to receive much benefit from the waters. It is one of the most remarkable health resorts that I have ever visited. The pursuit and aim of all is *health*, and all visitors are obliged to conform to a certain regimen in the way of living. Everything has been done to make the place attractive, and the walks and drives are particularly inviting. It is a town simply of lodging-houses, and has a resident population of about five thousand. The hotels cut no great figure, but at the lodging-houses the people are everywhere admirably served. They are what they are called, simply "lodging-houses," where they do not pretend to furnish meals, except perhaps a cup of coffee and a roll in the morning. The town is filled with places where you can obtain your meals *à la carte*, but all are expected to conform to the regulations in regard to the manner of living. There is great competition among the eating places and much strife, particularly, as to who shall furnish the best coffee. After finishing your waters in the morning you are to take moderate exercise for an hour and then you are ready for your coffee, eggs and

rolls. Carlsbad coffee is celebrated the world over, and is prepared with the greatest possible care. With coffee, which is brought to you in a little pot with a little jug of cream and a lump of sugar, you are entitled to two rolls and two fresh eggs, boiled three minutes, "zwei Eier drei minuten." At two or three o'clock in the afternoon you have a regulation dinner—and there are many large and elegant dining-halls. At six o'clock in the afternoon you can, if you wish, sip another cup of coffee at one of the numerous coffee stands, where you can listen to excellent music. If the visitor feels at eight or nine o'clock in the evening a want of something more to eat, he is permitted to have a piece of ham and bread, with a glass of beer. In the morning, each glass of water taken is followed by a very deliberate walk of fifteen minutes. You commence with one or two glasses each morning and go on increasing the number to four or five glasses, always taking the prescribed walk between the glasses. The rule is, that you are to exercise one hour after taking the last glass, and before taking your coffee.

About the middle of June, and just before I left Paris for Carlsbad, there was much talk as to what had been the relations and understanding between England and France in respect to our war, and especially as to what had taken place in regard to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. In an unofficial interview that I had about this time with M. Jules Favre I asked him if he could not give me some information relating to the subject. He said he would make inquiries about the matter, and in a subsequent interview he told me that nothing existed upon the subject in the archives of the Ministry, but that all communications bearing on that topic had been verbal. In a general conversation a short time

afterward with an American gentleman who had from his position during our war every facility to possess himself of precise information, I found that he had the same impression that all communications between the English and French governments in relation to intervention in our affairs were verbal. This gentleman stated that the Emperor of the French made repeated propositions through confidential agents to the English government to recognize the Southern Confederacy, but that all these propositions were declined. Lord Palmerston, then premier of the British government, stated to this gentleman that his sympathies were with the South, but as for recognizing it, it was out of the question. The gentleman I refer to was satisfied that the attitude of the Liberals, headed by Mr. Bright, deterred the British government from making a recognition that they otherwise would have gladly made. He informed me that Lord Salisbury had called upon Mr. Slidell in Paris, who informed him that he really believed that the British government had yielded to the pressure of the Emperor and had decided to recognize the Confederacy, and that they would have done so in about a fortnight; but it was not done, probably for the reason that a Union victory had changed their determination. My informant added that it was at the suggestion of the Emperor that it was decided to build rebel cruisers in France, and that nothing but the damnable testimony procured from the ship-builders near Bordeaux prevented the whole plan from being carried out.

In this connection I may perhaps be permitted to allude to a very interesting conversation that I had with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, one of the most distinguished men in France, who had, at one time, been Minister of Foreign Affairs under Napoleon the Third. He was a very able man and of charming personal qualities. His elegant

residence was near my legation, at the corner of the Rue de Chaillot and the Rue François Premier. I knew him quite well and had very friendly relations with him. A year or two before I left Paris he called upon me at my legation and entered into a conversation with me in regard to what had taken place in France during our civil war, and explained particularly what had been his action as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the matter of the rebel rams, which were built in France, to send out to prey upon our commerce after the fashion of the Alabama in England. He said that it had at one time come to his notice that rebel emissaries had got into communication with the Emperor over his head, and had persuaded him not to interfere in the building of the rams. He brought the matter to the attention of the Emperor, and explained to him what would be the inevitable consequence of any sanction the French government might give to the building of the rams; and ended by telling the Emperor if such a course were to be pursued it would be against his protest, and that he would ask to withdraw from the Ministry. The Emperor readily acquiesced in all he said, and then gave him full permission to act in the matter as he thought best.

These conversations must be taken for what they are worth. The conversation with M. Drouyn de Lhuys was not regarded by either of us as being in any manner confidential. From what I learned from various other sources I have no doubt that the Emperor Napoleon was fully in sympathy with the Rebellion, and was desirous of giving it aid and comfort so far as he dared. That was well known to everybody in Paris, which was filled with Confederates, who were flattered and fêted not only at the Tuileries, but by the people generally of the city. The loyal men of our country were everywhere

in the background. And I am advised that the position of our minister at that time, the Hon. William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, was a very embarrassing one. It is but just to say, however, that his management of affairs was in every respect admirable, and that he displayed the highest qualities of a diplomat. Mr. Dayton had retired from his seat in the Senate in 1851, two years before I entered Congress, and it was not my pleasure to have any very intimate acquaintance with him. I became somewhat acquainted with him after the presidential election of 1856, when he was the candidate for vice-president on the ticket with General Frémont. He was an able man, an accomplished lawyer, and an upright judge, and never was New Jersey represented in the United States Senate more creditably than by him. He was a man of fine personal appearance and courtly manners, distinguished by his character and solid ability. The last time that I saw him was in the Hall of the House of Representatives just before he went to France, where we held a brief conversation, and I told him, what I then believed to be true and what I now believe to be true, that if the Republican ticket had been reversed he would have been President of the United States.

I now take up something like a personal narrative.

After finishing my six weeks' cure at Carlsbad, I went to Franzensbad, about an hour's ride by rail from Carlsbad, for the purpose of taking the famous mud baths. These baths had then become quite celebrated and were visited by many persons. Like Carlsbad, Franzensbad (also in Bohemia) was a town of lodging-houses. It was not so large a place, but, instead of being among the hills, like Carlsbad, it was situated on a plain. I remained there for nine days and derived much benefit from the

mud baths. The season was over when I reached there, and the town seemed utterly deserted. During the time I was there I only saw one person who spoke English, and with that person I had only a few words of conversation on the street.

I returned to Paris from these visits on one of the last days of August, 1871. I found that there had been but little going on in official circles, but that wonders had been accomplished by the people of Paris in bringing order out of the chaos of the insurrection. The principal event during my absence was the change of Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Jules Favre having been replaced by Count de Rémusat. Count de Rémusat was well known as a writer and as a political man. He early entered into relations with M. Thiers, which became of the most intimate and friendly character, and which were never disturbed. He was ever liberal in his sentiments. He was the son of Madame de Rémusat, whose Memoirs have been published during the last few years, and have been so widely read in many languages. Count de Rémusat married a granddaughter of La Fayette, and that fact seemed to have drawn him nearer to our country, and his relations with Americans were always very friendly. Madame de Rémusat was one of the most charming ladies that I have ever met. Handsome, attractive in manner, and kind to every one, she won the hearts of all who approached her. To the Americans she was always exceedingly polite, and the recollection of the relations which her grandfather had held with our country seemed to be very precious to her. During the long time that Count de Rémusat was Minister of Foreign Affairs my intercourse with him was always most pleasant, and it was not possible to find a more agreeable man with whom to hold official relations.

His son, Paul de Rémusat, became a prominent member of the National Assembly. He was a young man most highly esteemed for his republican principles, for his high character and marked ability. In the Assembly he always supported the policy of M. Thiers, and belonged to that group which was called the "Centre Gauche." In the month of October, 1870, when M. Thiers was charged by the government of the National Defence to visit the principal courts of Europe in the attempt to find for France favorable intervention, M. Paul de Rémusat accompanied him into Russia, Austria and Italy.

I found on my return that there was quite an excitement at Versailles over a discussion in respect to the question of the prolongation of the powers of M. Thiers. I found also, that there had been a good many prominent Americans in Paris while I was absent, and among them was my highly esteemed friend, the Honorable Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, a member of the United States Senate. He had left Paris but a few days before I returned. I regretted very much having missed him, for he was a man for whom I had the highest respect, both on account of his ability and patriotism, and for the great services he had rendered on the Committee of Military Affairs, in the United States Senate, during the war. Governor Seward was also in Paris, on his way home from his trip to China; and also, General Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, who was in Europe for the first time, and for the purpose more particularly of visiting the home of his ancestors in Bavaria. As this discussion was exciting much interest in the National Assembly and in France, I was very anxious that these gentlemen should be present at one of the sittings. Though the pressure for tickets of admission to the Assembly

was very great, I was enabled through the courtesy of Count de Rémusat to obtain two which enabled these gentlemen to be present. The galleries were completely filled and vast numbers were unable to procure an entrance. Nearly all the members were in their seats, and the discussion was extremely boisterous and exciting. Governor Seward was partly paralyzed and very feeble. Though he had to be constantly supported by a body-servant, yet his mind was remarkably clear. He took the greatest interest in everything that was going on, and made many visits. M. Thiers paid him a great compliment by inviting him to dine *en famille*. He was everywhere in official circles treated with that respect and consideration due to so distinguished a man. He was much interested on this occasion in the speech made by M. Gambetta, which was the first one that he made after his entrance into the new Assembly. He spoke with remarkable power and eloquence, but the body was restive, and, being continually interrupted, he ended with a defiance, saying that the Chamber would be obliged to submit to a dissolution if it had not the courage or patriotism to dissolve itself.

As my family was not yet settled in my house, it was on the 4th of September, 1871, the first anniversary of the Revolution of 1870, that I gave a dinner to Governor Seward at the Café Voisin. I had invited to meet him many men whom he had known in Washington, and among others, Lord Lyons, who had been British Minister to Washington after the breaking out of the war, the Marquis de Montholon and M. Moustier, both of whom had been ministers from France to the United States during the time that Mr. Seward was Secretary of State; Mr. John J. Cisco of New York, and Governor Banks of Massachusetts. Governor Seward was at his best at this

dinner, and the charm of his conversation made a most agreeable impression on all present.

Other dinners were given to Mr. Seward in Paris, and I might perhaps mention one in particular, given by Mr. Elliot C. Cowdin of New York, a gentleman who had resided much in Paris, and who was distinguished for his hospitality and for the elegant manner in which he entertained his countrymen. At this dinner were General Schenck, then United States Minister to England, Mr. William M. Evarts of New York, and General Banks. The entire American colony regretted to have Mr. Seward leave. He went from Paris to Berlin, and as he did not understand the French or German languages and was much disabled physically, I sent our faithful *concierge*, Antoine, to accompany him as far as Cologne. I bade him adieu at the depot, and it was the last time I ever saw that illustrious man whom I had known so long, and whose great abilities I had admired and whose long and courageous struggle in the cause of anti-slavery had won my profoundest respect.

It was also my pleasure to meet, when I got back to Paris, two old Galena friends, the Honorable Thomas Drummond, Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the eighth circuit, and Mr. James Carter, for many years a prominent banker of Galena, and a man remarkable for his intelligence and enterprise. The Honorable E. Joy Morris of Philadelphia was also there on his return to the United States; a gentleman with whom I had served in Congress and who had been Minister of the United States, resident at Constantinople.

For the first few years after I was accredited as Minister to France, I was directed by the State Department to assist in every practicable way in negotiating with France a postal treaty between the two countries. I have pre-

viously referred to this. From that experience I learned how difficult it was to negotiate any treaty with France in which that country would not have all the advantages on its side. I was associated at different times with ex-Governor Ramsey of Minnesota, and Senator Chandler of Michigan, but there was never anything accomplished. The existing treaty expiring, for a long time there was no postal treaty between the two countries. At that time there was no separate postal department in France, and the Post-Office practically belonged to the Ministry of Finance; and all the Ministers of Finance that I had anything to do with were invariably opposed to any treaty such as the United States could possibly agree to. Of all the Finance Ministers, M. Buffet, who was the Finance Minister of the Empire, was the most illiberal and impractical. Nothing was ever satisfactorily accomplished until the Postal Union was entered into, which was a uniform rate of five cents for every letter of ten grammes between the countries belonging to it.

By an act of the Assembly M. Thiers was given the title of President of the Republic of France, and, being confirmed in his power, I deemed it my duty to call upon him and officially extend to him my personal felicitations and congratulate him in the name of the government of the United States on becoming President. I assured him of the gratification our government and people felt in seeing him invested with a power which would be wisely used in healing the wounds made by the late war, and in securing the happiness of the French people. He said that he was much pleased that I had expressed the sympathy and good-will of the United States, which would tend to draw closer the bonds of the two countries. In the interview he spoke of his gratification at having met

Mr. Seward, and said he considered him one of the greatest statesmen of the two worlds.

I have spoken of the retirement of M. Jules Favre from the Foreign Office. He was no sooner out of the place than he began prosecuting certain parties for libel in the Court of Assizes of the Seine. The proceedings of this trial were published *in extenso* in the Paris newspapers, and the testimony therein given by M. Favre himself revealed the extraordinary history of his life. This suit for libel was against one Laluyé, who had long been a friend of Favre, and their places in one of the outlying villages of Paris adjoined each other. They used to travel into Paris and out together every day and were very intimate. In one of his effusive moods Favre had told him the story of his private life, which was disgraceful. It was to the effect that he had carried on a long intrigue with another man's wife, and had finally induced the husband to go to South America. He then lived openly with the wife and had by her several children. It was alleged that, in registering the births of these children, he had made false oaths. Under French law, the Court condemned Laluyé to a year's imprisonment and a thousand francs damages. That judgment, however disagreeable to Laluyé, was the complete ruin of Favre in France, and although he remained as Senator from the Department of the Rhone, he lost his hold upon the public.

I had been associated with M. Jules Favre for a long time, when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in a crisis more important than any France had ever traversed. I entertained a high opinion of his ability and his patriotism, and I have had occasion to refer to him often in complimentary terms; he had often expressed his obligations to me for the satisfactory and agreeable manner in

which I had discharged the duties of my position as the protector of the Germans in Paris after the breaking out of the war. But after a matter which occurred in Paris during the last days of the Commune, and when it was attempted to array a certain prejudice against me at Versailles for having stood at my post in Paris during the Commune instead of running away to Versailles, in place of defending me Favre was disposed to acquiesce in the attacks that had been made upon me, even going so far as to intimate before the Committee of Inquiry of the National Assembly that I was favorable to the Germans during the siege. But he said that he had no evidence whatever in his hands to support any such intimation. After M. Favre left the Foreign Office I never had any communication with him, and never desired to have.

The old town of Versailles, having got a taste of having the legislative body sit there, now became desirous that it should be made the permanent seat of the government, and the committee appointed on the subject reported favorably. The project involved an immediate expenditure of nearly two millions of dollars for the purpose of installing the Ministries. The Government opposed that sweeping proposition, and it was voted down, but not by a very large majority. Therefore everything remained *in statu quo.*

It was about the middle of September that the Assembly, after having passed on some important subjects and having heard a speech from M. Thiers, which was the first since he had been elected President, took a recess. The speech was on the question of ratifying a new treaty with Germany, and was very able and adroit; M. Thiers achieved a complete success. That was the last act of the Assembly before the recess. M. Grévy, the present President of the French Republic, was then Presi-

dent of the body. M. Grévy is a man of ability and a stern republican, and he does not think it necessary to gabble on every occasion. When the session had terminated he simply said: "Gentlemen, the session is closed." He then put on his hat and walked off.

All the forts about Paris, occupied by the Germans, were evacuated on the 1st day of September, which was almost one year since they were taken by them. The incidents attending the departure of the Prussians were widely commented upon by the Parisian press. This departure of the garrisons took place without giving rise to any striking manifestations on the part of the population, though at Nogent and Charenton the cry was raised of "*Vive la France!*" "*Vive la revanche!*" upon the leaving of the troops. At St. Denis, while the ceremony of evacuation was going on, the inhabitants were adorning their houses with flags, and making other manifestations of joy. There was a general holiday in all the workshops. People congratulated each other on being rid of their hated enemy, and the boys occupied themselves in throwing all the Prussian sentry-boxes into the river.

On September 28th, Count de Rémusat, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, received the members of the Diplomatic Corps at the Ministry on the Quai d'Orsay, and he gave notice to the corps that he would hereafter receive them in Paris every Thursday. Count de Rémusat had made a good impression on all the members of the corps, and I found him most courteous, pleasant and agreeable. He was always very friendly to our country, and in this interview he spoke gratefully of the efforts which our government had made for the re-establishment of diplomatic intercourse between France and Mexico.

It was about the last of September when it began to be realized that the French government was making super-

human exertions to have the Germans paid off and the country evacuated. The French had a right to pay off a certain portion of the indemnity, and anticipate evacuation. The success of the French government in raising the means to pay off this vast indemnity was the wonder of the financial world. In the first place, it handed over to the German government its own paper for six hundred and fifty millions of francs, guaranteed by the principal banking houses and financial firms of the continent. These engagements were graduated in the following manner: Two hundred and fifteen millions on March 1st; two hundred and twenty millions on April 1st; and two hundred and fifteen millions on May 1, 1872. Then was opened the loan in the city of Paris of three hundred and fifty millions of francs at the Luxembourg (which was then the Hôtel de Ville), and at all the Mairies of the city. The anxiety to invest in that loan surpassed anything that ever was known. Five or six thousand persons were at the Luxembourg to register their subscriptions long before the hour of opening, many of them bringing their provisions with them, and the women their needle-work. When the subscription closed, the demand for the loan reached the enormous figure of five milliards, which was nearly *sixteen* times the amount of the sum advertised for. This was without reference to the demands of foreign bankers and certain departments of France whose subscriptions had not then been made known. Nothing showed more conclusively the extraordinary wealth of France than those vast subscriptions to the national, departmental and municipal loan. The French people have always the greatest possible confidence and pride in their own securities, for France has, at all times and under all governments, maintained its credit intact, and has thereby realized the truth of the saying

that "honesty is the best policy." The great question always was, did France get the money; that fact being admitted, they never looked to the circumstances and never higgled over technicalities. That was particularly shown in the case of what was known as the "Morgan loan" of ten millions of pounds which Gambetta negotiated when he was at the head of the government at Tours. In certain anti-republican circles at the time, a great clamor was raised in respect to this loan made by Gambetta, as it was charged that it was utterly without authority and should not be paid; no one, however, ever denied that France got the money, and at the time of its great need. It was to the credit of France that every suggestion of repudiating the loan was indignantly stamped out by all parties.

On the 11th of October M. Thiers appointed M. Casimir-Périer Minister of the Interior in place of M. Lambrecht, deceased. M. Périer was the son of the celebrated Minister under Louis Philippe, and had occupied important diplomatic posts, and was at this time one of the members of the National Assembly from the Department of the Aube. He was somewhat distinguished as an economist and as a publicist, and had written a great deal on politics and finance. He was possessed of immense wealth, but very democratic in his tastes and feelings; though he represented the Department of the Aube, he had one of the most magnificent hôtels in Paris on the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, where he lived.

It was about the middle of October that we obtained in Paris the full details of the terrible fire in Chicago, and that frightful catastrophe was the subject of conversation among the people of the city in all circles. I at once called a meeting of the Americans in Paris, at the Wash-

ington Club, to take action in the matter. The meeting was largely attended, and in a very short time the sum of thirty thousand dollars was subscribed. The largest individual subscription at the meeting, two thousand dollars, was made by Samuel D. Warren, a wealthy and distinguished citizen of Boston. The largest subscription made by any Parisian was that of Baron Erlanger, the son-in-law of John Slidell of Louisiana, who was well known as having been connected with the "Erlanger loan" to the rebel government. His subscription was for ten thousand francs—two thousand dollars. Madame Erlanger was one of the most beautiful and attractive women in Paris. I was disappointed at the subscription of the Rothschilds, which was for only five thousand francs.

It was on October 27th that the telegraphic despatch reached Paris that the Emperor of Brazil had appointed Baron d'Itajuba, Envoy Extraordinary to the French Republic, to be one of the arbitrators to settle the Alabama claims. I had known the baron quite well, and our personal relations had been friendly and he had always evinced a cordial spirit toward our country. As soon as the baron returned to Paris (he was absent at the time that I got the news of his appointment) I made a formal call upon him to express what I knew would be the feeling of our government; I said to him that it was with great pleasure that I had heard of his nomination as one of the arbitrators of the Alabama claims, and that I was delighted that his sovereign had shown him such a distinguished mark of confidence. The baron expressed himself as being highly honored by his nomination.

I have heretofore spoken of the very friendly relations existing between the Honorable George Eustis, Jr., of Louisiana, and myself. In the fall of 1871 I began to

hear bad accounts of his health. In September he went over to London on the suggestion of Junius S. Morgan, the great American banker, to consult a distinguished physician of that city; and on October 5th I wrote him from Paris to London, stating that I had heard flying reports of his health, and some of them were not favorable, and that I was really anxious to have definite information in that regard. In my letter I spoke of our friendly relations from the time that we were in Congress together and members of the same Committee (the Committee of Commerce in the House of Representatives), and that I fully recollected the obligation that I was under to him at the time of the Franco-Prussian War for his advice and assistance in my legation, and stating that I earnestly hoped for his speedy restoration to health, not only for his own sake and family's but for the sake of his many friends, who were attached to him by "hooks of steel." I closed my letter by saying: "I suppose you see the news from the United States. My brother, General Washburn of Wisconsin, who served with you in the House, is nominated for Governor of that State, and he will be elected. Both Governor Seward and General Spinner have desired me to tell you that they left their cards for you. I see that Mr. Corcoran is not coming out this fall. All your friends here inquire after you. I hope that you will be able to write me, and above all, to tell me that you are getting well and will soon be back in Paris."

Among the people who were living temporarily in Paris in the fall of 1871 was Baron Stoeckel, the former Russian Minister to the United States. He was a most intelligent gentleman, and enjoyed very much talking about matters in our country. He had married an American lady, who, I think, was from Springfield, Massachu-

setts. She was a most agreeable and charming woman, and when in Washington was very popular and of great help to the baron in the discharge of his official duties. I had met many Russians since I had been abroad who had occupied both official and unofficial positions, and invariably found them most intelligent and accomplished gentlemen, and almost invariably very friendly to our country. That was particularly the case with Count Stackelberg, who was the Russian Ambassador to Paris when I went there, as also Prince Orloff, his successor; I do not mean to include Catacazy, whom I only met once in Paris, and who had a tussle with Mr. Fish, when he was the accredited Russian Minister to the United States.

When General Grant was President he was much in the habit of giving private letters of introduction, and sometimes he was not very particular as to the parties to whom he gave them. I recollect on one occasion that he had given a very complimentary letter to a certain party whose position and character did not entitle him to receive any such particular recognition. These things were very annoying to the Secretary of State, who thought that letters of introduction from the President should have a certain official character. In the case I refer to, the party who had received the letter made the most of it and used it "where it would do the most good." He attached it to a large sheet of paper with a blue ribbon, and then had a box made in which to carry it. Thus armed, he represented himself as an official agent of the United States, acting for the President, whose credentials he bore. This fact coming to the knowledge of Mr. Fish, he wrote me that if the person should put in his appearance at our legation I should endeavor to get the letter away from him and return it to the State Department. In due time the

man appeared with his little box under his arm in which was securely locked the document. I suggested to him, in as polite a way as I could, that Mr. Fish desired to have the letter given up, to be returned to Washington. He at first demurred, but finally said that he would give it up if I would give him a copy of it, certified under the seal of the legation, and, as that was the only thing I could do, I gave him a copy and sent the original to the State Department at Washington.

There was quite a little excitement in the Diplomatic Corps in December, 1871, on account of the withdrawal from Paris of Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador. The event also excited a good deal of interest in political and social circles. Prince Metternich had been, for thirteen years, the Austrian representative in France, and the relations of himself and the Princess to the Court of the Empire were very intimate, and it was supposed that they were all much interested in the fallen dynasty. That, indeed, was said to be the real cause of the withdrawal of the prince, and it was further said that M. Thiers had great fears that the salons of the ambassador would become a point of reunion for the Bonapartists, and he had intimated a wish to the Austrian government that the prince might be recalled; whether that was really so or not I never took the trouble to inquire; at any rate, he resigned.

In December, 1871, diplomatic relations were resumed between France and Germany. The Viscount de Gontaut-Biron, member of the National Assembly, was appointed, on December 4th, Ambassador of France near the Emperor of Germany. France having taken the initiative, the German government named Count von Arnim as its ambassador to France.

In the fall of 1871 France had no minister in the

United States, and there was much talk as to who would be appointed. It was said and believed by almost everybody in Paris that Jules Ferry would receive the nomination. When the war broke out, and at the time of the Revolution of 1870, Jules Ferry was a member of the Legislative Assembly from the Department of the Seine. It was thus that he became a member of the government of National Defence. When Étienne Arago resigned as Mayor of Paris, during the siege, M. Ferry was appointed to succeed him in virtue of his being delegate to the Préfecture of the Seine. Ferry was a man of ability and of real courage, and discharged the duties of every position he held most successfully. He was appointed to the Ministry by M. Grévy, and occupied the position of President of the Council, which was practically the head of the government. It was said that M. Thiers had promised him the position of Minister to the United States, and that the appointment would soon be made out. I have no doubt that such was the fact, for I had met him at a dinner party and he talked freely on the subject. The report having spread that he was to go as minister to the United States, so great a howl was made against the appointment that M. Thiers hesitated to sign the nomination. M. Ferry was not only an able man, as I have said, but he was a thorough republican, and, had he come to the United States, I have no doubt he would have been one of the strongest

Jules Ferry.

and most popular ministers that the French government had had at Washington for many years.

On the 1st day of January, 1872, M. Thiers, as President, did not receive the Diplomatic Corps in Paris, as it was understood he would, but gave notice that he would give the usual New Year's audience to the body at Versailles. It was a dismal and dirty ride through the mud out to the old city, and the reception was rather a cheap affair. None of the diplomatists were in uniform, though many of them wore their decorations. They were simply in dinner dress. The members of the corps met in the ante-room before twelve o'clock, and at precisely noon the doors were opened into the reception-room, and all rushed in, pell-mell, without arranging themselves with regard to rank or seniority. M. Thiers soon made his appearance in the room, but no formal speeches were made. The President simply shook hands with the various members of the body, and in five minutes the performance was over and all the members of the corps left the room pell-mell as they had entered it. This reception was at the Préfecture of the Department of the Seine and Oise, which was the official residence of the Préfect of the Department and a beautiful little palace.

After the New Year's ceremonies were over I proposed to make a little trip to Nice, and get away from the disagreeable weather of Paris, and to meet many friends who were there. The night before I left the Duke d'Aumale gave me a dinner of twenty-six covers—members of the Assembly, a general and an admiral, Count Daru, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, and some others were present. He was very cordial, and expressed himself in the most friendly terms toward the United States. He spoke of his father's (Louis Philippe) visit to the United States when a young man, and of the time he had

spent with Washington at Mount Vernon, and he said he well recollected his father telling him when a child this anecdote: Washington was a very early riser, and always dressed himself most carefully, wearing knee-breeches and the like, and the first thing he did was to look into the negro cabins to see that everything was in good condition. Louis Philippe said to Washington, on one occasion, "Why! you get up early in the morning." Washington answered, "Yes, young man, because I sleep well, and I sleep well because I have never written a line with which I reproach myself." "Lucky man!" said the duke, "how many men are there who can say as much?"

I found a great many Americans at Nice, and as the American fleet was then lying at Villafranca, it made matters very lively in social circles. Admiral Alden was in command. Among the prominent Americans who were then spending some time at Nice were General Sherman and his aide, Colonel Audenreid, a distinguished young officer of the army, and a most accomplished gentleman, who died but a few years ago, lamented by all who knew him. There were also General Rodman, of the United States army, and Captain Wells of the United States navy; and Governor Curtin, United States Minister to Russia. Barney Williams, the comedian, and his wife were also there spending some time. Mr. Williams told me what I had known before, that he was never in Washington but Mr. Lincoln sent for him. Mr. Lincoln was immeasurably amused at his wit and drollery and always seemed to enjoy his company very much. In fact, the first time I had ever seen Mr. Williams was at the White House, where I was introduced to him by Mr. Lincoln. General James Watson Webb, ex-Minister to Brazil, was spending the winter in Nice with his family; also the Honorable Moses H. Grinnell, ex-member of

Congress, and his family, from the city of New York. An American lady who was there and who carried off the palm was Mrs. Isaac W. How of New York, whose beauty and grace and captivating personal qualities won all hearts. At this time the United States Consul at Nice was Mr. William W. Vesey, who had been in our consular service in different European countries for half a century, and was probably the best known American in official position in all Europe. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and great kindness of heart, and his long residence abroad had not made him the less of an American. He made hosts of friends wherever he went. Holding his office through all administrations by virtue of the exceptional service he was always able to render, he was, after the lapse of fifty years, summarily reformed out of office by his own party, and soon thereafter died. Pangs of regret were felt by hosts of Americans when they read of this treatment of an old public servant who had so long and faithfully represented his country.

Quite a disappointment was felt in Paris when the National Assembly in February, 1872, refused to take into consideration the proposition for a return of the government to Paris. This was more of a disappointment, because the government, which had sustained the proposition, was defeated. This defeat brought the peremptory resignation of M. Casimir-Périer, the Minister of the Interior, who had supported the bill.

It was on my return from Nice, in the month of February, that I had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished French statesman, M. Guizot. It was a gratification to me to meet a man who had been so long eminent in French politics and who was so well known as an historian and a literary man, not only in France, but the world over.

Few men of his time were more distinguished than Guizot. Though born in France he was educated in Switzerland, in the country of Calvin and Necker, and was a strong Protestant, in which faith he continued to the end of his life. He was the author of many valuable works. He was a Minister in the cabinet of Louis Philippe, first of the Interior and subsequently of Public Instruction in which department he had the good fortune to have his name associated with the organization of Primary Instruction. In 1840 M. Guizot was named as Ambassador to London. With a thorough English education by sentiment, religion and manners, and the prestige of his great literary labors, he was most warmly received by the British aristocracy in spite of the simplicity of his dress and manners. On his return from London to France, he was again called to the Ministry and received the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and the real direction of the cabinet, under the nominal presidency of General Soult. The dinner at which I met the venerable statesman and author was given by Mr. and Mrs. Auguste Laugel. Mr. Laugel was an Alsatian and gentleman well known in Parisian society and in literary and political circles. He had written some books and was a writer in the Revue des Deux Mondes. He was the private secretary of the Duke d'Aumale, and his wife was an American lady, distinguished in Parisian society for her intelligence and accomplishments. Besides M. Guizot, who was then eighty-four years old, there were present at this dinner the Count and Countess de Paris, Léon Say, the Prefect of the Seine, and the Honorable William M. Evarts, of New York.

There was a good deal going on in social circles about this time both in Versailles and Paris. On February 18th, at Versailles, the President and Madame Thiers

gave a grand dinner-party. There were present as guests, Mr. Rangabe, the Greek Minister, and Mrs. Rangabe; the Baron and Baroness d'Itajuba, Mr. Ologaza, the Spanish Ambassador, Count von Arnim, the German Ambassador, the Count de Seizal, the Portuguese Envoy and his two daughters; Mr. Kern, the Swiss Minister, Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, General Fabrice, and the Minister of the United States. The dinners given by M. Thiers were always artistically served and much enjoyed by his guests. Eight o'clock P.M. was invariably the dinner hour.

On February 20th I gave a gentlemen's dinner at the hôtel of the United States legation, 75 Avenue de l'Impératrice, to the Duke d'Aumale, who had ever been extremely friendly to our country and very polite to me. There were present besides the duke, the Count de Paris, the Honorable Caleb Cushing, the Honorable William M. Evarts of New York, Honorable M. R. Waite, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States,—all of them connected with the Geneva arbitration; Honorable George M. Boker, United States Minister to Constantinople, M. Auguste Laugel, the private secretary of the Duke d'Aumale, and several gentlemen of the American colony.

About the last of this month Mrs. Gentil sent me for my perusal the life of Mr. John P. Kennedy. Mrs. Gentil was the wife of Mr. Theodore Gentil of New York, an American gentleman of French descent and of large fortune, who had lived many years in Paris, and was one of the most prominent members of the American colony. Mrs. Gentil was a daughter of a prominent New Yorker, a gentleman much distinguished in the literary world, and was herself one of the most talented ladies whom I had ever known. I find that I acknowledged the receipt of the book in the following letter:

PARIS, *March* 1, 1872.

MY DEAR MRS. GENTIL:

I return you the life of Mr. Kennedy with many thanks. It was a real satisfaction to be able to remain at home last night to finish reading it. I have found it full of interest. I always had a very high regard for Mr. Kennedy as a public man. He was able, accomplished, honorable, patriotic, just, honest and incorruptible. He was an old Whig, like myself, and that is an honorable title. He rather "switched off" with Fillmore and was never particularly identified with the Republican party, but when red-handed treason struck at our flag he was a *Union man*, and his relatives and friends must cherish with affection and gratitude the memory of his devotion and loyalty to his country throughout the terrible struggle. He went out of public life the very moment I entered it, retiring from the Navy Department on the 4th of March, 1853, and at the very time I became a member of Congress. He was the friend and contemporary of our greatest men; Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Hayne, Grundy, Berrien, Benton and others. And he must have known, too, Chief Justice Marshall, the great expounder of the Constitution, and the biographer of Washington. And do you know that that great lawyer and judge was always called "General Marshall" among all his neighbors down there in Culpepper where he lived? (See the letter of the Chief Justice to Mr. Kennedy on the Eulogy of Wirt, page 196.)

And then I have been interested in the account of the respectable and decent manner in which he went into the Cabinet of Mr. Fillmore, as Secretary of the Navy. Quite a different affair in going in as he did during the last half of an administration, from going in at the advent of an administration to have one's coat torn off the back by a gang of ravenous office-seekers, as I can unfortunately testify. So, on the whole, I read not only the life of a public man, who has left an honorable and enduring record, but the life of a man so charming and so beloved in all the walks of private life, so pure in character, so upright, so conscientious, so amiable and so unselfish.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

But enough; I only intended to thank you for sending me the book, and not to inflict this long epistle on you.

Very truly and sincerely,

MRS. GENTIL. E. B. WASHBURNE.

Among the English people who were then in Paris were Mr. Milner Gibson and his family. Mrs. Gibson was well known in Parisian society and in American circles, and was very much esteemed and respected by all who knew her. Mr. Gibson had been a member of Parliament and was an influential supporter of the Corn Laws. He was liberal in politics and was a great friend of Mr. John Bright, and was once in the Cabinet. He was a man of acknowledged ability and everywhere much esteemed for his personal qualities. He was a member of Parliament at the time of the War of the Rebellion, and was one of the chiefs of the Radical party, and in that quality opposed most vehemently all intervention of England in the War of Secession. At this time the Italian Minister to France was the Chevalier Nigra, a very accomplished man and a great favorite in official and private life in Paris. He occupied a splendid hôtel on the Champs Elysées and Rond-point, and entertained with great elegance. On March 14, 1872, he gave what would be called a very "swell" diplomatic dinner. There were present the Count de Rémusat, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the English, Spanish, Russian, Turkish and Austrian Ambassadors, the Minister of Sweden and Norway, M. Fournier, just appointed as French Minister to Rome, and the Minister of the United States, as well as a large number of others—making a dinner of thirty covers in all.

I well recollect it was at this time that I had been reading the stories of Bret Harte, and was full of the beautiful and exquisite things he had written. I had a deeper interest in them because my earliest years of manhood were passed in a mining country,—for the scenes he so graphically depicts are incident to all mining countries. When I settled in Galena, in 1840, it was a thorough

mining country, and there was a good deal of the same kind of society in the lead mines, as Bret Harte found, ten years later, in California. We had our mining villages like "Poker Flat," "Roaring Camp," "Sandy Bar," etc., which were in California. In the Fever River lead mines we had "Blackleg," "Red Dog," "Bunkum," "Hard Scrabble," "Fair Play," "Dog Town," "New Diggings," etc. Galena at that time was the great centre for the gamblers, or the men with "crow-colored legs," as Tristam Burges used to politely call them. I used to see and know many of that gentry, of whom John Oakhurst was the perfect type. In regard to these stories I wrote to a friend at that time:

"No true mother can read the 'Luck of Roaring Camp' without being bathed in tears, but the 'Outcast of Poker Flat' is a masterpiece, and English critics have admitted that it has scarcely a parallel in the English language. What a beautiful idea—the hiding of all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, beneath the spotless mantle, mercifully flung from above."

I mention these things simply to show the interest I felt in what was taking place in our country, though I was in a foreign land.

M. Thiers, having, as I have intimated, declined to sign the nomination of M. Jules Ferry as Minister to the United States, on May 1, 1872, named the Marquis de Noailles as Minister to Washington. The Count de Rémusat wrote me an unofficial note, saying that the appointment of a man whose name was so leagued to the history of the United States, he thought, would prove acceptable to us. Marquis de Noailles was a man about forty years old and without political antecedents, and was but very little known. His mother was the sister of the wife of La Fayette, and his grandfather, the Count de

Noailles, was with La Fayette in our country in the War of the Revolution. The French government hurried him off in order to relieve one M. Bellonet, who was then the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, and who had made himself particularly odious to our government.

In June, 1872, M. Thiers and the National Assembly were hard at work on important legislation for the country. In France the President has a right to participate in legislation and to appear at the tribune in the National Assembly and discuss matters like any member thereof. There were some questions then up which interested him very much, and they related mostly to the army. During one of the sittings he mounted the tribune and discussed a provision of the law in which he felt great interest. With all his engagements and preoccupations this man of seventy-five years spoke fully two hours with all the vigor and force of his younger days, and his speech was a great success and added much to the high reputation he had already acquired in the country in the few previous months.

In October, 1872, Mr. Cushing was in Paris on his way home from Geneva, where he had occupied the position of counsel in the arbitration. General Cushing was very well known to the American colony in Paris, and, during his stay in the city, was much fêted. Few men had attained more prominence in the United States than Mr. Cushing, and few men had occupied more and higher positions in public life. Having been representative of the Newburyport, Massachusetts, district in Congress for many terms, he was appointed Commissioner to China in 1843, and on the breaking out of the war in Mexico was appointed Brigadier-General by President Polk. He declined the position of Attorney-General in Massachusetts offered to him in 1851, and was appointed

by Governor Boutwell a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1852. He entered the Cabinet of President Pierce in March, 1853, as Attorney-General of the United States. It was then that I first made his acquaintance. He was a man of great ability, and I have never known a public man in the United States of such wonderful and varied accomplishments. He was a scholar and a great lawyer. He was one of the most indefatigable workers that I had ever known. He was appointed by President Grant as counsel before the Geneva arbitration of the Alabama claims, and was nominated also by the President to be Chief Justice of the United States in 1874, but was not confirmed by the Senate. The day after his rejection he was nominated Minister to Spain, and was confirmed. He was the ablest and most accomplished man that ever represented the United States at the Spanish Court. I saw a good deal of General Cushing in Paris at the time he was connected with the Geneva Tribunal. After completing his labors at Geneva and leaving Paris for home, he had the kindness to write me the following letter, which was one of the most complimentary I ever received and which I prize very highly:

HAVRE, *October* 4, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. WASHBURNE:

I am not willing to leave France without expressing to you my grateful memory of your kindness to me while in Europe, in all which, if discharging a public duty, you did it in such a manner as to win my personal esteem and respect. I intended to call and say this verbally, but my illness prevented. And I write for the further purpose of saying that the many opportunities I have had, during the last nine months, of intercourse with official and other persons in Europe, of different nationalities, have enabled me to appreciate, thoroughly, the pre-eminent ability and signal distinction which you have manifested in the difficult post of Minister of the United States. I do not write this by way of compliment, which between you and me would be misplaced, but in the

statement of the conviction due to the character of a representative of our common country abroad, and which it would afford me the highest pleasure to have occasion to signify, in fitting time and place at home, if of any possible service to you.

I remain, with sincere regard, your friend,

C. CUSHING.

Admiral Alden having determined to leave the Mediterranean with his fleet and rendezvous at Brest, some time in September, had requested me to extend to M. Thiers, his Minister of the Marine, Vice Admiral Pothuau, and also the Minister of Foreign Affairs an invitation to visit the fleet at Brest, or, if that port should be too far away, at Cherbourg. I immediately addressed an unofficial letter to Count de Rémusat, Minister of Foreign Affairs on this subject. He hastened to answer me, unofficially, in a very cordial and complimentary letter, as follows:

SIR: I hastened to communicate to the President of the Republic the invitation that you addressed to him in the name of Admiral Alden to visit the American squadron at Brest, or, if this port is too distant, at Cherbourg, between the 15th of this month and the first of next month. The President has been much touched by this gratifying mark of the desire entertained by the Navy of the United States to testify its esteem and its sympathy with France as represented by him, and he has charged me to beg you to express to Admiral Alden all his thanks. He would gladly have accepted the invitation, but, after quite a long absence, the cares of public affairs do not permit him to undertake any more journeys.

He wishes, however, to express to you his regrets, as well as his sentiments of warm friendship and great regard for the American people. He has therefore charged me to beg you, as well as Admiral Alden, to do him the honor to dine with him to-morrow, the 24th instant, at eight o'clock, at the Elysée. If the Admiral have his Chief of Staff with him the President hopes that he will accompany him.

Permit me also on my own account, sir, to thank you for my share, as well as that of my colleague, in the invitation which you sent me. It is a subject of great regret to me that I cannot avail myself of the invitation Admiral Alden was kind enough to send me.

Having obtained leave of absence to visit the United States, I took steamer from Southampton to New York, on the 15th of October, 1872. I remained in the United States until the 29th of December, when I left New York for Brest. I reached Paris on the 10th of January, 1873, and resumed my duties as minister.

The news of the death of the Emperor, Napoleon the Third, had reached Paris the day before, the 9th of January. It seemed to have made but very little impression on the Parisian public. All the newspapers had their different estimates of him and their notices of the event were, on the whole, quite fair and in good taste. The Constitutionnel begged its readers to appreciate, loyally, what the Emperor had done for France, and not to forget the noble woman and the son of the sovereign, in exile. The Paris Journal said that "the news has called forth great emotions. We do not refer to the joy in the hearts of the rabble; that joy honors the death of the sovereign. It may fairly be said that the Emperor had not only a place in the hearts of his partisans, but likewise with those who were and are the friends of order. This favor outlives the memory of the dead man."

The Siècle was silent, but published a letter from a medical journal, referring to a report signed by Professor G. Lee, dated July 3, 1870, setting forth the dangerous state of the Emperor's health. The fact that this report had been suppressed, said the Siècle, placed an immense amount of responsibility on the medical men. The report was found among Dr. Conneau's papers, seized by the September government.

The République Française blamed in unmeasured terms the ex-Emperor and the Spanish woman. Two years before, it said, the event would have caused unmeasured joy; to-day, it is of no importance. "On his

tomb shall be written '1850–1871.' At the former date, he ruined the Republic; at the latter, he ruined France; but France cannot be killed; the Republic will resuscitate it."

The Journal des Débats said, "With the Emperor, the Empire died. If two or three years ago the news had been sent through the world, emanating from the Tuileries, it would have caused immense emotion, but for a long period deaths of sovereigns have not occurred in France; with one exception, during the past century no sovereigns have died on French soil. The death of the present Napoleon is no misfortune, and has little or no significance."

In the winter of 1873, during February, there was an incident in a new play, called "L'Oncle Sam," written by Victorien Sardou, which was a satire on the United States and on the American colony in Paris. The action of the French government therein was an evidence of the kind feeling entertained toward us. When the authority of General Ladmirault, then Governor of Paris, was asked to permit it to be put upon the boards, he sent it to the censors, who reported against permission being granted. As the people at the Vaudeville (where the piece was to be brought out) had been at great expense and had made all their arrangements to play it, this action of the government was a severe blow to them. Great efforts were therefore made to have the action of the censors overruled by the Minister of Public Instruction, and I understood that they went to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and even to M. Thiers himself. They did not succeed, however. M. Carvalho, the Director of the Vaudeville, then came to see me at my legation, to explain the true character of the piece, and urged me to read it and give an official opinion that it was not objec-

tionable. If I should do that, he thought permission would probably be granted for its representation. I told him that it was impossible for me to have anything to do with it in any manner whatever, and that I did not even care to read it; that the French authorities must take such action as they saw fit. If the piece was not calculated to wound the susceptibilities of my countrymen, as he alleged it was not, I asked why the authorities interfered; and he said that M. Jules Simon thought it would be objectionable to the Americans; that the relations now existing between the two great Republics were of the most friendly character; that the commerce between the two countries was very extensive, and that the American colony in Paris was a great feature in French society, and that the French government would not consent to anything that would be calculated to give offence to Americans. That proposition of M. Jules Simon, so honorable to himself, and so complimentary to our country, was concurred in both by M. Thiers and Count de Rémusat.

Jules Simon.

The most important event of the third week of March, 1873, was the signing of the supplementary treaty between France and Germany, regulating definitely the full payment of the war indemnity as stipulated by former treaties as well as the evacuation of the French territory. The news of the signing of this treaty at Berlin was received by M. Thiers at Versailles at 7 o'clock P. M. of the day on which it had been signed. It was too late to be

made public, as the Assembly had adjourned before the arrival of the despatch, and it was not possible for him to communicate the news to that body. It was, therefore, made known the next morning, in the Journal Officiel, and was immediately telegraphed all over France, causing great joy. It was announced in the National Assembly by Count de Rémusat, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was received with great demonstrations of joy by the greater part of the deputies. Some members of the extreme Right maintained a sullen silence; the Left was particularly jubilant, as it gave them a chance to say that this great feat had been accomplished by the Republic.

On the evening of the second day after the signing of the treaty, the Count and Countess de Rémusat gave a reception at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Great crowds collected there to tender their congratulations on the event, and everybody seemed jubilant, and the utmost good feeling prevailed. On the evening after, M. Thiers gave a large diplomatic dinner at Versailles, which I attended. I presented to him the congratulations of my government as well as my own personal felicitations, upon the conclusion of the new treaty between France and Germany and upon the speedy evacuation of French territory by the German troops.

Early in April, 1873, M. Grévy sent in his resignation as president of the Assembly. The immediate cause was the "row" which was raised over his calling to order M. de Gramont, who was one of the most violent of the reactionists. It was evident, however, that M. Grévy had been contemplating this step for some time, for he had long seen a determination on the part of the Right, or, at least, the extreme Right, to insult him and contemn his authority. After the last manifestation it seemed im-

possible for him to longer hold his position consistent with his self-respect. The violence of the extreme Right of the Assembly knew no bounds. He would have been called a "conservative republican" in our country,—not sharing the extreme views of the radicals, but a republican by sentiment and conviction. He was what was called in France "a serious man." He was a lawyer, the *bâtonnier* of the Paris Bar, eminent in his profession, a man of high character, of real ability and unquestioned patriotism, and he proved himself a most admirable presiding officer. Firm, cool, impartial, just, he had challenged the admiration of the country for the manner in which he discharged his difficult and responsible duties. Every effort was made to have him withdraw his resignation, but he persistently refused to do so. A new election was therefore necessary, and M. Buffet, whom the papers called, indifferently, "Orléanist," "Imperialist," "Legitimist," was chosen—a man particularly distinguished for his hatred of the republicans. This resignation of Grévy and the election of Buffet, a bitter reactionist, created a great deal of feeling. No less than three "Droiters," as they were then called by the radicals (members of the Extreme Right), were challenged by the Extreme Left to make "reparation by arms," and in each case the "Droiters," it has been claimed (to use a Western phrase), "took to the timber."

Soon after this the Assembly took a recess and M. Thiers then came into Paris to take up his official residence in the Palace of the Elysée. In writing to a friend about this time in relation to M. Thiers, I asked him what he thought of a man, seventy-six years old, holding a position of such labor and responsibility, giving a dinner-party every night of his life, and holding a reception till midnight, and then up the next morning at work at five o'clock.

The United States and Great Britain having determined to signify their sense of obligation to the arbitrators at Geneva, my government sent me a silver service to be presented to Viscount d'Itajuba; the same services were sent to Count Sclopis and Mr. Staempfli, the other arbitrators. I was directed to make the presentation to the Viscount d'Itajuba at Paris, and it was made at the private residence of the viscount, in the presence of quite a number of his friends. I was accompanied by my two secretaries as well as by General Schenck, our Minister to England, who happened to be in the city. In making the presentation I said:

YOUR EXCELLENCY, VISCOUNT D'ITAJUBA:

My government has devolved upon me the agreeable duty of presenting to you, in the name of the United States, two cases of silver, as a mark of its appreciation of the dignity, ability, learning and impartiality with which you discharged your arduous duties at Geneva, and as an expression of the President's deep sense of the unselfishness with which you devoted your time and great abilities to the solution of the difficult questions which had then arisen between the two countries, which are now so happily laid at rest by the action of the tribunal of which you were so distinguished a member. The friendly relations so long existing between our two governments, and the pleasant social intercourse which it has been my good fortune to have with you for the last four years as a most highly esteemed diplomatic colleague, make my mission in this regard doubly agreeable. I beg you to accept the assurances of my sincere friendship and high personal regard, as well as my fervent wishes for your health and happiness.

To this the viscount replied in French:

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE:

I am deeply touched by the steps which you have just taken in my behalf in the name of your government of which you are the worthy representative in France, and by the flattering words you have addressed to me. It will be for me a never-failing remembrance that I had the honor to belong to the Tribunal of Geneva, which, thanks to the wisdom of the United States and Great Britain, had the good fortune to settle

peacefully the grave differences between the two countries. I beg you to transmit to the President of your government my thanks and good wishes for the prosperity and greatness of the United States, the friend of Brazil, and I pray you to receive for yourself, my dear colleague, assurances of my esteem and my sincere friendship.

On the 7th of May I received a despatch from St. Petersburg announcing the death of our Minister there, the Honorable James L. Orr, of South Carolina. He had passed through Paris on his way to the post a short time before, and when there was confined to his room for some days by illness. I was greatly struck by the change in his appearance since I had last seen him at the breaking out of the Rebellion. He did not seem to be the same man as when Speaker of the House in the 35th Congress. Mr. Orr was a man of real ability and a very useful member of the House. He was an excellent debater and very diligent in opposing all schemes of plunder. He made a most admirable Speaker, and was distinguished for his readiness and impartiality.

In this month of May I received a great deal of bad news. Word came to me of an appalling calamity in Dixon, Illinois, which was in my old Congressional District, and where it was my good fortune to have many warm personal and political friends. A bridge over Rock River had given way and the lives of a great many of the most prominent people of the town were lost; and then came the news of the assassination of General Canby, by the Modocs, and the butchery of the colored people in Louisiana.

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE OVERTHROW OF THIERS.

Culmination of the Conspiracy of the Reactionists—A great Parliamentary Battle—Speech by M. Thiers—The Test Vote—Resignation of the President—Election of MacMahon—The "Ministry of the 25th of May"—Joy of the Royalists—The Count de Chambord and the Crown—An Emphatic Declaration by President MacMahon—Restoration of a Watch to the La Fayette Family—A Significant Vote in favor of the Republic.

THE great conspiracy among the reactionary parties in France to depose M. Thiers and break down the Republic came to a head among the deputies at Versailles in May, 1873. The first Assembly elected after the cessation of hostilities on May 8, 1871, was practically reactionary, but it had to accept M. Thiers as the only man in France of any party who in that great crisis could save France. The majority of the deputies, composed of Legitimists, Orléanists, and Imperialists, were bitterly anti-republican, and although they had been obliged to tolerate M. Thiers, they only awaited an opportunity when they could overthrow him. M. Thiers had been unwise enough to call to his cabinet a certain M. de Goulard, belonging to the advanced Centre Right, and a man thoroughly reactionary. M. Jules Simon, a republican, was at that time in the Ministry in the Department of Public Instruction. An "irrepressible conflict" soon broke out between these two ministers. It being impossible to harmonize them, they handed in to M. Thiers their resignations, which were accepted and their successors named.

The radical members of the Right were furious when they saw their man, M. de Goulard, walk the plank—"*Goulardque ambulavit plankum.*"

The Interior Department is the great political machine in France. Any party in possession of that Ministry has a great advantage; hence the indignation of the Right at seeing it pass out of their hands. And now the reactionary elements saw their opportunity and they determined to make their fight at once by means of an interpellation on the subject to the government. Everybody saw that a ministerial crisis was at hand, and there was intense excitement over all France. M. de Goulard had been replaced in the Ministry of the Interior by Mr. Casimir-Périer, and M. Waddington took the place of M. Jules Simon in the Ministry of Public Instruction.

M. Waddington was, as his name indicates, English by descent, but he was born in France. He was, however, educated in England, and, while French born and a patriotic Frenchman, he was by thought and temperament English. He married an accomplished American lady, the daughter of the late President King, of Columbia College, New York city. He is a most thoroughly reputable gentleman, of great intelligence and good sense, whose political views were in full sympathy with those of M. Thiers.

May 23d was the day fixed for the discussion of the interpellation in the Chamber, and M. Thiers had signified his intention to appear himself in the tribune, where it was evident that a great parliamentary battle was to be fought out, involving most important consequences to France. The excitement on the subject was intense over the whole country, and particularly in Paris. The pressure for tickets to hear the debates was very great, but I was fortunate enough to borrow a ticket from one of my

diplomatic colleagues, by which I was enabled to take with me to the session ex-Governor Hoffman, of New York, who was then visiting Paris. The sitting of the Chamber, on May 23d, was one of the most interesting ever held, and I never witnessed more excitement in a legislative body, though I had been the observer of scenes of intense excitement in the House of Representatives at Washington before the breaking out of the Rebellion. The "cohesive power" of hatred toward the Republic and vengeance toward the republicans accomplished its work. After the most stupendous efforts ever made by parties and factions, all the discordant and hitherto warring elements of opposition were finally combined. The Orléanists, Legitimists, Clericals, and Imperialists all rallied to the common watchword, "the overthrow of M. Thiers." They boldly threw down the gauntlet on the first day of the meeting of the Assembly, in the shape of the interpellation which I have alluded to. M. Thiers promptly accepted the challenge, and the hosts on either side were rallied for the combat, which commenced on the 23d and ended at midnight on the 24th of May.

The Assembly was never so full. In a body of seven hundred and thirty-two members there were only twenty-two absent. I attended the sitting on both days and was present when the vote was taken that sealed the fate of the government and drove M. Thiers from the Presidency by a majority of fourteen votes. The Duke de Broglie opened the discussion on Friday for the "Interpellators." M. Dufaure spoke for the government. He was then a man seventy-seven years old, and had belonged to the Orléanist party before he took a position in the government of M. Thiers. Of all the men that I met in official position while in France there was no one for whom I had a greater respect and even admiration

than for M. Dufaure. He was one of the most distinguished legists of France, a man of great ability, and a powerful speaker.

M. Dufaure lived in the Charente-inférieure, which department he had represented in the Chamber. He had lived all his life in the country, and had always preserved the tastes and habits of a countryman. After achieving great reputation as an advocate and a statesman, he still preserved the simplicity of dress and manners of the people among whom he had lived, and in the private and social circles of Paris and Versailles he always appeared to me more like a supervisor from one of the back towns of Jo Daviess County, Illinois, than the great statesman and advocate that he was. He did not appear very often at the tribune, but when he did he was always listened to with great respect and attention by the Chamber. I never knew a man who could say as much in so few words as M. Dufaure. He had always been a declared partisan of constitutional government and a constant adversary of the Empire. One of the most terrible denunciations ever heard at the tribune was the denunciation by M. Dufaure of the "mixed commissions," to which I have alluded. I shall never forget an official dinner-party which I attended at the Ministry of Justice when M. Dufaure held that portfolio. As usual there was much fashion and style among the guests, and it seemed queer to see M. and Madame Dufaure, with all the simplicity of manner which they had brought up to Paris from the Charente-inférieure.

The session of the Chamber of May 23d was adjourned over till the next day, Saturday, the 24th, when M. Thiers ascended the tribune and spoke for two hours with his usual vigor and under great excitement. He had not a single note before him, and, as he proceeded, he was

loudly applauded by the Left and Left Centre. Feeling that he had nothing to hope for from the opposition, he addressed to it many keen reproaches which always brought cheers from the Left. He felt very bitter toward the Duke de Broglie, whom he had sent as Ambassador to London, but who returned to Paris to become one of his bitterest enemies. He closed with a bitter thrust at the Duke, who had accused him of being the "protégé" of the radicals. "Are you not," exclaimed M. Thiers, addressing himself to the Duke de Broglie, "the protégé of somebody—I will say it—the protégé of one whom the great Duke de Broglie, your father, would have repulsed with horror, the protégé of the Empire?" That was the peroration of his speech, and he terminated, as it might be said, this parliamentary campaign, as Napoleon said to Marshal Soult that he must terminate the campaign of Austerlitz, "*par un coup de tonnerre.*"

After M. Thiers closed, M. Casimir-Périer, the new Minister of the Interior, ascended the tribune and made a speech. When he had finished M. Dufaure, on the proposition of the "interpellation," demanded, on behalf of the government, in the language of French legislative bodies, that the Assembly should "pass to the order of the day, pure and simple," which is equivalent in the House of Representatives at Washington, to laying the whole subject on the table.

Some members proposed voting with certain reservations, but M. Dufaure courageously rejected all compromise, and said they must have the "order of the day" or nothing. Then came the great vote on that proposition which was to determine the very existence of M. Thiers as President of the Republic, as well as the political existence of all his ministers. It was a long time be-

fore the result was announced, and it was awaited with breathless impatience. When finally declared by the President of the Chamber, it was received with comparative silence. The majority against passing to the "order of the day" was only fourteen in a vote of seven hundred and ten; and then came other votes connected with the "interpellation" involving censure of the government, etc., and which were to take up a great deal of time.

I must confess I had no particular desire to witness those scenes of madness and fury which I knew were coming, and which I had so often witnessed in the old Chamber of Deputies; I therefore returned to Paris at six o'clock in the evening, but my colleague, Dr. Kern, the Swiss Minister, told me the next day that he stayed it out, and that the scenes during the evening were something unparalleled. The proposition of M. Ernoul, censuring the government, was voted on, and was carried by sixteen majority, and that gave the *coup de grâce* to M. Thiers and his ministers. An adjournment was then taken until eight o'clock in order that M. Thiers might be conferred with. M. Emmanuel Arago, in stentorian tones, then proclaimed that the "coalesced monarchists" had taken it upon their consciences to show before Europe and before history the most monstrous ingratitude. Arago was right. I can think of nothing in history more infamous than the action of the Assembly toward M. Thiers. He had literally saved France, and had rendered services to his country which should have entitled him to the proudest monument ever erected by a grateful people. Instead of that, he was ruthlessly hurled from power.

The Assembly reconvened at a quarter before nine o'clock, and M. Buffet presented the resignation of M. Thiers. A vote was immediately taken on accepting it,

and it was carried by thirty-one majority. On declaring the vote, M. Buffet, the President of the Assembly, undertook to express in the name of the Assembly its regrets for the resignation of M. Thiers. As soon as the latter's friends understood what he was driving at, another most extraordinary scene ensued. At his every attempt to speak, they literally howled him down, crying: "No funeral oration from you; no more hypocrisy." Ten times did President Buffet attempt to speak and ten times was his voice drowned by cries of rage and indignation. He finally gave up the attempt, saying he would have his protest against the violence of the Assembly recorded in the official proceedings. Dr. Kern told me afterward that a great many members on each side of the Chamber were on their feet, shaking their fists at each other and yelling like so many demons, till finally both sides were exhausted.

After that scene was over, came the proposition to proceed immediately to the election of a President. A vote was then taken and General MacMahon received three hundred and ninety votes. The Left abstained from voting. A committee was then appointed to wait upon the marshal to inform him of his election. It soon returned and reported his acceptance, and the Assembly adjourned until the next day.

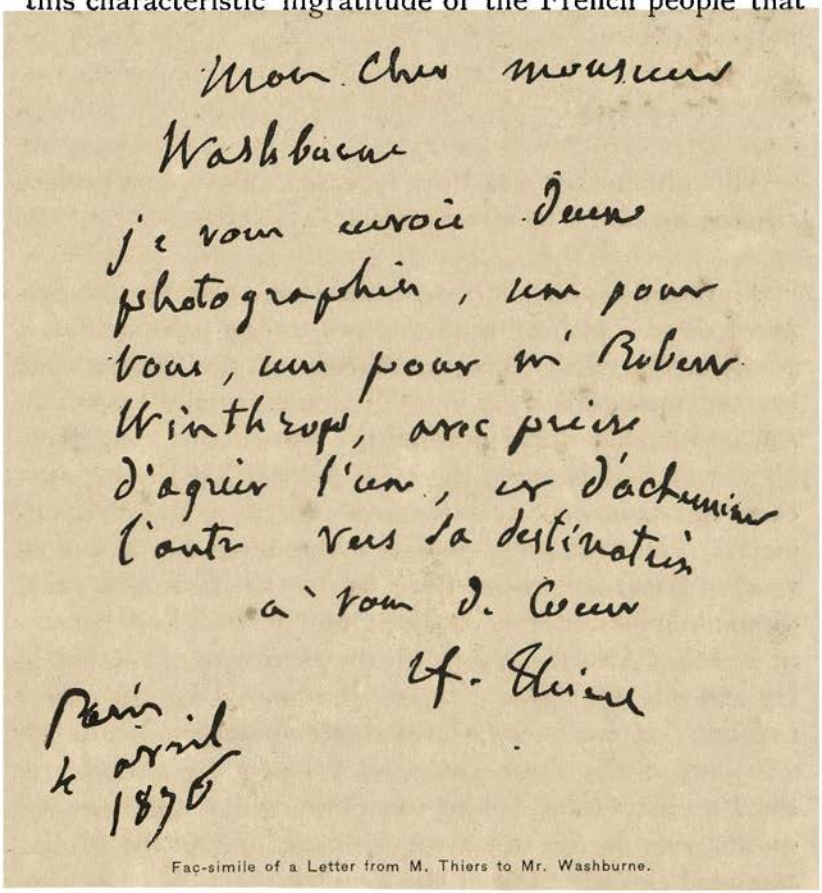
That evening the excitement in all Paris was intense. On the boulevards the crowd was enormous, and, as during the time of the Empire, it was dispersed by the police. When the deputies arrived from Versailles at one o'clock in the morning they found ten thousand people surrounding the depot, and in the neighboring streets, all yelling "Down with the Assembly!" "Down with the Right!" "*Vive la République!*" *Vive Thiers!*" At two o'clock they were dispersed by the military, and all was quiet again.

The new Ministry of President MacMahon was announced in the Journal Officiel of May 26, 1873. It became at once known as the "Ministry of the 25th of May." The Duke de Broglie was the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Magne was the Minister of Finance. The latter held the same position under the Empire when I arrived at Paris, May, 1869.

The gentlemen named to compose this "Ministry of the 25th of May" were not much known to the public, except these two. This ministry was the result of an open coalition. Each faction thereof which had been formed to overthrow M. Thiers was allotted in advance what representation it should have. Each minister represented the percentage of the strength his faction had brought to the coalition. The Legitimists had three, the Orléanists three, the Imperialists one (M. Magne, Minister of Finance), and M. Target's little handful of fourteen members, calling themselves "conservative republicans," who had abandoned M. Thiers at the last moment, also had their representation. Had it not been for the defection of this little squad, M. Thiers would have been sustained.

In the history of the French people there have been too many instances of ingratitude toward those who have rendered the greatest public services; ingratitude toward men who have done the most for the interest, the honor, and the glory of France. M. Thiers had rendered to France the greatest services which any man could render to his country, under circumstances of exceptional misfortune—not only in gathering up the fragments of government which had been left after the disasters of the war, but by the prodigious rapidity with which he had freed France from a foreign occupation, which amazed all Europe. Never in all history had a man rendered

greater services to his country than M. Thiers, and yet that did not save him from being driven from power by the vengeance of political parties. It is in reference to this characteristic ingratitude of the French people that



Fac-simile of a Letter from M. Thiers to Mr. Washburne.

Colonel Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, speaks in a tone of indignation of the fate that befell Marshal Ney, of whom he says: "That brave and noble-minded man's fate is but too well known! He who had fought five hundred battles for France and not one against her was shot as a traitor."

Though M. Thiers had been driven from power, there was never a public man sent into private life who enjoyed to a greater extent the esteem and love and confidence of the people. In respect to him the couplet might well be repeated:

> "And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
> Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

Though another was President, M. Thiers, as a private citizen, wielded a tremendous power.

To return to our narrative, the change of the government on the 25th of May was not only a political but a social revolution. The overthrow of the republicans created unbounded joy in the reactionary circles and in the fashionable world; and all the Reactionists and Royalists who had been in the bush for the last three years, came out from their retreat to retake their places in society. The first great society event after the new deal was on Saturday night, June 14, 1873. It was a great diplomatic dinner given by the Duke de Broglie, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Nearly all the members of the Ministry and the Diplomatic Corps and many deputies were present. It was a very large dinner-party, and certainly was one of the most *recherché* I had ever attended at the Foreign Office. The reception which followed the dinner was by far the most brilliant of any that I had attended since the fall of the Empire.

On the following Thursday, June 19th, the President and Madame MacMahon gave their first official dinner at the Palace of the Préfecture at Versailles. The guests were very numerous and were nearly all officials, most of whom were accompanied by their wives. As it was the first state entertainment since the election of Gen-

eral MacMahon to the presidency, great efforts were made to give it *éclat.* Like all official dinners, it was admirably served and was a pronounced success. The following is the form of the card of invitation ordinarily issued from the Préfecture, or the Palais de l'Elysée:

Le Maréchal Président de la République et la Maréchale de MacMahon, Duchesse de Magenta, prient Monsieur de leur faire l'honneur de venir dîner à sept heures.
R. S. V. P.

In response to such an invitation the recipient sends an answer in French as follows:

Monsieur . . . a l'honneur de se rendre à l'invitation que son Excellence le Président de la République et Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon ont eu l'obligeance de lui addresser pour Jeudi prochain (stating the hour).

Though the election of General MacMahon to the presidency was to the last degree distasteful to the republicans, they were wise enough not to weaken themselves before the country, and in the face of Europe, by any acts of violence. Confident of their strength in the country, they determined to bide their time.

The Diplomatic Corps did not call on President MacMahon in a body, but he received them separately. I left my official card for him a few days after his election, and soon thereafter received a note from the Foreign Office fixing a certain date on which I would be received; and, as he had not yet taken possession of the Préfecture (the official residence), he sent word that he would receive me at his own private residence. The reception was *en règle,* and there was the usual talk about our "ancient ally," and of the "traditional friendship" which had existed between the two countries.

During the month of July, 1873, the government went into the "Shah business" at Paris. That semi-barbarian—the Shah of Persia—was making a tour of Europe, and the different powers vied with each other as to which could show him the greatest attention, and make the most parade over his presence. France was not to be outdone by any of them, and the demonstration at Paris when he entered the city, about the middle of July, 1873, and the review which was held in his honor, were something very magnificent, and could not have been equalled by any other nation in the world. But, as it too often happens in such cases, there were many miscarriages and great complaints. The Diplomatic Corps were very much dissatisfied at the utter want of attention which had been shown the members of that august body in the whole business. The consequence was, that "our army swore terribly in Flanders." The Foreign Office sent me three tickets for myself and the members of my legation, and for my *nationaux*. The legation was thronged for several days by my compatriots desiring special cards which would secure them good places from which to see all that was going on. Of course, it was not in my power to do anything for them, further than to give up my personal tickets, which I always made a practice of doing, as I did not want to take advantage of my official position to obtain tickets for myself, to the exclusion of my countrymen.

As a part of the programme, it was arranged that the city should give a grand fête to the Shah on a Sunday evening about the middle of July. All Paris turned out, and I never saw such a crowd of people. As it was further in the programme that, during the presence of the Shah in Paris, he would give a reception to the Diplomatic Corps, I was obliged to run up from my quiet sum-

mer retreat at Boulogne-sur-Mer to participate. The diplomatic reception took place at the Palais Bourbon, and it never was my fortune to witness a more ridiculous scene. All the members of the Corps were present, decked out in tinsel and toggery. The Shah had no knowledge of the usages of civilized society and knew no language but his own, and all conversation with him had to be through an interpreter. The members of the Corps were introduced to him individually according to seniority of service. The representative of one of the little South American Republics, who was in elaborate diplomatic uniform, was introduced to him as the "American Minister," while I, wearing a simple citizen's dress, stood silently in the background enjoying the performance and listening to the labored compliments of the Shah to the United States. In a few days he, with his attendant barbarians, left the city for Geneva, and I think all classes were delighted when he shook the dust of Paris from his feet. The city lodged him and his suite at the Palais Bourbon, and a great many stories were told at the time of the manner in which they lived while there. One was, that every morning he required a *live sheep* to be brought into the palace and killed before his eyes. Whether all the stories about him were true or not I did not trouble myself to investigate.

In August, 1873, there was great talk in all political circles of France in regard to what was called the "fusion" between the two branches of the Orléans family. The matter was one of incontestable gravity and excited much interest everywhere. Instead of a "fusion," it was considered rather as an abdication by the Orléans family, who laid their pretensions to the throne of France at the feet of the Count de Chambord. It was considered that

the name of "Orléanists" as a party in France would disappear forever, and that the son of the Duke de Berri, the Count de Chambord, would be recognized by the Orléans family as the sole and only representative of hereditary monarchy in France.

The National Assembly, having usurped the authority of a constituent body, claimed to have power to frame a form of government for France. It was assumed that the Count de Paris would take himself out of the way, when the crown would be offered to the Count de Chambord. About this time, when making a call upon M. Thiers, I met M. Léon Say, his last Minister of Finance, who belonged to what was known as the Left Centre. M. Say was an able man and was distinguished for his intelligence and political sagacity. He was held in high esteem by all parties. He had spent much time in England, and was a student of English history, an uncommon thing for a French official. He spoke the English language with facility. He was always a friend of M. Thiers. He expressed to me the greatest fears that the scheme of putting the Count de Chambord on the throne would succeed. The only question, he said, was that the Count de Chambord might exact more than even a reactionary Assembly would dare to grant. That, indeed, turned out to be the case, for, when the count insisted upon replacing the tricolor by the white flag, it was impossible to bring a majority of the Assembly to the scratch. It soon began to be contended by the reactionary elements, which had driven M. Thiers from the presidency, that it was a death blow to all hopes of a Republic in France. It was said that the name would only be tolerated until the proper time should arrive to blot it out; and there was great reason for saying this, for the Republic was held in utter detestation by every member of the MacMahon govern-

ment; and while they were members of the government of the Republic, they were doing all they could to destroy it. The coalition had its troubles and its quarrels, and there was a great deal of crimination and recrimination.

It was the fertile brain, the untiring energy and the political ability and skill of M. Rouher, called the "Vice-Regent of the Empire" before the fall of Napoleon, which had organized the coalition which upset the government of M. Thiers; but his well-laid scheme went all wrong. Instead of inuring to the Imperialists, it played them out completely in France.

The National Assembly took a recess in August, 1873, until the following November. There is generally more political quiet in France when the Chamber is not in session, but at this particular time there was a great deal of political talk and discussion apropos of a change of government. M. Thiers had spoken with no uncertain sound and had indicated a determination to make war on the coalition. The fact that Marshal MacMahon, who was a reactionist, had been placed at the head of the army, gave the opposition great strength. M. Thiers had only been upset by fourteen majority; but as soon as MacMahon came into power a large number of members, who had stood by M. Thiers, went openly into the camp of the new President. When the recess of the Assembly took place, this majority of fourteen had reached one hundred and thirty, and here was illustrated the truth that "history repeats itself." It was in that Assembly very much as it was in the National Convention of the First Revolution; there was a large class of men who were known as "The Plain," in derision, "the Belly" (*le ventre*)—men without principle, firmness or courage, but a floating, trimming, undecided mass, who went first with one

faction and then with the other, as interest or policy or cowardice dictated.

In October, 1873, MacMahon's government took a more pronounced position in regard to interior affairs, and exercised powers which were denounced as despotic, and which had never been exercised during the worst times of the Empire. Though there was not an enemy on the soil of France, yet a state of siege was kept up in forty-two departments. It was charged that liberty of speech and the press were trampled under foot, and all the rights of the citizens were ignored. Republican newspapers all over the country were either suppressed or their sale forbidden on the street; the assistant mayor of a town had been suspended from his functions because he had listened to a speech from Gambetta without protesting against its sentiments; the Siècle, the old republican journal of Paris, was forbidden to sell its papers on the street and in many of the departments, simply because it published an extract of the speech of the "ex-dictator," as Gambetta was called.

There was another change of the ministry during the last of November, 1873. The Duke Decazes continued as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was a deputy from the Department of the Gironde, and was about fifty-four years of age. He was the eleventh Minister of Foreign Affairs with whom I had been in official relations during the four and a half years I had then been in France. Two of them had been ministers *ad interim*, leaving nine regular ministers; they were as follows:

M. Rouher, *ad interim;* Marquis de La Valette; Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne; Count Daru; Émile Ollivier, *ad interim;* Duke de Gramont; Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, for a second term; Jules Favre; Count de Rémusat; Duke de Broglie; Duke Decazes.

I have alluded to the fact that in the spring of 1873, Victorien Sardou, the great play-writer, in Paris, wrote a play called "Uncle Sam," to be placed on the boards of the Vaudeville Theatre; and that the "Censor" found it objectionable, as calculated to wound the sensibilities of the Americans in the city. M. Jules Simon, who was then Minister of Public Instruction, it will be recalled, prohibited it. To show the drift of things, one of the very first acts of the government of "moral order," as MacMahon's government began then to be called, was to take off this prohibition, but, as that was not the season to bring out a new play, it was delayed for several months, and it was not produced at the Vaudeville until the night of November 6th. Intrinsically, this subject is hardly worthy of consideration, but there were certain circumstances in respect to the character of the play and the manner in which it was received which justify a brief notice. While the general idea of the play, *per se*, was a failure, and while it was weak, exaggerated, and without intrinsic merit, yet, the great point of it being blackguardism of Americans, its popular success was very great. Such was the pressure for places that it was necessary to apply ten days in advance for seats. What made me indignant was, that though we were held up to ridicule as a nation of thieves, shysters and swindlers, and our women were represented as selling their virtue to the highest bidder, our countrymen flocked in immense numbers to see the play; illustrating the sentiment that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Shylock:

> "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurned me such a day; another time
> You called me dog; and for these courtesies,
> I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Mr. Vignaud, one of the editors of the Mémorial

Diplomatique, and one of the best theatrical critics in Paris, and a distinguished publicist, told me that it was one of the vilest and most outrageous pieces of blackguardism of a people that was ever witnessed. Of course, I did not go to see the play, as I never voluntarily put myself in a position to be abused, unless I could have a chance to retaliate. I thought, the action of the MacMahon government in revoking the order of M. Jules Simon, prohibiting the play, and the greediness of the people of Paris to see it acted, were very insulting to Americans. Although our country was one of the greatest customers of the French, and while seventy-five to a hundred millions of dollars of our gold found its way to France every year; though our travellers filled all the hotels of Paris, crowded all the retail stores of the city, occupied the best apartments, and though they comprised nearly a fifth part of the travellers on the great lines of railroads, the government and the people gave approbation to a national representation of the vilest character, holding us up to the ridicule and scorn of the world. Having had a great and successful run for some nights, the play fell into the gutter and was forgotten.

There was much going on in the last half of the year, 1873, which would be interesting to the student of French history of that time; but, to the general reader, of no very great importance. In the last days of September, as I have already said, there was a great deal of gossip in the Paris newspapers, as well as a vast amount of wild talk among all classes in France, as to what would be the immediate political future of the country. It seemed to be the general opinion that there would be a change of some kind, for all parties substantially agreed that the time had arrived to put an end to the provisional

status then existing and provide for a permanent government.

The National Assembly was to meet on the 5th day of November, 1873. Though accused of having been guilty of a monstrous usurpation in declaring itself a constituent body, it proposed making a government for France not only without consulting the country, but apparently in defiance of the popular will. It was charged that its action would be of the nature of a parliamentary *coup d'état*, skulking behind the forms of a constituent authority. It was said that the Republic was practically dead, having received the *coup de grâce* by the parliamentary Revolution of May, 1873. After the Count de Paris had abdicated in favor of the Count de Chambord, August, 1873, the question of the future government of the country seemed to be narrowed down to the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of Henry V., or some kind of a Republic. The Imperialists were not numerous or powerful enough to cut much of a figure in this business. Finding themselves practically out in the cold, and having everything to gain by staving off definite action in regard to a permanent government, the Bonapartists conceived the idea of a prolongation of the powers of Marshal MacMahon for five years, at the end of which time the Prince Imperial would have reached his majority. As soon as the Assembly understood the project of the Bonapartists it was speedily consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets."

All parties had come to understand, as I have said, that there must be some change in the government to make it of a more permanent character. This led to the proposition of the reactionary elements in the Assembly to prolong President MacMahon's powers and term of office to seven years. The government gave its earnest support to this proposition, and, after a heated de-

bate, it was carried on November 19, 1873, by a majority of sixty-six. It was also determined that the constitutional laws should be made after the powers should have been prolonged. The only concession made to the republicans in these laws was that M. MacMahon should be styled "President of the Republic;" but that was mere shadow and phrase, and meant nothing.

About this time M. Thiers addressed a letter to the Mayor of Nancy which provoked a great deal of criticism. It was charged that in this letter M. Thiers had launched a declaration of war against Marshal MacMahon and broken with the conservative party. Referring to this letter Figaro proposed that all France should be put under martial law, and, apparently speaking for the government, it said it had reason to know that it (the government) would maintain order and would not hesitate at any defensive measures, no matter who was the individual or how important the agitators. This letter of M. Thiers showed his determination at that time to make war to the knife on the monarchical coalition. While I believed M. Thiers to be one of the greatest men of the age, I considered him wanting in political sagacity. I thought that if he had, before the 24th of May, 1873, acted differently, he would not have been expelled from power; but he hesitated and was lost. He made the mistake so often made by public men of trying to propitiate enemies while neglecting friends. If he had put Chanzy or Faidherbe, who were his friends, in command of the army instead of MacMahon, he could not have been turned out. All the concessions which M. Thiers had made to the monarchists did not make them any more his friends or any less his enemies. They accepted his offices and his favors and then stabbed him under the fifth rib. As I have pre-

viously related, he sent the Duke de Broglie Ambassador to England only to have him resign his position after he got tired of it, and then come back to Versailles to take his seat in the Chamber and lead the attack which overthrew him.

The year 1874 began quietly. There were the usual "New Year's" ceremonies at Versailles, including the reception of the Diplomatic Corps by the President, which took place at one o'clock in the afternoon. There was a full attendance of the members of the body, and I thought there was rather more than the usual amount of cordiality among them. The circle having been arranged, President MacMahon entered the room accompanied by his Ministers and several military men. He passed down the line, simply shaking hands with every one, but holding no conversation with anybody. In ten minutes the whole thing was over, and we all left to get into our carriages and go back to Paris as soon as possible.

The National Assembly re-convened at Versailles on the 8th of January, after a recess of a few days for the holidays, and immediately there followed a modified ministerial crisis, growing out of a matter of no very great importance. The government had determined to put through certain legislation under whip and spur. The proposition was made to postpone the discussion, which was treated with disdain by the Duke de Broglie. After two votes by rising, the result was declared to be doubtful, and the *appel nominal* was demanded and carried. When that is ordered by the Assembly each member is called by name and advances to the tribune and deposits his vote in an urn. The result was that the government was beaten by forty-two votes. I did not feel particularly interested in any of the ministers, except the Duke De-

cazes, but, as all the ministers in the course of a day or two withdrew their resignations, the Duke Decazes remained in the ministry.

The seven years' lease of power to President MacMahon, called the "Septennate," created restiveness among the members of the extreme Right in the Assembly, and the Legitimist journals of Paris were very strong in condemnation of it. That, however, did not seem to trouble the President very much, and he was evidently not inclined to give up his power, even to a king. He took an early occasion, when making a visit to the Chamber of Commerce at Paris, to read a speech which undoubtedly had been considered in Cabinet council, and in which he made a very emphatic declaration of his determination to guard the power which had been confided to him by the Assembly as against all comers. This created a sensation for a day, and then no more was heard of it.

Quite an interesting incident took place in Paris in December, 1874, namely, the restoration of a watch to the family of General de La Fayette. I am certain it will interest all Americans. The history of this watch may perhaps be better understood by some remarks I made on presenting it to M. Oscar de La Fayette. I said:

"Perhaps it is known to you that during the voyage which your illustrious ancestor, General de La Fayette, made to the United States in 1825, he was robbed of a gold watch which had been presented to him by General Washington. All the efforts which were made at the time to find it had proved futile, but, by an extraordinary chance, it fell some years ago into the hands of Mr. John R. Ward, of Austin, Texas, who, having seen it in a pawnbroker's shop at Louisville, Kentucky, bought it on account of the inscription which was on

the case, and without suspecting its historic value. A short time afterward the Louisville Courier-Journal stated the facts then known relative to this watch. That account having fallen under the eyes of General John B. Rogers, of South Rock Island, Tennessee, he declared to Mr. Ward that he commanded the escort of honor which was given to La Fayette when on his journey to Nashville, Tennessee, in 1825, and that this watch, as well as the saddle known under the name of 'Saddle Martha Washington,' had been stolen at that epoch from General de La Fayette; and they had never been able to discover any trace of them, although the Governor of Tennessee had offered a reward to whomsoever might find those objects. The existence of this curious and interesting souvenir being brought to the knowledge of my government, which has not forgotten the great services rendered by General de La Fayette to the sacred cause of our national independence (which has made his memory to be forever cherished by the American people)—Congress passed a joint resolution June 22, 1874, ordering that the watch should be purchased, and that its formal restitution should be made to the family of the Marquis de La Fayette. In the execution of that decision of Congress, the Secretary of State has sent to me that precious souvenir, and has charged me to offer it in the name of the Government of the United States to the oldest of the male descendants of General de La Fayette, as representative of the family. In that capacity, it is you, monsieur, who should receive the relic, and in placing it in your hands I fulfil a duty which is very agreeable to me. The history of this relic is contained in the inscription, which is engraved on the case, in touching simplicity. 'General Washington to Gilbert Motier de La Fayette. Lord Cornwallis, Capitulation, Yorktown, October 17, 1781.' These words

recall to remembrance that grand fact which will never be forgotten in the history of the United States, by which the War of the Revolution was closed and which assured to my country with independence the inestimable benefits of a free government and constitutional liberty.

"In fulfilling to-day, this agreeable task which has been confided to me, I am certain that I am the interpreter of the sentiments of the government and the people of the United States, in presenting to you, and to all the descendants of General de La Fayette, our most ardent wishes that happiness and prosperity will always accompany those who bear your venerated name; and we associate with these wishes, France, which was the ally of the United States, and who is its traditional friend, and whose glory is so dear to us."

After the presentation of the watch, M. Oscar de La Fayette made to me the following address:

"Monsieur le Ministre: The descendants of General de La Fayette receive with pious thanks the precious relic which you offer to them in the name of the United States. They are profoundly touched by the unanimous vote of Congress, and the care which the executive power has taken to recover and afterward to transmit to the children of General de La Fayette, the gift of Washington to their grandfather. They thank you personally for having accompanied this national gift with such kindly words. This watch (we know it to-day) bears its date sure and certain, that of the surrender of Yorktown, the day after the victory. It was the gift of the General-in-Chief to his lieutenant, the legacy of the father of his country to the son of its adoption. We recall with you, that in this glorious military action (the last of the grand contests for the independence of the United States) the French and the American armies were united. They were both

happy and proud to be commanded by Washington. Monsieur le Ministre, the people of the United States have shown, on numerous occasions, their great sympathy with him whose name we bear; but, after a century has passed, in spite of time and events, when we see the same sentiments expressed with the same force and the same ardor, we feel ourselves filled with a respectful gratitude. Will you have the goodness, Monsieur le Ministre, to transmit this testimony to those whom you represent and be the interpreter of the La Fayette family to the American nation, as well as to the Congress of the United States, and present to them the thanks of France? Let us offer to you the homage of our admiration and our love for the Republic of the United States, our second country."

On receiving information from the Secretary of State in respect to the restoration of this watch to the descendants of La Fayette, I had at once procured a list indicating the members of that family, as follows:

General de La Fayette left a son, Georges W. de La Fayette, and two daughters, Madame de Latour-Maubourg and Madame Lasteyrie. At the present time they are all dead.

M. Georges W. de La Fayette left five children, all living: M. Oscar de La Fayette, Rue du Bac, 90, Paris; M. Edmond de La Fayette, Rue de Rome, 72, Paris; Madame Adolphe Périer (widow), Rue Barbet de Jouy, 42, Paris; Madame Buveaux de Pusy (widow), Rue Barbet de Jouy, 42, Paris; Madame Gustave de Beaumont (widow), Rue Barbet de Jouy.

Madame de Latour-Maubourg left two daughters: Madame la Baronne de Brigode, 42 Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain; Madame la Baronne de Pennon, à Turin, Maison Vernon, Italie.

Madame de Lasteyrie left four children, as follows: M. Jules de Lasteyrie, Député, Rue Beaujon, 1, Paris; Madame de Rémusat, Avenue Gabriel, 24, Paris; Madame de Corcelles, Palais Colonna, Rome; Madame Charles d'Assailly, Rue de Las Cases, 12, Paris.

I may, perhaps, say further, in regard to this presentation to M. Oscar de La Fayette, that after the reception of the watch from the State Department, I had immediately notified M. de La Fayette, who was the oldest male member of the La Fayette family, that the watch had reached me, and I was prepared to present it at such time and place as should be agreeable to him. In response to my letter, he had called at my residence a few days later, and after stating how profoundly he was touched by the action of our government and Congress, he said that it would be very agreeable for him to come to my residence to receive the watch on the following Wednesday at half-past ten o'clock in the morning. He said, also, that he would be glad to bring with him certain members of the La Fayette family, who would be pleased to be present on the occasion. Accordingly, M. de La Fayette was accompanied by the Count de Rémusat, Deputy and late Minister of Foreign Affairs; his son, M. Paul de Rémusat, Deputy; M. de Lasteyrie, Deputy, and his son, and M. de Beaumont.

After addressing him in French some words of explanation, in the presence of these members of the La Fayette family, of Mrs. Washburne and some other members of my family, and my secretaries, I carried out the instructions of the State Department and formally presented to M. Oscar de La Fayette the precious souvenir, as I have above related. All the journals of Paris made favorable allusion to the incident, which created a most favorable impression.

M. Oscar de La Fayette was a plain and unassuming man and of attractive personal qualities. He was never married, and lived in his bachelor quarters in the Rue du Bac. I knew him better than any of the La Fayette family, and entertained for him the sincerest feelings of friendship. He was a great admirer of our country and particularly friendly to me. He had been a good deal in public life, and was a member of the Legislative Assembly at the time of the *coup d'état* in 1851, and always acted with the opposition.

The most prominent man in France connected with the La Fayette family during the time that I was in Paris was Count Charles François Marie de Rémusat, of whom I preserve the most charming and respectful remembrances. His wife was Mademoiselle de Lasteyrie, granddaughter of La Fayette. She was a good deal past middle age when I knew her, and was one of the most charming and delightful ladies whom it was my good fortune to know in Paris. The Count de Rémusat died in Paris in the month of January, 1875. The impression caused by his death, particularly among those who cherished liberal opinions, and in the circles of literary men, was very marked; and elaborate and touching tributes were everywhere paid to his memory. I attended his funeral, which was a very large and impressive one, at the Madeleine. His remains were buried in the cemetery of Picpus, and placed near the ashes of La Fayette and many other distinguished members of the family. Born at Paris in 1797, the Count de Rémusat had consecrated his long life to study, to letters, and to the service of his country, in almost every department of active politics. In 1830 he was selected as member of the Chamber of Deputies, and ten years thereafter was made Minister of the Interior, in what was known as the

"Cabinet of the 1st of March." In 1846 he was chosen a member of the Academy, considered the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a Frenchman, and from that time he held a conspicuous position in that illustrious body of savants. After the revolution of February 24, 1848, he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly from the Haute Garonne, and re-elected in 1849 to the Legislative Assembly, of which he was still a member when he was driven into exile by the *coup d'état* of 1851. Referring to that exile, the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier, President of the Assembly, in announcing to that body the death of the eminent deputy, said, "The Empire did him the honor to proscribe him." From the time of his exile until 1871 he remained in dignified retirement, devoting his active mind to literature, philosophy, and science. He ranked among the profound scholars of the age, and his literary activity was most extraordinary. At the close of the Franco-German War, acceding to the wishes of M. Thiers, whom he admired, and with whom he had been closely allied for forty years, in answer to an appeal to his patriotism, he accepted the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He held this post until the overthrow of the Thiers government, the 24th of May, 1873. At the time of his death he was a member of the Assembly from the Haute Garonne, a department in which he had a large property, near Toulouse, and where he spent a portion of every year with his family.

It was when he became Minister of Foreign Affairs that I first made the acquaintance of Count de Rémusat, and I had occasion to see much of him in official and in unofficial life. I cherish with great satisfaction the remembrances of my intercourse with him, the good-will he always manifested toward me, and the friendly

feelings he always entertained for our country. My own experience with him was that of the whole Diplomatic Corps. No man in an official position was ever more amiable or cordial in his personal intercourse. Of quick intelligence and rare culture, he united the simplest manners to the most unaffected modesty. His genial disposition, the graces of his spirit and the charm of his conversation left upon all the impress of his purity and worth as a citizen, his accomplishments as a statesman, and his fidelity as a public servant. His love of France was the hope and inspiration of his public life; and now, after a period of more than thirteen years, the impressions which he left upon me are still fresh, and I am glad to pay this feeble tribute to a man whom I so much admired and whose friendship I was privileged to enjoy. In the Chamber he belonged to that political group known as the "Centre Left," embracing such men as Thiers, Casimir-Périer, Léon Say, Dufaure, Calmon, Waddington, Laboulaye and Oscar de La Fayette. Though always holding liberal opinions, his inclinations were monarchical; but, yielding to the logic of events and the demands of circumstances, it was his judgment that the Republic was the only form of government that could give peace; hence, he loyally accepted it and gave it the support of his influence, sustaining it by his counsels, his votes, and his sympathy. Eminent as was Count de Rémusat in the fields of literature and politics, it was in private life, in that highly cultivated and polished society in which he moved, that his character showed its finest traits. Such was the elevated tone of his tastes, the beauty of his private life, and his interesting conversation, that he was always the charm of every circle.

In the month of December, 1874, it was made known

to me, unofficially, that the German government proposed to give me some testimonial in recognition of services rendered during the Franco-German War. As Congress had never given me any permission to receive such a gift, I wrote the German Ambassador, the Prince Hohenlohe, that it would be impossible for me to receive any testimonial which his Gracious Sovereign might desire to present to me; that I could not possibly receive anything more precious to me than the appreciation of what I had been enabled to do, manifested by the German government in the thanks of the Emperor, and conveyed to me in the most gracious terms by Prince Bismarck,—which would ever be most gratefully cherished by me.

In reply to this letter of mine, Prince Hohenlohe addressed me the following:

PARIS, *December* 27, 1874.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE:

While I sincerely regret the injunction contained in your letter, I hasten to thank you for having so justly appreciated the grateful feelings of my Sovereign. His Majesty would have wished that a visible sign of his gratitude might have recalled to the recollection of your descendants the services rendered by you to my countrymen in the time of need.

Believe me, etc.,

HOHENLOHE.

I may say here that after my term of office had expired, His Majesty the Emperor of Germany caused to be painted for me his full-length portrait. He sent it to the German Consul at Southampton, to be delivered to me after I should be out of office, and when I should be in that city for the purpose of taking a German steamer to New York. It was so delivered, and I brought it home with me. It is a splendid portrait of the Emperor, painted by one of the most gifted artists in Berlin. Hung in my parlor, it has since been the admiration of all who have seen it. I may also state that before this

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

(From the Painting Presented to Mr. Washburne by the German Government.)

time Prince Bismarck had consented to sit to Mr. Healy for his portrait for me. Mr. Healy is undoubtedly the best of American portrait painters, and his picture of Prince Bismarck is a great success. I considered the consent of the Prince to sit for his portrait a great compliment, as I learned that it was the first time that he had ever consented to sit for an artist. I was further told that the Princess was so delighted with the portrait of her husband that she insisted that Mr. Healy should paint one like it for herself.

M. Thiers having kindly consented to sit, Mr. Healy also painted his portrait for me, and the distinguished artist surpassed himself. Subsequently, M. Gambetta was kind enough to sit to Mr. Healy for a portrait of himself for me; and it was also a success and gave the best conception of the great Tribune that I have seen.

Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador at Paris, whom I had known slightly in Washington as the British Minister, and with whom I entertained the most friendly relations while he was the British Ambassador at Paris, also sat to Mr. Healy for his portrait for me, and that, too, was a success. I guard all these portraits as among my most precious treasures. In this connection I may state, by the way, that a portrait of Mr. Lincoln now in possession of his son, the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Secretary of War, of Chicago, is by far the most remarkable one ever painted of that illustrious man. It is a pleasure for me to know that from the knowledge that Mr. Healy had of Mr. Lincoln and from the studies which he had made of him, he is now painting a duplicate for my brother, the Honorable W. D. Washburn, of Minnesota, and myself, to be placed in the "Washburn Memorial Library" at the Norlands, in Livermore, Maine, and to be in memory of our parents.

The new year of 1875 was ushered in very quietly, as it came on Sunday. The usual New Year's reception held by President MacMahon took place on the 31st day of December, at the Palais de l'Elysée. It was a great relief to the Diplomatic Corps not to be obliged to go to Versailles for that ceremony, for the first time since the fall of the Empire. All the members of the body, except myself, appeared in full diplomatic uniform. It became quite noticeable at this time that everything in official circles tended from Versailles to Paris. The President, the ministers, and their subordinates, and the members of the Assembly considered it nothing less than a punishment to be dragged from Paris to Versailles on official duty; still the fear that some violence might happen to the Assembly if it were in Paris induced that body, with the heads of the Executive Departments, to remain at Versailles.

Among the American colony in Paris, the custom of our country of making New Year's calls was followed to a very considerable extent, and many of our compatriots did us the honor of calling upon us at our residence.

At an early day after New Year's, I was obliged to write to my government: "*Le Ministère est renversé.*" When the Assembly came together on the 3d of January, 1875, the government was beaten on several unimportant questions. In consequence, the Ministers all placed their resignations in the hands of the President. The formation of a new Ministry hung fire; but the Duke Decazes remained in the Foreign Office much to my satisfaction.

The question of a more permanent government was at this time uppermost everywhere in France. In the month of January, 1875, a discussion was begun in the National Assembly on what was called the "Constitutional

Laws." This discussion lasted for several weeks, and excited a great deal of interest, as it was participated in by the ablest men in the Assembly. The result in the end was the adoption of the laws, and with them an amendment of the utmost importance, which was offered by M. Wallon, which fixed the status of the Republic. There was a serious contest over that, and the amendment was only carried by one majority. But that majority stood; and from February 25, 1875, the Republic, in law and fact, became the government of France. This amendment which M. Wallon had offered and carried through gave him a great reputation in the country. He was a gentleman whom I had known quite well, as he had theretofore been Minister of Public Instruction. He was a well-read and intelligent man and of excellent personal qualities. After his retirement from public life, he published a history of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris, in six volumes, which was a work of immense labor and which gave him a high rank in literary circles.

In May, 1875, we were pleased to meet in Paris three American Ministers on their way to their posts. The Honorable Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana; Honorable Horace Maynard, of Tennessee; and Honorable George H. Boker, of Philadelphia. Mr. Orth had been appointed to Vienna, Mr. Maynard to Constantinople, and Mr. Boker to St. Petersburgh. Messrs. Orth and Maynard had been for many years my colleagues in Congress, and Mr. Boker was a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia. The two former are now dead; and Mr. Boker is still living an honored citizen of the "Quaker City."

In this month of May the question had again arisen both in France and Mexico touching the resumption of the diplomatic relations between the two countries. In a conversation with the Duke Decazes at that time, he

spoke of the difficulty in accomplishing the purpose which both countries seemed to have in view. He said he did not know how they would get through with the matter unless it were by the good offices of the government of the United States. I told him I had no directions or authority, whatever, to speak in the matter, but assumed that my government would be desirous of seeing her neighboring republic, Mexico, in diplomatic relations with France.

The summer of 1875 was a very quiet one in all circles in Paris, and there was very little going on which was of interest. I always found the Parisian summers very pleasant. Sometimes it was hot in the middle of the day, but the nights were generally cool and pleasant. In August I asked for a leave of absence, as I desired to make a sojourn at Carlsbad, in Bohemia. My stay there in 1875 was not so long as usual, only three weeks, as I wanted to husband my time and use the remainder of my leave in a journey to Egypt in the fall of the year. I returned to Paris on September 23d, to find everything quiet on the "banks of the Seine." Having but little to do, I looked into the question of what was called "fashionable smuggling" in the baggage of passengers. I had long been satisfied that the most extensive smuggling had been carried on for years, particularly at the port of New York, and that the government had been defrauded of millions of revenue. That kind of smuggling had been reduced to a perfect system; persons going from the United States to Europe, desirous of taking back with them large quantities of dutiable goods, made their arrangements with the custom-house officers before leaving New York, and on their return home and arriving at the port, their trunks were passed through without examination; but if arrangements had not been made before-

hand bribery was openly resorted to at the time of landing. I was satisfied that this was true from what persons who knew all the facts had told me. The consequence of that state of things was to induce many persons to go abroad, having in view the purchasing of such articles as they wanted, and defraying the expenses of the trip by the saving effected by the non-payment of the duties. What made the violation of the law less excusable was the fact that it was done by that class of people who were most able to pay duties and to bear their part in supporting the government. A gentleman had told me at this time that a year or two before, at the landing of a Cunard steamer, he saw eighteen large trunks, belonging to one family, sent ashore unopened and taken away at once, while the small trunk of a countryman from the interior was broken open and gutted; and the customs-officers finding a watch on which there was a slight duty payable, confiscated the trunk and its contents, venting their indignation in loud tones at the baseness of a man who could be wicked enough to endeavor to defraud the revenue of "the best government the sun ever shone upon." Such had been the facilities for American ladies to smuggle through their dresses, and such extensive orders had been sent over to the French milliners that the trade had been immense—notable even in the vast commerce of Paris. Several persons interested in this dressmaking business for American ladies had recently retired with princely fortunes, for their profits had been enormous; the Americans bought dresses more extravagant in price than those worn by the highest nobility in Europe. This state of things had led to a great deal of travel to Europe by hundreds who never would have thought of going over had it not been with the idea of smuggling in their purchases on their re-

turn. The Secretary of the Treasury had endeavored to make a new departure, in order to stop this smuggling, which was successful to some extent; thereupon the Paris milliners began to complain in bitter terms that their trade was cut off, declaring that the American ladies were buying fewer dresses and spending less money than formerly. Regulations were issued which appeared to be excellent, but it was soon found that neither laws nor regulations were of any value unless honestly and conscientiously executed.

There was one case of which I had personal knowledge at this time; and that was of a lady who had been in Europe for seven years and left for New York with many trunks filled with dutiable articles. She wrote back that she had got them all through without paying any duty, for the reason that she had among her trunks one that belonged to the wife of a custom-house officer, who had been assigned to examine her baggage upon the arrival of the steamer.

The National Assembly, which had taken a recess on the 5th of August, reconvened on the 4th of November, 1875. The President gave his first official dinner at the Palais de l'Elysée on that day. It was a large dinner of sixty covers, and attended by most of the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers, and many military and naval officers. The reception after the dinner was not very largely attended, and was very tame. Leaving the Palais de l'Elysée at an early hour, I went to pay my respects to M. Thiers, who had just installed himself in his new hôtel, built upon the site of the one which was torn down by the Commune. I knew M. Thiers and his family very well, and I dined with them oftener than with any other persons in Paris. In his own home M. Thiers

was one of the most interesting and agreeable of hosts. Madame Thiers was a woman of remarkable talent, and was always a great help to her husband. Her sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, will always be remembered by those who frequented the house of M. Thiers as a most charming and agreeable lady. I found M. Thiers in fine spirits and much disposed to talk of the political situation. At this time the conversation turned to some extent upon our Centennial celebration soon to be held at Philadelphia; and he inquired with much interest how events were progressing in our country. He said he had always had a great desire to visit the United States, but, unfortunately, he had never been able to see his way clear to make so long a journey.

There began to be much talk in French circles in the month of November about the erection of a statue to Liberty on Bedlow's Island, which was finally carried out by M. Bartholdi, and it was completed and dedicated on October 28, 1886. M. Laboulaye, then a deputy, and known as one of the most distinguished men in France and as a great admirer of the United States, was very prominent in the matter. To bring this subject into more prominence in Paris, a grand banquet was given at the Hôtel de Louvre, on the evening of November 8th, which was very largely attended and which went off with a great deal of *éclat.*

On November 18th there was a curious affair at the Palais of the Préfecture at Versailles. It seemed that about five o'clock on that afternoon a young man, about twenty-five years of age, of good personal appearance and well-dressed, galloped into the Court of the Préfecture of the Seine, the official residence of the President; his horse foamed at the bit, having evidently been urged at great speed. The rider sprang down, and rushing into

the Préfecture, stated that he was an attaché of the United States legation at Paris, and that he must see the President instantly as he was the bearer of grave intelligence. His manner completely deceived the attendants, and he was immediately ushered into the presence of the President, to whom he announced his position as an attaché of the United States legation of Paris, and that he was sent by me to announce the sudden death of the President of the United States. Fortunately, it did not take the President very long to discover that the man was either drunk or a fool, and he summarily dismissed him. Efforts were made to find who this person was, but they were ineffectual, and no trace of the scamp was ever discovered. The gentleman who came in to give me this intelligence said that he was evidently an American, speaking French, but with a strong "American accent."

About this time there was quite an excitement among the American colony at Paris at the appearance in the Figaro of a letter signed by one Dusommerard, who was General Commissioner of France to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Dusommerard had opposed, in the Chamber of Deputies, the French government's engaging in that exposition. His letter was filled with the vilest and most outrageous libels that ever were conceived. American women did not escape his outrageous denunciations. In one part of his letter he says, after describing the wretched condition of things at Philadelphia: "One, at least, might have hoped to find some compensation in the women of Philadelphia; but it appears that the American women, whom we admire so much in Paris, are chosen expressly for this purpose, and that those over here are not worth a charge of powder." As this was an official of the French government who had so foully libelled my country, I deemed it my duty to call

the attention of the Duke Decazes to the subject, in an official note, as follows :

DEAR DUKE DECAZES :

I have just read with amazement a letter, published in the Figaro of yesterday, over the signature of Dusommerard, who is the General Commissioner of France to the Exposition Universelle. Were it a letter of a private individual I should deem it utterly unworthy of notice; but being a letter from a high functionary of the French government, having official connection with the American Exposition, I should be forgetful of my duty and the obligations I owe to my government and the people of the United States did I not hasten to denounce to you the charges, contained in the letter, touching the Exposition and against my country, its magistracy, and even its women, as the most monstrous calumnies. The substance of the letter has not only been telegraphed to the United States, where it will excite the most profound indignation among all classes; but I shall deem it my further duty to call the attention of Mr. Fish to the outrageous and slanderous imputations on the American people by the French Commissioner.

The Duke Decazes behaved very well in this matter; he expressed his astonishment at the letter and its contents, and said that it seemed almost incredible that any French official had written it, and that his government would totally disavow all responsibility for it. After further conversations in regard to its character, he said he would take an early opportunity to give me "*une réparation éclatante.*" The Journal Officiel also took up the matter and published the following notice in regard to it :

"A letter wounding to the feelings of a great and friendly nation has been published in a foreign newspaper and reproduced in a French newspaper, attributed to a high functionary at the Philadelphia Exposition. The government hopes that this document is apocryphal. It has demanded an explanation of the functionary, who is at present absent from Paris. It awaits his reply to decide upon this regrettable incident."

In the face of the feeling which had been aroused, both in government and social circles in Paris, Dusommerard repudiated the letter and made the most formal denial of ever having written it. Dusommerard wrote to the Figaro, the paper in which the letter was published, as follows:

"Permit me to affirm that the good faith of the German journal, and, consequently, that of your correspondent, has been abused. I declare that the letter is apocryphal, and disavow it in the most formal manner. I add that, if my word is not sufficient, I am ready to prove, with documents in hand, the exactitude of my assertion."

On the 30th of October, that being the situation, the Duke Decazes addressed me a letter as follows:

MY DEAR MINISTER:

On the 28th instant you did me the honor to bring to my attention the publication of a letter, attributed by a journal to the French Commissioner General at the Exposition in Philadelphia. I hastened myself to present this regrettable incident to the knowledge of my colleague, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and, as early as the 29th, the note inserted in the Journal Officiel proved to you how much the French government exerted itself to immediately inquire into the facts and to give you, in case their exactness should be established, a legitimate and prompt satisfaction. As I had hoped, the letter published over the signature of M. Dusommerard is apocryphal, and that functionary disavows it in the most formal terms, as you will see by the protestations here annexed, which he has addressed to the minister with whom he is connected, and which seems to be an answer to the calumny such as we could desire. I am pleased to think, therefore, my dear Minister, that this categorical declaration closes this regrettable incident, and no doubt it will seem to you, as it does to me, ended; and a special result of it has been to furnish to the French government an occasion to give, by the promptness with which it received your remonstrance, a new testimonial of the sentiments of cordial sympathy, by which it is animated, for the government and the people of the United States.

I may state here that no sooner had this letter ap-

peared than the Marquis de Talleyrand, who had been an attaché to the Philadelphia Exposition, on the part of the French government, wrote a letter to the Figaro protesting, in the strongest terms, against the statement in Dusommerard's letter. I considered that the promptness with which he came forward and vindicated our countrymen was in the highest degree creditable to him, as it was very gratifying to the American colony in Paris. Thus ended this unpleasant incident. The spirit evidenced by the Duke Decazes in this whole matter was gratifying to me, and the tenor of his letter was in accordance with the cordial feelings which he had always expressed for our country, and with the agreeable official and personal relations which had always existed between us.

In accordance with the purpose I had for some time entertained, I left Paris on a leave of absence on November 25, 1875, to take a trip to Egypt. I first went to Cannes, where my family was passing the winter. This was their second winter there, for we always found the winter climate of Paris very disagreeable. The cold was not excessive, but the days were cloudy and sombre, with very little sunshine and forbidding skies. I always thought that Cannes was the most agreeable winter resort in France. The English flocked there in such numbers during the winter time that it was almost an English town. At Cannes I was joined by my brother, General Washburn, of Minnesota, and from there we started for Egypt, going by Brindisi; thence we took the steamer to Alexandria, and had a quiet and agreeable passage. My landing at Alexandria will never be forgotten by me, for there I got my first sight of the "East." Thence we went to Cairo, which has been so often described

by travellers. I was soon put in communication with the Khedive, who left nothing undone which he thought would contribute to the pleasure of my visit. I was not weak enough to think that these attentions had any relation to me personally, for I knew they were intended only as a compliment to my country. The first thing he did was to place a carriage at my disposal, and to send me tickets for the opera for the time I should remain in the city. After I had been in Cairo a few days he gave a breakfast at his palace in my honor at half-past one o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. It would hardly do the breakfast justice to say that it was the most elegant and elaborate one to which I had ever sat down. There were sixty covers, and many of the guests were among the most prominent Egyptian officials, with many strangers. Sitting by the side of the Khedive at the table, I could not avoid complimenting him on the splendid manner in which his breakfast was served and cooked, and he replied to this, evidently with a considerable degree of pride, that it was cooked and entirely served by Arabs. After remaining in Cairo a week, the Khedive sent us up the Nile in his elegant steam yacht, and our trip was one of the most enjoyable that I have ever known. We ascended as far as the first cataract and then returned to Cairo, whence I hastened back to Paris, in order to reach there by the time my leave of absence expired.

I reached Paris on the 29th of January, 1876, to resume my duties as Minister. In February, 1876, upon my recommendation, the President appointed Mr. Henry Vignaud, of Louisiana, the second Secretary of the Legation, to fill a vacancy which then existed. Political considerations did not in any manner enter into this appointment. Mr. Vignaud was a Southern man, and had never pretended to be a Republican, though he had

been, in no sense, a politician. He had lived in Paris some years, and had acquired a reputation which justly belonged to him, as being a man of remarkable accomplishments; and as a publicist he had few superiors in France. He soon mastered the affairs of the legation, and such was his intelligence, prudence and discretion that I should never have hesitated to have left him in full charge. In all the various negotiations with which I had been intrusted by my government, I had invariably turned the matter over to Mr. Vignaud, who profoundly studied all the questions and made himself complete master of them. Of kind and genial manners, with a thorough knowledge of all matters which came within the scope of the legation, he proved a most valuable secretary. Retained in his position by the two ministers succeeding me, he has since been promoted to the position of first secretary, on the recommendation of the present accomplished minister, ex-Governor McLane.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE REPUBLIC FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.

General Election of Members of the National Assembly—A great Republican Victory—Change in the Cabinet—Removal of the Seat of Government from Versailles to Paris—Researches among the National Archives of France—Jules Simon's Ministry—Its Downfall—Excitement Caused by MacMahon's Letter—A Remarkable Speech by Gambetta—Crushing Vote against the Ministry—Death of Thiers—Return to the United States.

IN February, 1876, there was a general election for the five hundred and thirty-two members of the new National Assembly. This election was most important. The result was overwhelmingly republican, and produced a very great impression, not only in France but all over Europe. One of its first effects was the prompt resignation of M. Buffet, Minister of the Interior and Vice-President of the Council. He was replaced by M. Dufaure, *ad interim.* There probably never was a case where a public man had been so completely overwhelmed by popular indignation as was the retiring minister.

March 8th was the day for the opening of the two legislative bodies under the new government. Desirous of obtaining a *coup d'œil* of these two new bodies, I went to Versailles, first to the opening of the Chamber of Deputies, and then to the Senate. The Chamber was called to order in conformity with the precedent which prevails in all similar cases in France, by the *doyen d'âge*, who was in this case Doctor Raspail, a man eighty-two years of age, who played a prominent part in the Revolution of

1848, and who had been widely known as an extreme radical for more than a quarter of a century. He was in prison for a political offence at the time of the fall of the Empire. It was thought his appearance in the *fauteuil* on this occasion would create excitement, and that he might make a foolish and irritating speech; but all such expectations were disappointed, for his appearance in the chair was very creditable to an old man, and his speech was short, sensible, and in good taste, containing nothing to wound the susceptibilities of any one present.

The Senate met at the same time in the hall which had been vacated at the last Assembly, which was the *salle de spectacle* of the Palais de Versailles, under Louis XIV. It was well understood at this time that the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier would be elected permanent President of the Senate, and that M. Jules Grévy would be elected President of the Chamber of Deputies. This was practically a new government, and there had to be what the French call "*la transmission des pouvoirs;*" that ceremony took place in the *salon d'Hercule*, at the Palais de Versailles. There met the President of the late National Assembly, the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier, followed by the members of the *commission de permanence* and the whole Cabinet. At three o'clock all the officers of the two newly-elected bodies entered, headed on one side by the aged Doctor Raspail, and on the other by M. Gaulthier de Rumilly, *doyen d'âge* of the Senate. The Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier then rose and addressed those gentlemen, for the purpose of handing over to them all powers vested in the old Assembly. "I have the honor," said he, "to transmit to you, in the name of the National Assembly, the sovereign power with which it was clothed by the nation." After a reply from the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, M. Dufaure, the head of the Cabinet, rose

and said: "My colleagues and myself have been designated by the President of the Republic to receive from your hands the executive power with all its duties and prerogatives as determined by the Constitution." This custom, which had long prevailed in legislative bodies in France, and which seems curious and unnecessary to a republican trained in the United States, is a vestige, in a modified form, of the ancient ceremony at the death of the king. At the moment of death the doors of the chamber were thrown open, through which the highest ecclesiastics, nobles and functionaries of State appeared, and with the announcement of "*Le roi est mort*," proclaimed "*Vive le roi!*"

This election having resulted, as I have stated, in favor of the republicans, necessitated a change of ministers in the MacMahon Cabinet. M. Dufaure was made President of the Council, *Garde des sceaux* and Minister of Justice and Public Worship. The Duke Decazes was continued as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Waddington as Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. The latter was a most intelligent, honorable and serious man, and always enjoyed the confidence of the country to a remarkable degree. All the other ministers named were reputable men, and they were well received. They were not quite as pronounced in republicanism as the Assembly and the country, but they were good men, and accepted by all shades of republicans.

In August, 1876, there died, in Paris, two prominent men. One was Casimir-Périer, a life Senator, one of the most distinguished members of the Left Centre, and of great reputation in France. He was a man of immense wealth, and had one of the finest residences on the Champs Élysées, but he was always a representative of the Department of the Aube, where he had immense

possessions. He had been, as I have said, a great friend of M. Thiers. The other was Wolowski, who was a moderate republican, who had interested himself more in the questions of finance and practical legislation than in the struggles of party. He showed himself greatly interested in the Philadelphia Exhibition, and perhaps did more than any other man to interest the French people and the Republic in the matter.

In this month of August the MacMahon government was moved bag and baggage from Versailles to Paris. President MacMahon took up his official residence at the Palais de l'Élysée, and all the heads of the departments returned to Paris.

There was quite a pleasing incident in October. The Poles residing in Paris constituted quite a large and respectable colony. They had a medal prepared to be presented to the President of the United States commemorative of the part taken by Kosciusko and Pulaski in the war of Independence. An address was made to me by Mr. Edmond, the President of the Polish Society in Paris, of congratulation to the President of the United States upon the centenary of the Republic. After delivering the address, he handed to me the medal, to be forwarded to the President. Mr. Edmond said: "In the name of the Polish emigrants, I beg to deliver into your hands an address to the President of the United States, written on the occasion of the glorious centenary they are now commemorating; also a medal representing, by the side of the founder of American Independence, the effigies of the two Polish heroes who fought in the ranks of the liberating army. Allow me at this time to thank you for the hospitable reception which has been given to the Committee of the Polish Colony and its President by the Legation of the United States." In replying to Mr.

Edmond, I said that I should take pleasure in complying with his requests, and that in awaiting an answer from the President, I felt authorized to assure him that he (the President) would be deeply touched by the address and the medal which they had done him the honor to send him; for, in common with all the American people, he cherished the memory of their noble compatriots with pride and gratitude.

Having but little to do at the legation in October, 1876, I spent much time among the National Archives of France, one of the most remarkable collections of documents and papers in the world. These archives were at the old Hôtel Soubise. This is an immense building, nearly two centuries old, which has been enlarged from time to time as necessity required, until it has become of great proportions and filled with the most precious documents. I will not undertake to speak from memory of the number of rooms in this old Hôtel Soubise which are filled with papers and documents, but I can say that it is almost incredible. The government has always taken great care of these archives. All the documents are numbered and indexed, and they are in charge of a competent and intelligent man. When I was in Paris he was Mr. Maury, to whom I have alluded in a previous chapter, who had the title of "Director General" of the National Archives of France. He was well known as an accomplished man and well fitted for his position. He was always very kind and polite to me, and afforded me every facility in his power for examining the archives, which I am glad to acknowledge even after so long a time. The rules in respect to the archives are very complete, and to any person properly introduced, the utmost facilities are afforded to obtain what he de-

sires. So great was the number of documents that I was informed that, when folded up, they would reach from Paris to Versailles. If a person wanted any particular document he would have to carefully describe it in writing and leave the description with the Director, who would ask the party to call again when advised that the document was ready for his examination. He could then take copies of documents himself, if he wished to do so; but if they were of too great length there were people in the building who, for a small compensation, would make handsome and correct copies. There were many men who had been prominent in the Revolution, whose *dossiers* I wished to examine,—for which every possible facility was given me. Almost everything in connection with such men in the shape of reports, letters, journals, etc., had found its way into the archives, and no man could examine them without being amazed at the activity and vast labors of these men of the Revolution.

Having the curiosity at one time to ask for the *dossier* of Billaud-Varenne, one of the most violent and sanguinary men of the Convention as well as one of the ablest, and a member of the Committee of Public Safety, I was surprised at the number and importance of the documents which he left. After the fall of Robespierre, he was brought to trial for the crimes he had committed, and deported to Cayenne. There he remained in that deadly climate for many years, until he was pardoned by the French Government. He had acquired quite a sum of money, and when ready to leave for New York, converted it into drafts on that city. On arriving there, however, he found that the banking house on which he held drafts had failed, and he was left utterly destitute. This was during the first term of General Jackson's Presidency; and it is said that in his destitution he ap-

plied to General Jackson, whose generosity does honor to his memory. The general furnished him money which enabled him to go to one of the West India Islands. There he settled somewhere on the coast, utterly broken in health and fortune. An old colored woman had always lived with him and cared for him, and they occupied a little cabin. Louis Blanc represents that in all his misfortunes he never ceased to speak with pride of his career in France. Sitting in his big chair at the door of his cabin, people were enchanted by his conversation and his description of his career in the Revolution. Suffering from the climate, he determined to leave the coast and seek a more healthful locality in the mountains. With his faithful Virginie, and all their effects placed on the backs of two mules, they sought a new home in what was believed would be a more healthful climate; and that was the last of the great Revolutionist, at the mention of whose name so many people had shuddered. In the utmost poverty, and with his health utterly broken, it is not strange that the news of his death was soon announced, followed by a very brief obituary representing him simply as a "Deputy to the National Convention and member of the Committee of Public Safety."

I felt quite an interest in the career of Thomas Paine while he was in France, and I asked for his *dossier*, in the National Archives. Paine always occupied much attention, both in our country and in France. No part of his career had greater general interest than that connected with the French Revolution; and reading of it now, almost at the end of a century, it seems most remarkable. He was a Revolutionist by character and instinct, and was the author, as is well known, of many pamphlets and volumes which have been widely read, both in Europe and the United States. He went to France

about 1790. Many of his writings having been published in France, they were very widely read, and he became a sort of a hero. By a legislative decree, he was made a French citizen in order that he might be eligible to the National Convention.

He was elected a member of the Convention from many departments, but finally chose to represent the Department of the Pas de Calais. Though he labored under the great disadvantage of not speaking or writing the French language, yet from his character and reputation he enjoyed a considerable influence, as is evident from the fact that he was one of the Commission that was named to draw up the Constitution for the year III. One of the results of my examination of his *dossier* was to find a most significant letter written by him to "Citizen Danton," dated May 6th, the first year of the Republic (1793). The letter was on an ordinary letter sheet, written in a clear, legible, and handsome hand. Before reading it I was not aware that Danton understood the English language, though I had once seen it charged against him that he associated "*avec les Anglais.*" At the time of the French Revolution it was as unusual to hear English spoken in Paris as it is now the Arabic. It is supposed that Marat must have understood English also, for he had lived some time in England, and was once a teacher in Edinburgh. He, however, was never friendly to Paine. This letter of Paine's showed a very good feeling toward the "Twenty-two Deputies" (the Girondists), and, notwithstanding the relations Paine may have had with Danton and Marat, his sympathies and associations were with the better element of the Convention. The course of Paine in the Convention was very creditable to him. He voted against the death of the king, and made a speech in support of his

position which did him infinite honor. An incident of that speech is most interesting. It had been written in French, and, as he was unable to read the language, he had a member of the Assembly mount the tribune with him, and read the speech for him. It created a tremendous sensation among the Montagnards, many of whom declared that it was not properly translated; and it was only when Garon de Coulon, a member of the Convention in Paris, who understood English perfectly, declared that the translation was correct, that the Convention was satisfied. From that moment, Paine was lost; and Robespierre and others of his ilk became his deadly enemies. It was curious enough that, after Robespierre's death, there was found in his note-book an entry as follows: "*Demande que Thomas Paine soit décrété d'accusation pour les intérêts de l'Amérique autant que la France.*" Happily for Paine, the 9th Thermidor overtook Robespierre before his name was added to the long list of victims which that sanguinary apostle of the Revolution was daily sending to the guillotine.

The decree which naturalized Paine had been passed by the Legislative Assembly August 22, 1792. This decree was afterwards revoked, and his name stricken from the list of members of the National Convention. He was imprisoned in the Luxembourg, and finally released through the intervention of our minister, Mr. Monroe. It was his refusal to vote for the death of the king, and his opposition to violent revolutionary measures, that caused him to lose caste with the controlling elements of the time. I wrote a despatch to my government in reference to Paine at this time, and sent a full copy of his letter to Danton, which was very interesting, and was published in my diplomatic correspondence with the government.

I was very much interested also in what I found in the archives respecting Mr. Monroe, who was our minister to France at one of the most interesting epochs of the French Revolution. He was received by the National Convention in full session on the 15th of August, 1794 (28th Thermidor, year II.), which was only about three weeks after the fall of Robespierre on the 27th of July, 1794 (9th Thermidor, year II.). As this was the first minister who had been accredited to the French Republic, there was some delay in the Committee of Public Safety in regard to the presentation of his letters of credence, caused by the necessity of establishing some general regulations on the subject. The correspondence of Mr. Monroe with his government at this period, including that with regard to his reception, is very interesting. As nothing appeared, however, in his correspondence in regard to the proceedings of the Convention on the day of the reception, I took occasion to look up in the National Archives the *procès verbal* (journal) of that date, and I made a copy, from which the following is an extract:

Extract from the *procès verbal* of the National Convention of August 15, 1794: Citizen Monroe, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America near the French Republic, is admitted to the Hall at the sitting of the National Convention. He takes his place in the midst of the representatives of the people, and remits to the President of the Convention a translation of his discourse addressed to the National Convention. It is read by one of the secretaries. The expressions of fraternity and of union between the two peoples, and the interest which the United States takes in the French Republic, are heard with a lively sensibility and with applause. The letter of credence of Citizen Monroe is also read, as well as those written by the American Congress and addressed to the President of the National Convention and to the Committee of Public Safety. In witness of the fraternity which unites the two peoples, French and American, the President gives the *accolade* (the fraternal embrace) to Citizen Monroe.

Afterward, upon the proposition of many members, the National Convention passed unanimously the following decree:

Art. 1st. After the reading of the proclamation of the powers of Citizen Monroe, he is recognized as Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the French Republic.

Art. 2d. Letters of credence of James Monroe, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America—those which he has remitted on the part of the American Congress and its President, addressed to the National Convention and Committee of Public Safety, the address of Citizen Monroe and the response of the President of the Chamber, shall be printed in two languages, French and American, and inserted in the Bulletin of Correspondence.

Art. 3d. The flag of the United States of America shall be joined to that of France and displayed in the Hall of the Convention, in sign of the union and eternal fraternity of the two peoples.

It will be observed, in Art. 2d of the decree, that it was ordered that what had taken place in the Convention should be printed in two languages, "French and American." The frantic hatred existing and felt by the French toward the English would not permit the Convention to recognize our mother tongue as the English language, hence they called it the "American language."

The President of the Convention, when Mr. Monroe was recognized, was Antoine Philippe Merlin, a deputy from the Department of the Nord, and a lawyer at Douai; but he was always called and known in public life as Merlin (de Douai), to distinguish him from Antoine Merlin, another deputy from the Department of the Moselle, a lawyer at Thionville, who was known as Merlin (de Thionville.)

The new President of the Council in the ministry of December, 1876, was M. Jules Simon. He was a man of much ability, and his accession to the ministry was well received. It was thought that, as his power of persuasion was very great, he might be able to conciliate

the hostile elements of the two Houses. He had already shown, on entering upon his duties, how adroit and skilful he was, by the declaration he made, which gave satisfaction, both to the Republicans and the Conservatives. I believe that no other man could have achieved such a *tour de force*. The antecedents of that distinguished man were well known. He had always been a liberal Republican, at the same time of a wise and moderate spirit. The bent of his mind and his personal associations had alike kept him far from extremes, and he had constantly and unflinchingly cherished a system of political principles, deeply rooted in the solid ground of philosophy, which engaged his early and enthusiastic studies, and which had given him fame before he entered the field of politics. He had been a member of the government of National Defence, and was commissioned by it to go to Tours when the preliminaries of peace were opened with the Prussians, to consult with M. Gambetta, who had refused to be bound by the armistice agreed to in Paris. This delicate task was performed with singular tact and to the advantage of his country. He was then called to the Ministry by M. Thiers, of whom he was a friend and admirer. As Minister of Public Instruction, and subsequently as a parliamentary leader, he was well known. In these positions he illustrated the profound and liberal ideas which pervaded his writings, and which made him famous as a philosopher and political author before the world knew him as a statesman. He was one of the most agreeable and charming men that I had ever met, and one of the best conversationalists in France. On one of the dreary days of the siege, my secretary and myself paid a visit to the government of the National Defence at the Hôtel de Ville. We entered into a discussion with M. Simon on the whole range of subjects which were then

challenging public attention. I shall never forget the clearness, the precision, the breadth and scope of his ideas, and the unrivalled beauty of language in which he expressed them, holding us both under the charm of his eloquence and the spell of his silver tongue.

M. Simon remained in MacMahon's ministry until he was flatly dismissed by the President on the 16th of May, 1877. A letter written by MacMahon, showing the animus which governed him, attracted great attention, and was everywhere regarded as a veritable *coup d'état* by Republicans, but as a *coup d'état* without force to sustain it, and entered upon without any appreciation of the consequences which were to follow. In the face of such a letter, M. Jules Simon lost no time in placing his "resignation" in the hands of the President. It was followed by the resignation of all his colleagues, which were immediately accepted.

Since I have returned from France, M. Jules Simon has been in private life, but in private or public life he will always have the respect and esteem of the French people. He is a man of most excellent character, of simple habits and unpretending manners.

This action of the President created great excitement in Paris, and had a serious effect on the Bourse, and there was a considerable fall in the funds. In the evening of the day that the letter was published I called upon M. Thiers, and found there large numbers of men distinguished in politics who were in the highest state of excitement. All regarded the MacMahon letter as a serious event, threatening alike to the peace of France and Europe, and as a defiance flung in the teeth of Germany and Italy. This action brought immediately together all the groups of the Left, who held a meeting that night at the Grand Hôtel. The streets were filled with people

during the evening, and I was reminded of the *attroupements* which were so frequent when I first arrived in Paris in 1869. The great centre of interest at the Grand Hôtel was Gambetta, who was greeted with immense applause.

The next day was one of great interest at Versailles, and it looked as if France was about to enter upon another great epoch. This Grand Hôtel caucus had arranged a certain programme for that day. I went out to the meeting of the Assembly, and at an early hour of the day every seat was filled. M. Gambetta presented the order of the day which had been agreed upon by the meeting the evening before. An interpellation was introduced as to the cause of the fall of the Ministry. M. Gambetta then presented himself at the tribune with the order of the day. He made a speech of half an hour, which was pronounced by many who had heard him before as the great speech of his life, and which produced a profound impression. It would be impossible to describe the effect of his eloquence. All the groups of the Left gave him enthusiastic applause, repeating it over and over again, and when he came down from the tribune the deputies came into the hemicycle to heap upon him their congratulations. It was a remarkable fact that no one rose to make any defence of President MacMahon.

May 17, 1877, was the day for one of the usual weekly receptions of the President at the Palais de l'Élysée, and I went for the purpose of seeing the groups which would gather there. The number was enormous, but what struck every one was the great disproportion of military men, whose glittering uniforms were seen there by thousands. There was also a large number of the class who had not been there before, the Legitimists and Bonapartists, who crowded in to offer their congratulations to the

President. Both Marshal and Madame MacMahon seemed highly pleased with the demonstration. I met there many members of the Diplomatic Corps, all of whom seemed to regard the situation as one of extreme gravity. I learned for the first time that evening of the composition of the new Ministry. The Duke de Broglie, the new President of the Council, was present, and his countenance was wreathed in smiles. The Duke Decazes, who had been retained, was there also, looking quite contented with himself. M. Buffet, although not in the new Ministry, was the object of great attention, as this was regarded as the undoubted triumph of his policy. Many were desirous of having him in the Cabinet, but his unpopularity in France was so great that they did not dare to make the venture. Its character was unmistakable; it was what was called, and very properly, *le ministère de combat* (a fighting ministry); that is to say, a ministry whose sympathies were with the clerical and monarchical tendencies of the government, and which were in every way opposed to liberal tendencies.

The President soon after prorogued the Assembly in accordance with the power conferred upon him by the Constitution, but the new election was not ordered to take place until the last allowable moment—four months afterward, which left the government a long time to manipulate the elections. The country then entered upon a political campaign, which was one of the bitterest and fiercest ever known. The people of France made short work of MacMahon and his Ministry by electing a Republican Assembly. The election, however, did not take place until after I had left Paris on my return home. Before I left France it was plain to be seen that there was a torrent of reprobation being visited upon all who were responsible for the alarming state of things which

existed. There was much anxiety and alarm as to the final results among all serious people.

I was desirous of obtaining the best information touching the real sentiments of the country and the prevailing views in the best informed republican circles as to the probable termination of the extraordinary crisis through which the country was passing. I therefore arranged for an interview with Gambetta on the 6th of June. The acknowledged leader of the Republican party in France, he was a man of wonderful ability and unrivalled eloquence, and his profound knowledge of the French democracy and of all the springs of political action was unsurpassed; and this was the last interview but one that I ever had with him. I never saw him again except at the funeral of M. Thiers, which will be alluded to hereafter. I frankly told him that I came to seek his opinion, not only for my own private information, but for that of my government. With that understanding he proceeded to explain, with great clearness and force, his views on the state of things, and to give the reasons upon which he based his judgment. He then went on to speak of the dissolution, and said he had no fears of what would thereupon take place. He felt the utmost assurance as to what would be the result of the new elections, and such was his knowledge of the politics of France, that he said he could point out the electoral districts where the republicans would be defeated as well as those in which they would succeed. The republican opinion, he said, was then so deeply rooted in every part of France that nothing short of a perfect reign of terror could overcome it, and this was beyond the power of the government to produce. He then spoke of an extraordinary circular of M. de Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, which invited all police officers and keepers of public establishments to

denounce those who happened to express in their presence opinions which were obnoxious to the government. M. Gambetta laughed at that futile attempt, and said: "*Vouloir empêcher les Français de parler, c'est comme si l'on voulait empêcher les Américains d'agir.*" Then Gambetta went on to speak of the men who were endeavoring to draw the Chief of the State into dishonorable action, who were well known, and whose names he mentioned, as well as the names of certain military men who were thought to be urging MacMahon to the scheme which had been proposed. He thought that the army as newly constituted could not be urged to make a military *coup d'état.*

M. Gambetta finally concluded this most interesting and valuable picture of the situation in the following manner: "Taking everything into consideration, the *coup d'état* of the 16th of May will have profited the country. Its immediate effect, it is true, is to strike down at one blow the great material and business interests of the country. The loss to France will be fifty millions of francs per day, but, on the other hand, it will give to the French people a solemn opportunity to affirm, in profound peace and in a quiet and orderly manner, its determination to live under republican institutions, by calling for a new election. The marshal would, in fact, submit himself to the verdict of the nation. If he is ready to abide by its decision, the republicans are; if the people support him, we will submit. But we do not fear such a result. Never has a more general and unqualified condemnation been passed upon any government than that which the French people will visit upon the unwarrantable policy which the irresponsible advisers of the marshal have induced him to pursue."

On taking leave of Gambetta I thanked him very sin-

Léon Gambetta

cerely for the courtesy of his interview and for the information he had given me. I asked of him the favor of some of his photographs with his autograph, to send to the Secretary of State and to some other friends. I now preserve one of those photographs as a souvenir of that interesting interview.

It was about this time that I had the pleasure of dining with M. Thiers, and I found him in much better health than when I had last seen him. He expressed the same opinion as M. Gambetta, that the Ministry would not venture on a second prorogation of the Chamber of Deputies. As to the dissolution, he said it was the wish of all those opposed to the *coup d'état* of the 16th of May that it should take place, as they were desirous of trying titles with the MacMahonists before the country.

The time of the prorogation of the French Parliament having expired, the two Chambers met at Versailles on June 16th. This day had been looked forward to with great interest, and never before were such extraordinary efforts made to obtain cards of admission. The centre of interest was the Chamber of Deputies. The ordinary hour for opening is two o'clock P. M., and long before that time every available space in the galleries was filled by an audience in a state of great excitement. At twenty minutes after two the President of the Chamber, M. Jules Grévy, former *bâtonnier* of the Paris bar, appeared—a gentleman with a serious and intellectual countenance, and a large bald head, and dressed in full evening costume, white cravat and black dress-coat. When the Chamber had been called to order M. de Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, ascended the tribune and read a declaration from the President defending the "*coup*" of the 16th of May, and announcing his intention to dissolve the Chamber. The reading was received by the

Left with loud cries of dissent and protestation. A discussion then ensued upon an interpellation which had been laid upon the table calling upon the government to explain in regard to the position of the new Cabinet. The discussion was very heated, violent and abusive, and so much so toward the President that he demanded from the Chamber a vote of censure, which was promptly passed. Then, after a speech or two, M. de Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, spoke for the government. He was the youngest man in the Ministry; small, bald-headed, with full black beard, keen black eyes and a countenance full of resolution. He was universally regarded as the ablest, boldest and the most desperate man in the Cabinet. His speech was strong and defiant, full of audacity and vigor. He was continually applauded by the Right.

In the course of his speech he said: "*Les hommes qui sont au gouvernement aujourd'hui sortaient des élections de* 1871 *et faisaient partie de cette Assemblée nationale dont on peut dire qu'elle a été la pacificatrice du pays et la libératrice du territoire.*" (Cries of *Très bien*, from the Right.) Which is translated: "The men who form the government to-day were elected in 1871 and formed a part of that National Assembly of which it can be said that it was the pacificator of the country and the liberator of the territory."

This was an extraordinary statement by M. de Fourtou, not only as giving credit where no credit was due, but as detracting from a man to whom all France owed such a debt of gratitude. The amazing observation startled the Assembly. Gambetta, at the time that M. de Fourtou was making his speech, stood in the hemicycle, apparently listening to the orator. M. Thiers was quietly occupying a seat in the Left Centre. No sooner had the words of M. de Fourtou fallen from his lips than Gambetta,

turning to M. Thiers and pointing toward him, exclaimed: "*Le voilà! le libérateur du territoire!*" This was like a spark of fire falling on a powder magazine. By a common and instantaneous impulse, more than three hundred deputies jumped to their feet, all pointing to M. Thiers, clapping their hands and cheering, which was renewed again and again, and every time with greater emphasis as they seemed to appreciate more and more the remark of M. de Fourtou. It was a long time before the applause ceased and the Chamber became quiet.

While all this was going on, I was occupying a seat in the diplomatic gallery directly opposite where M. Thiers sat in the Chamber. During the whole demonstration he never moved a muscle. Subsequently this scene was perpetuated by an extraordinary work of art; it is certainly one of the most interesting episodes in French history.

Gambetta then advanced to the tribune and replied at much length. Almost at his first words, the interruptions made it still more evident than before that it was organized disorder and ruffianism on the part of the Right, who had determined that if they could not prevent him from speaking, they would at least destroy the effect of what he had to say. For two hours it was a continued battle between the orator and the interrupters, who not only insulted him with violent epithets at almost every sentence, but attacked the President of the Chamber when he attempted to restore order, and loaded him with reproaches and insults to such an extent that at last M. Grévy indignantly declared that such conduct was without parallel in the whole legislative history of France. Under the rules, the President of the Chamber has not the power which both branches of our Congress have in dealing with disorderly members. From that time he

made but little effort to contend against the disturbers, and they continued their interruptions, provocations and imprecations. At times they would mock the voice of the orator, and then as many as twenty members would be on the floor at once; shouting, gesticulating and hurling menaces at him. Every insulting epithet was poured upon him; "coward," "liar," "robber," "the friend of scoundrels," etc. At one point in Gambetta's speech the violence became indescribable. At last, members from the Right of the Chamber rushed down into the hemicycle in front of the tribune with frightful vociferations and threatening gestures toward Gambetta. Upon this, great numbers from the Left pressed forward, filling the other part of the hemicycle until the two parties came near touching each other, and I thought at one moment that a collision was imminent and that Gambetta's assailants might attempt to drag him from the tribune. This scene lasted perhaps five minutes, when the members gradually retired to their seats and he continued amid constant interruptions.

I well remember this extraordinary sitting and the speech of Gambetta. His bearing was magnificent. His replies to interruptions were quick and sharp, and sometimes crushing; and at every point he was enthusiastically applauded by his friends. The disturbance and noise grew continuously, until he finally dominated all by his splendid and sonorous voice, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence, invective, and indignation, such as was rarely ever heard in a legislative body.

In respect to this sitting, the organ of the Catholics, La Défense, said: "The Chamber of Deputies became a mob, the hall of deliberation a street crossing. No President, no discipline, no parliamentary rules, no respect for authority, no respect for decency. It was a state of war in Parliament."

During one of the most violent episodes, I said to the Minister from Switzerland, Dr. Kern, sitting by my side, that these scenes seemed to portend civil war. The doctor, who had been in Paris many years, and was a man of great experience, coolness, and sagacity, replied, "You are right; they are, in my judgment, the presage of the greatest misfortunes to France and to all Europe. In the whole of my experience here, during most of the time of the Empire and since the establishment of the Republic, I have never seen anything like this. I have seen great outbreaks and violence, but they have been comparatively brief; but here there seems to be an organization and agreement." I could myself say the same. I witnessed the most violent scenes in the *Corps Législatif* during the Empire and just before its fall; I was present on the 24th of May, when M. Thiers was overthrown, and when passion and violence were at their height; but at no time had I seen anything to be compared with the scenes of that day. The most significant fact was the conduct of the men of the Right, who were so deliberately and persistently carrying on a disturbance to prevent discussion, with the evident assurance that they had the support of the supreme power of the government, backed by half a million of armed men, obedient to its behests. I do not think that there had ever been such a turbulent sitting of a parliamentary body since the days of the First Revolution, nor that the files of the Moniteur would show, in all the wild proceedings of the National Convention, such long-continued ruffianism and disorder. I sat in the Diplomatic Gallery for five hours and a half, and witnessed all that took place.

Two or three days after, the great speech of the day was made by M. Jules Ferry, the republican deputy from the Vosges, who was really a resident of Paris and a dis-

tinguished advocate at the bar. The Bonapartists evinced a determination not to hear him, and for fifteen or twenty minutes drowned his voice in such clamor that he could not be heard. Finally, the President having announced that he should declare that the orator was prevented from speaking, close the discussion, and call upon the Chamber to proceed to vote, M. Ferry was permitted to go on. His speech was one of remarkable power, and was received with continual applause from the Left, mingled with protestations from the Right. The most striking and effective passage was when he turned to the ministers and said: "You have hurled the dissolution at us as a menace; we accept it as a deliverance." This outburst was met by cheer after cheer on the part of his friends.

The next day M. Léon Renault, a young Deputy from Auteuil, and, like M. Ferry, a resident of Paris, carried off the honors of the debate. He was Prefect of Police of Paris under M. Thiers' government, and continued in that position under Marshal MacMahon, until he was elected a deputy. In politics M. Renault had been an Orléanist; but he accepted the Republic as did so many Orléanists, and was elected to the Chamber by the republicans, taking his seat among the most moderate of the Left Centre. This group of the Assembly selected him to represent them at the tribune. His speech was an immense success, and placed him, at one bound, in the front rank of parliamentary orators. The order of the day was then voted and acted upon, and carried by a vote of three hundred and sixty-three to one hundred and fifty-eight. There was never a more crushing condemnation passed upon a ministry.

Some time in July, 1877, when examining the archives

of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I came upon a letter, addressed by Benj. Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee to His Excellency, Count de Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, which letter bore date December 23, 1776. The body of the letter was in the strong, bold handwriting of Doctor Franklin. I was greatly interested in it as being the first step taken by the Colonies which led to the alliance with France and which was the basis and foundation of that alliance, and all the stupendous events which grew out of it. Upon a suggestion to the Duke Decazes that I should like to have a photograph of that remarkable document, he kindly consented that it should be taken. I had three copies taken, one for the State Department, one for the Secretary, Mr. Evarts, and one for myself.

Even before the election of Mr. Hayes, in 1876, I had made up my mind, without reference to what might be the political complexion of the incoming administration, that I should ask to be recalled some time after the 4th of March, 1877. In view of my intended resignation I determined in the last days of February, 1877, to make a visit to the United States and present my request in person to the new President, and to find a place for my family when we should arrive home. I placed my formal resignation in the hands of the President, to take effect whenever I should be relieved by my successor. I returned to France, and resumed my duties as Minister of the United States near the French Republic, on the first day of May, 1877.

Having made all my arrangements to leave Paris on the 10th of September, 1877, I went to the Foreign Office and presented my letter of recall, and a copy of the letter of credence of my successor. Arrangements were then

made that I should present my letter of recall early in September, 1877, at which time my successor would present his letters of credence.

It was in the early days of September that I visited Berlin to see my friend, Mr. Hermann Kreismann, then occupying the position of Consul General to Germany. Mr. Kreismann had formerly lived in Illinois, and was an old friend of a quarter of a century. He was a man of great intelligence and accomplishments, and by common consent he was the best Consul the United States ever had in Europe, or, indeed, elsewhere. When I say that he was the equal of any German-American in the United States, I say all that can be said.

Very soon after my arrival in Berlin, I had the honor of an invitation to dine with the Emperor at his private palace at Babelsburg. My reception by the Emperor and the Empress was of the most cordial character, and the dinner passed off most pleasantly. I sat by the side of the Emperor at table, and found him very agreeable. He was, as was also the Empress, full of expressions of gratitude to me for all that I had done for the Germans in France during the Franco-German War.

As before stated, the Emperor had sat to a celebrated portrait-painter for his full-length portrait for me. I was invited a day or two before to go in and see it, though not quite finished. The Emperor inquired of me if I had seen the portrait, and expressed his hope that I had found it satisfactory. I could only tell him what was the truth, that it seemed to be one of the finest portraits that I had ever seen, at which he appeared very much pleased.

The next day I was invited to dine with the Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam, and on going there I was somewhat surprised to be met by the Emperor and Empress. It was a dinner *en famille*, and a very

pleasant one. The family was all at the table, and no one could but have been struck with the simplicity and cordiality which prevailed. The Crown Princess is a daughter of Queen Victoria, and is much beloved in Germany for her many virtues. The Crown Prince, at whose side I sat at dinner, speaks English perfectly, and I found him a most intelligent and interesting man. I also had a good deal of conversation with the Emperor and Empress, who appeared pleased to meet me again. From Berlin I returned to Paris to make my final preparations to leave France for home.

My brother, General Washburn, of Minnesota, had seen much of M. Thiers when he was in Paris a few years before, and was greatly pleased with him, and had the highest respect and admiration for his character, patriotism, and ability, and for the great services he had rendered to his country. My brother had, at his home in Minneapolis, a large woollen manufactory, where he made the finest quality of carriage blankets. After his return home he had conceived the idea of sending a pair to me to be presented in his name to M. Thiers. On my return from Berlin I found the blankets awaiting me. M. Thiers was then stopping at the Hôtel Henri IV., at St. Germain-en-Laye. I immediately wrote him, stating that I was charged with the most agreeable mission of presenting to him, in the name of my brother, a pair of carriage blankets of American manufacture, and asked him to be good enough to designate a time when I could bring them out to St. Germain to present them to him. Madame Thiers answered the letter, and designated the time at which M. Thiers would be glad to see me, which was two days later. On the morning of the day named the paper was brought in while I was taking my coffee,

which announced that M. Thiers had died suddenly at six o'clock the evening previous. His funeral was fixed for the 8th of September, at Paris, and it was one of the most imposing demonstrations of the kind ever witnessed in that city. The government had acted so badly in respect to his funeral, that Madame Thiers determined that it should have nothing to do with it and that she would bear all the expense thereof herself.

I had decided, as I have said, upon September 10th as the day for leaving Paris with my family for home. As I had not been able to see Madame Thiers and her sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, after the death of M. Thiers, I felt that I could not go away without making them a formal adieu; I therefore went to the late residence of M. Thiers in the Place St. Georges, on the day of the funeral, and before the hour announced for it to take place. Telling Madame Thiers that my arrangements were all made to leave Paris on the following Monday, I said I felt that I could not do so before offering to her and her sister my sincère condolence, and bidding them adieu. While I was in the house I met Gambetta, and he seemed to be utterly broken down with grief. He spoke of M. Thiers as the most wonderful man of modern times, and said that France had met with an irreparable loss in his death. I may add here, that M. Thiers died in the very height of the great election canvass of 1877. His friends and supporters were appalled at the consequences which might follow his sudden death. It may be remembered that M. Thiers died almost instantly, as he sat at the dinner-table. Mademoiselle Dosne spoke to me of the last moments of his life, and said that the last words that he uttered were in reference to my coming to see him the next day.

On the 10th day of September, 1877, I left Paris for

home, going to Havre and then taking the steamer to pass over to Southampton where I was to take the German steamer for New York. After a reasonably good passage to New York we reached what was thereafter to be our home at Chicago, on the 23d of September, 1877. It was on the 17th day of March, 1869, that I signed the commission of Mr. Hamilton Fish as Secretary of State as my successor, and he then signed my commission as Minister to France. As I have said, this made my term of service as Minister eight years and a half,—a longer time than that of any of my predecessors.

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THE END.

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